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MR. GLADSTONE AT EIGHTY-SIX.

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THE EMINENT STATESMAN AND PHILOSOPHER IN BUSY RETIREMENT AT HAWARDEN.—THE SECRET OF HIS REMARKABLE VITALITY.—MRS. GLADSTONE'S IMPORTANT INFLUENCE IN HIS LIFE.—HIS PRESENT EMPLOYMENTS.—HIS PRESENT RELATION TO POLITICS.—HIS VIEWS ON THE VENEZUELA DISPUTE.

AS the westering sun sinks to its setting, a white-haired old man comes out from his library and seats himself on the stone steps that lead from the castle front to the lawn. He carries a book in his hand in which, as soon as he has seated himself, he is completely absorbed. The old man is Mr. Gladstone; the book which he is studying is one of the innumerable volumes which he is devouring in the prosecution of the study to which he has devoted his closing years; and he seats himself on the steps in order that his impaired eyesight may catch and utilize the last rays of the setting sun. The old statesman—scholar and student to the last—is now eighty-six years of age, but his intellectual vigor is not abated, nor has he lost the sinewy grip with which he fastens upon the subjects to which he devotes his attention.

Hawarden Castle, the retreat of this political hermit, which has long been one of the favored pilgrim shrines of modern England, stands within half an hour's railway journey of the city of Liverpool. Mr. Gladstone was born in Liverpool when the century was young, long before the first steamer had crossed the Atlantic, and when not even the most imaginative of men had ventured to predict the wonders of these latter days. He has never visited the new world. Many offers have been made him, but he never had the time nor the inclination to visit those whom he described as "our kin beyond the sea," among whom his name is as familiar, and his personality more generally reverenced, than even among his own folk. No one can charge Mr. Gladstone with being indifferent to the American nation. He, more than any other living Englishman, has recognized the probable ascendancy of the American section of our race, and it is not without significance that the most important of his later writings have made their first appearance on American soil. Be that as it may, there are few figures in contemporary history which are so full of pathetic interest as that of the octogenarian chief, three times Prime Minister of Britain, who, seated on the slope of Hawarden Castle, close to the great sea-gate which leads to the Western world, is laboriously exerting his unfailed powers in impressing upon mankind, through the columns of an American review, his deepest convictions as to life beyond the grave. For Mr. Gladstone is already standing, but not tottering, on the edge of the grave, and not even the most relentless of his political opponents fail to recognize the majesty of the spectacle which is presented by the unfailing enthusiasm and

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Master William Gladstone, Heir to Hawarden. Miss Constance Gladstone. Miss Evelyn Gladstone.

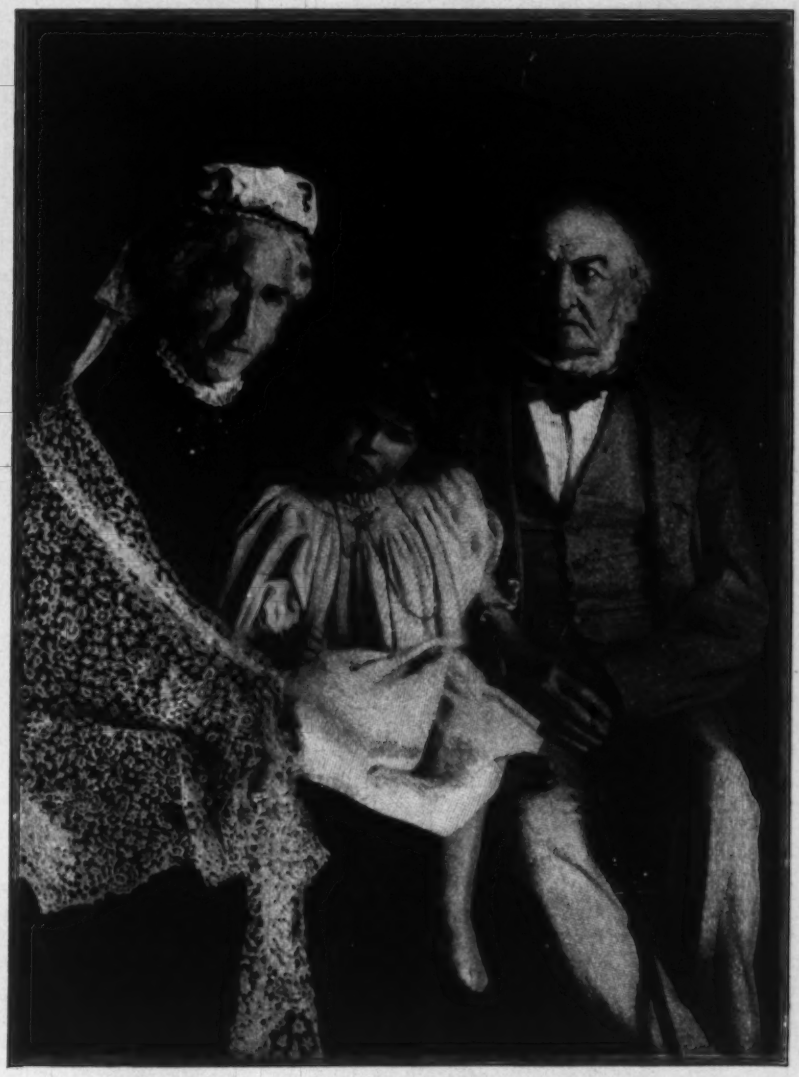
GRANDCHILDREN OF MR. GLADSTONE'S.

From a copyrighted photograph by F. Rowlands, Hawarden.

unflagging intentness with which the most famous of English statesmen concentrates his energy to discuss the tremendous theme of the immortality of man.

No one who reads the strenuous argument with which Mr. Gladstone summarizes the reasoning of Bishop Butler on the future life, is conscious of any weakening in the vigorous dialectic which has so often been employed with brilliant success in the House of Commons. In that polemic Mr. Gladstone is all there. But, as a recent visitor to Hawarden remarked, "although Mr. Gladstone is Mr. Gladstone still when the eye flashes as of old in keen debate, or when you listen to the inexhaustible stream of his vivacious conversation; yet you are regretfully compelled to admit that it is but a temporary triumph of mind over matter, when, ten minutes later, you see him again in the corner of the pew in Hawarden Church, dimly visible in the subdued light of the chancel. It is indeed a very old man who sits there, with bent back, and pale, wrinkled face, holding his book close to his eyes, apparently unable to find or follow the text. A stray sunbeam, white as sunbeams usually are, falls upon him from behind; the ivory white of the bald, majestic head gleams in the light, and the few silvery hairs round the base of the head form a striking contrast to the glittering gilt edges of the book he holds. The day is far spent, and you turn sadly from the contemplation of the sad, quiet figure." Frail though he is, as indeed he may well be, weighed down as he is with the burden of fourscore years and six, still Mr. Gladstone is far and away the most potent personality in Great Britain. He has retired from politics, but until death has closed that eager eye and stilled that eloquent tongue, nothing can diminish or impair his authority; he must ever remain the first among us all.

Many circumstances combine to give him the position of a kind of secular pope among his countrymen. Certainly his voice will always carry more weight on any moral question than those of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and all the episcopate. It is a very extraordinary phenomenon, when you come to look at it, this emergence of a kind of lay-pontificate in the midst of a materialistic and skeptical generation. The human race needs a pope; and if His Holiness of Rome renders himself impossible by his absorption into ecclesiasticism and his devotion to more or less incredible dogmas, then humanity improvises a substitute, and it is seldom that it has succeeded more admirably than when it selected Mr. Gladstone as the articulate voice for the moral sense of the people.



MRS. AND MR. GLADSTONE AND THEIR GRAND-DAUGHTER DOROTHY DREW.

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In one respect Mr. Gladstone very closely resembles the reigning pope. Both are very old men. Mr. Gladstone is eighty-six, and Leo XIII. is also eighty-six; both of them increase their interests with their years, and both have preserved the heart of youth under the white hairs of advanced old age. There is probably no sovereign in Europe more keenly alive to the tendencies of things, more intensely interested in the latest developments of human society, than the prisoner of the Vatican, unless it be the recluse at Hawarden.

In this old world, old men reign. Notwithstanding Disraeli's brilliant passage in "Coningsby" as to the achievements of youth, democracy has certainly not diminished the advantages of age. A young sovereign like the Czar or the Kaiser, or a young aristocrat like Lord Rosebery, starts in life with a pedestal sufficiently high to be seen by the mass of his contemporaries. But in a democracy, where all men start on a dead level, nothing but age and the growth which years can bring raises the individual high enough above his fellows to gain the recognition which enables him to exercise any very commanding or widespread influence. Hence the commanding personalities of our time have almost all been old men. Gambetta was an exception, for he was a product of a revolutionary volcano, and he had as his

pedestal the great war in which France was submerged. Skobeleff, another supreme personality, was practically unknown before the Russo-Turkish war; he towered aloft like a shell flung heaven-high by a mortar, only to burst and disappear in the blackness of night. If we run over the roll-call of notables, the men who count, we shall find that they are in almost every case over sixty, and many of them are long past the period of threescore years and ten. Russia has a young Czar, not yet thirty; but the young Czar is the puppet of Prince Lobanoff, the veteran diplomatist of seventy-three. In Germany the young Kaiser is thirty-seven; but his Chancellor, Prince Hohenlohe, who is the man at the helm, is seventy-seven. But neither the Kaiser nor his Chancellor counts for anything in the scale of personalities with the iron ex-Chancellor, Prince Bismarck, who has completed his eighty-first year, and who, although in retirement, still speaks with the most masterful voice of all German-speaking men. In Austria-Hungary, the equilibrium of the empire-kingdom depends absolutely upon the life of Francis Joseph, who was sixty-six on his last birthday, and whose personality is the mainstay of the state in Austria and in Hungary. In Rome there is the Pope, who is eighty-six, surrounded by a college of cardinals an immense majority of whom are old men. In the Italian kingdom there is only one statesman whose name is known outside the peninsula, and that is Signor Crispi, who is seventy-six. In France they have no old men; the nearest approach to a veteran was Barthélemy-Saint-Hilaire, who died the other day at the age of ninety. But the very absence of old men in French politics illustrates the principle. In France there is no commanding personality, for all the politicians are comparatively young; they have not had time to grow famous. As it is in France and in Spain, so it is across the Atlantic. It is the old people who alone stand sufficiently conspicuous to be recognized. The same thing is largely true in literature and in science. It is the old men whose reputations have been slowly built up year after year who stand conspicuous before the world. In Russia, Count Tolstoi; in Britain, Carlyle, Tennyson, and Browning; in America, Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, and Emerson,—all illustrate the same thing. In England, the old queen upon the throne and the old statesman at Hawarden are far and away the most conspicuous and most influential personalities. In England it is true there is a group of young men coming on: Lord Rosebery, Mr. Morley, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Balfour; but they are all in the second flight; they have not yet attained a right to preëminent domain, which age and age alone appears to be able to give.

This being so, the question of how to survive long enough to make a reputation and win a position, becomes the most important question for a statesman in these democratic days. How has Mr. Gladstone solved this problem? I think it is possible that more people may be interested in discussing the secret of Mr. Gladstone's long life and unabated vigor, than in the description of his political achievements; for politics interest few, whereas life interests all.

I will therefore linger a little to discuss, not his politics, but his science of life. What is Mr. Gladstone's secret? How is it that he has preserved unimpaired for eighty-six years both his physical and mental powers? That he has done so is admitted, although the body is at last exhibiting somewhat of the infirmities of old age. Mr. Gladstone is still vigorous, alert, resourceful, capable of reading and writing for hours together, and also able on occasion to take long walks, although he is no longer able to play the woodman and fell the trees on his estate. We hear a great deal of the eight-hours day and the eight-hours movement; but Mr. Gladstone, well on to his ninetieth year, does ten hours' hard literary work every day; and when Mr. Gladstone works, he does work and no mistake. How has he contrived to do it? What is his secret? For if so be that we can discover it, it may mean years of life to many men who, although they have no desire to be great statesmen, do not wish to trouble the undertaker before their time.

Mr. Gladstone started well. He was born of healthy stock, in comfortable circumstances, with a constitution of iron. He had enormous driving power and physical energy, the evidence of which may still be seen palpable to all men in the massive formation of the back of his head. From his parents he had every advantage of heredity and environment from his youth up. These things cannot be bespoken by any one, and it is well, therefore, and it will be more profitable, to devote attention to the methods by which Mr. Gladstone has been able to preserve and conserve the advantages with which he was early endowed. The first thing

MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE WITH THEIR GRANDCHILDREN IN THE PARK AT HAWARDEN.

From a copyrighted photograph by F. Rowlands, Hawarden.

that forces itself upon our attention is the fact that Mr. Gladstone from his youth up has contrived in some way or another to appropriate for himself all the advantages which come from a sturdy and assured faith in the government of the universe. Looking at it altogether apart from the question of the truth or falsehood of religious belief, there is no doubt that, from a purely hygienic point of view, a man who feels that there is outside of him and above him a moral order, controlled by some being infinitely wiser than himself, has advantages, from the point of view of a life-insurance society, greatly superior to those possessed by a man who has no such consolation.

Mr. Gladstone has probably had his doubts, like most men, but they have been as waves to a strong swimmer which carry him onward to his goal. Mr. Gladstone is one of those men who are never so convinced of the truth of anything as when they are set to work to defend it against the arguments of its opponents, and Mr. Gladstone's faith has waxed all the stronger because, like the oak planted on a wind-swept hill, it has been compelled to drive its roots deeper in the soil because of the tempest which hurtles through its branches. Over the mantelpiece in Mr. Gladstone's bedroom, there is emblazoned a text which explains a good deal of the tranquillity which has saved Mr. Gladstone from the nervous exhaustion which has carried off many other men. The text runs, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is set on Thee."

If Mr. Gladstone's simple, but fervent, religious faith is the first element in the secret of his continued and continuing vigor, the second place must be awarded to the happy influence of a fortunate marriage. If Mrs. Gladstone had been a cleverer woman she might have been less helpful, for some natures have such an overpowering individuality of their own, that what they seek in a companion is not a positive so much as a negative capacity. As iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend; but Mr. Gladstone was not particularly in need of being sharpened; he was in need of being rested. Therefore Mrs. Gladstone was not so much another sword-blade clashing with his as the scabbard of his sword.

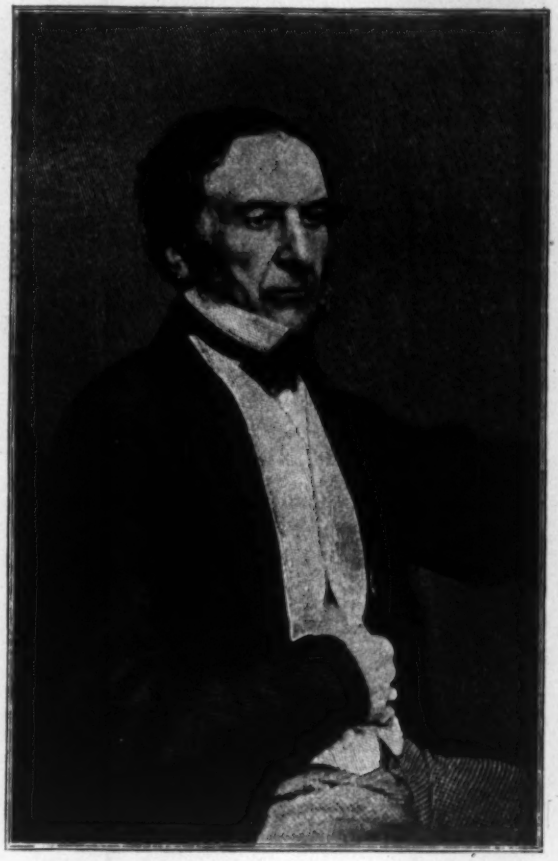
Sir Francis Doyle, who was best man at

Mr. Gladstone's wedding, wrote a poem addressed to Mrs. Gladstone, who before her marriage was known as the beautiful Miss Glynne, and in this poem he set before her the task which to the best of her ability she has performed. It was her duty, he said, "to soothe, in many a toil-worn hour, the noble heart which thou hast won." This she has performed admirably. But the poet went on to say, "Thou hast an office to perform, to be his answering spirit-bride;" and herein it can hardly be said that realization has been so complete, for Mr. Gladstone has found no mate to his intellect among his womenkind. Mrs. Gladstone was not his equal in intellect, nor ever aspired to be more than a sympathetic listener to his political discourses. She was a capital housemother, faithful and attentive; an admirable nurse, who studied her husband as a doctor studies his patient; for all his physical and social needs, she was all that could be desired; but it ended there.

Be thou a balmy breeze to him,
A fountain singing at his side;
His star whose light is never dim,
A pole star through the waste to guide,

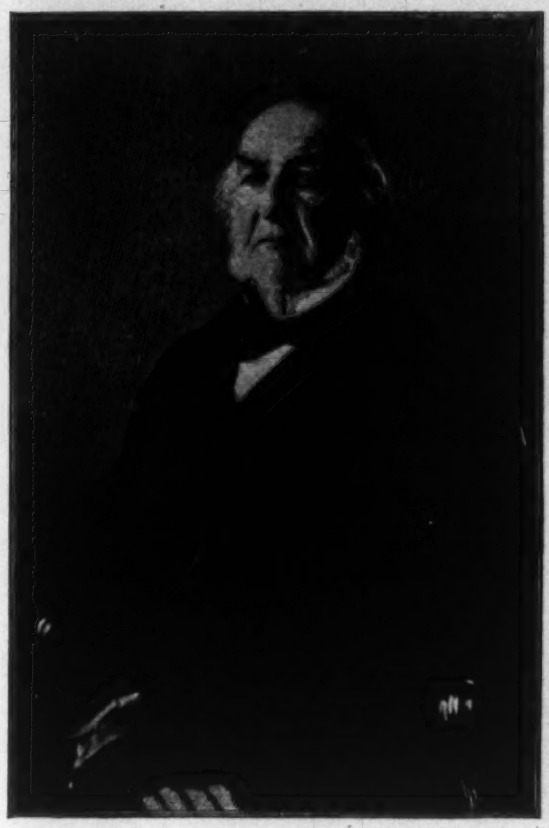
was the exhortation of her husband's best man. "Balmy breeze" she was no doubt, and "singing fountain," too; but it was not her rôle to be a pole star to a great career, nor did she ever aspire to be a pillar of cloud by day or a pillar of fire by night to guide the footsteps of her wandering lord across the wilderness of sin. It was one of the chief qualities of Mrs. Gladstone that she recognized her limitations and never attempted to interfere with matters that were beyond her capacity. She worshiped her husband with an adoration which has increased with years; this devotion has stood all the rough and cruel tests that have been imposed upon it by the preoccupation of public business and the other incidents in the life of a prime minister. When even so domestic a man as Mr. Gladstone is entrusted with the management of the affairs of a great empire, it is not to be wondered at that the convenience and wishes of the household take a back seat. A story is told of Mrs. Gladstone which, though surely an exaggeration, conveys a truth. It is that during the season when Mr. Gladstone was prime minister she used to regard it as a treat to be invited to a friend's house to meet her husband. She always then tried to get seated near him, because, she said, "it is thus at least possible for me to have some conversation with my husband; otherwise I see nothing of him."

This absolute subservience to her husband would have been very detrimental to the character of many men, and there are some who believe that Mr. Gladstone has been somewhat spoiled by his womenfolk. Mrs. Gladstone, however, rightly or wrongly, held the view that it was the wife's duty to make life as "cushiony" as possible for her husband. She would display a world of patience and cunning diplomacy to keep any disagreeable thing out of his way, even to the extent of sitting down upon "The Times" for a whole evening if it should contain an article that was calculated to ruffle his equanimity. There are a multitude of little stories current concerning the way in which she eased off the pressure of the outside world, using no end of innocent domestic strategy in order to save him wear and tear and



MR. GLADSTONE IN 1865. AGE 55.

nervous strain. Neither has she ever been known to have given him the slightest trouble on the score of jealousy. The prime minister, especially a prime minister like Mr. Gladstone, who is gallant and courteous to all women, and who has constantly found great stimulus to his vitality from the friendly intercourse of women of high and low degree and of all manner of moral status, might have found in the jealousy or resentment of his wife a formidable addition to the burdens of state; but Mrs. Gladstone always showed a smiling face. She has always had very good health and a self-satisfied temperament; she is also a good motherly woman, full of charity and philanthropy, with plenty of little interests of her own with which she has solaced herself when the absorbing cares of state swept her husband temporarily out of her orbit.



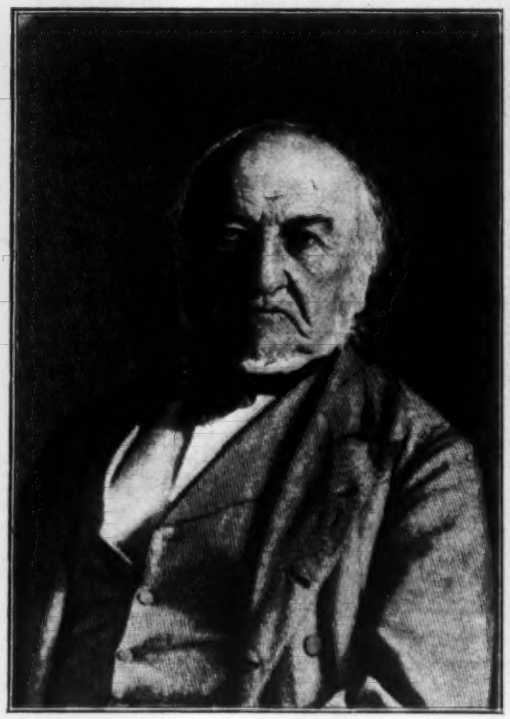
MR. GLADSTONE IN 1893. AGE 83.

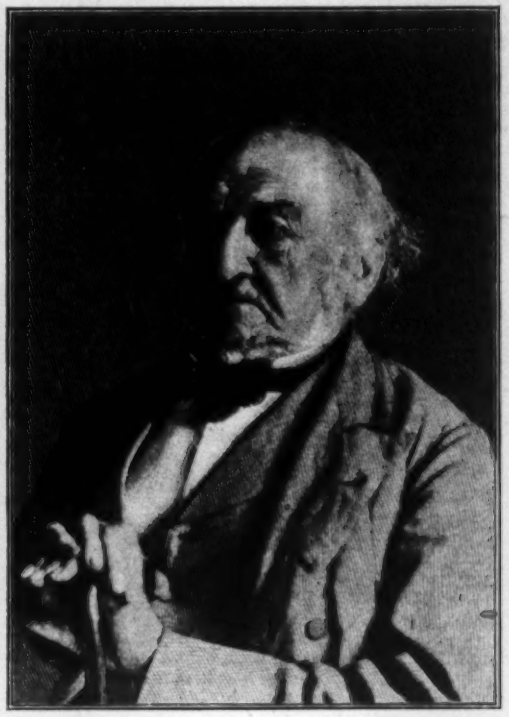
Besides these two—his religion and his wife—the two outside influences which have kept Mr. Gladstone in perennial youth by minimizing the worry of life and lubricating the rapidly revolving wheels of this human dynamo, Mr. Gladstone has various habits which conduce greatly to his longevity and physical vigor. First of these, unquestionably, is the gift of sleep, a gift he shares in common with Napoleon and other notable commanders in history. Mr. Gladstone throughout the whole of his life has had sleep at instant command; he can go to sleep at a moment's notice; and what is more remarkable, wake up bright and fresh within ten minutes of going to sleep. His nightly allowance of sleep is fixed at seven hours. He is a man who likes sleep, and could enjoy an extra hour; but the habit of getting up after seven hours' sleep has been formed, and Mr. Gladstone adheres to it. When he lays his head on his pillow he is able to shut his mind off from all the business of life. When he goes to bed it is to sleep, and he sleeps with all his might. Mr. Bright used to lay awake for hours, thinking out his speeches; and the curse of insomnia has played havoc with more than one prominent statesman on both sides of the Atlantic. I do not think there ever was a time when Mr. Gladstone could not sleep.

After his faculty for sleep must be mentioned the methodical regularity, the almost automatic persistence, with which he adhered to habits which he had found beneficial to his health. Mr. Gladstone's body was like a chronometer: it was adjusted to a certain time, and kept so year in and year out, without a shadow of variation. His orderly mind possessed a horror of unpunctuality and the endless uncertainty that follows the lack of a fixed rule. Not that he was a martinet or a pedant, but he took care of his health. A saying of his that every piece of meat should be bitten thirty-two times is one of the many instances which might be cited as to the attention he pays to small things.

Mr. Gladstone, although not a teetotaler, has never emulated the exploits of some of his more bibulous predecessors. If he is not a teetotaler, he is at least a total abstainer from tobacco; he neither snuffs, chews, nor smokes either pipe, cigar, or cigarette. Nothing has induced him to yield to the seductions of the fragrant weed.

Another quality of his is the rare gift of concentration. The bump of concentration must, if there is anything in phrenology, be enormously developed. "Whatever the work may be he has in hand,"





MR. GLADSTONE AT EIGHTY-FIVE.

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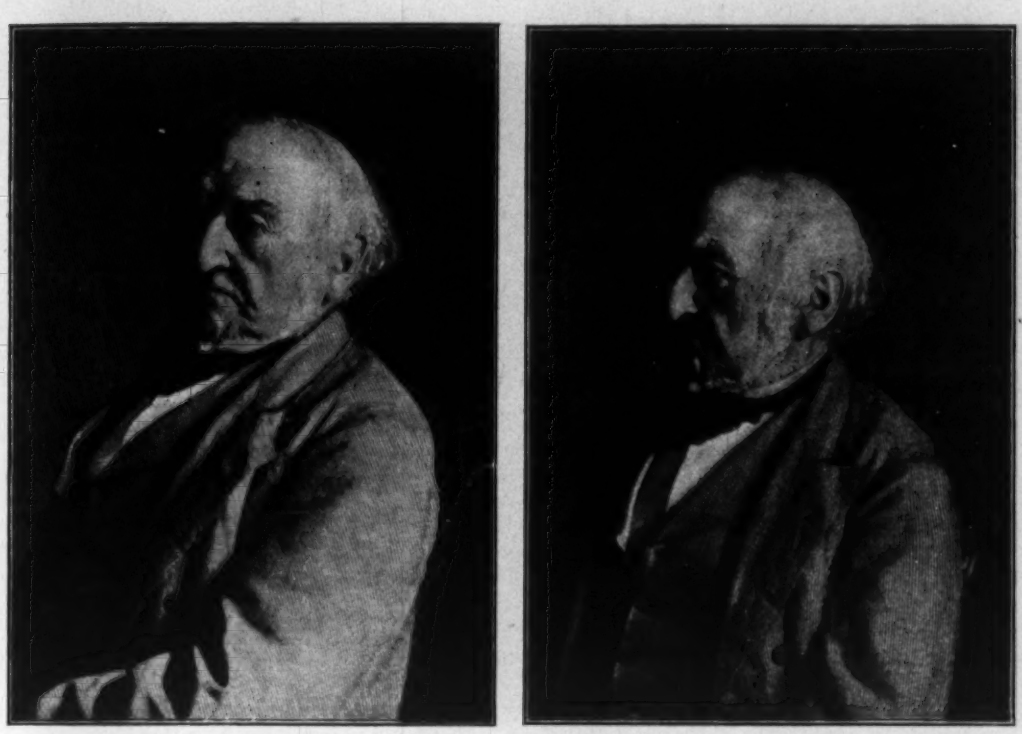
said a recent visitor at Hawarden, "it takes hold of him so entirely that he has to be roused from it as most are roused from sleep." This enabled him to be almost totally indifferent to his surroundings, a faculty simply invaluable to him, when, as leader of the House of Commons, he had to sit for hours together listening to the monotonous drone of irrelevant debate. Whilst able to concentrate himself so absolutely upon the subject in hand as to be oblivious of all the world, he was capable with the utmost ease of varying his subjects. It has long been his habit always to have three books in reading at the same time; and with all his strenuousness, Mr. Gladstone is well aware of the advantage of occasionally unstringing the bow. He reads novels with hearty gusto, and Miss Friedrichs, in her charming little volume, "Mr. Gladstone in the Evening of His Days," mentions that when he was worn out with several hours' steady, continuous work at indexing Bishop Butler, he recovered the tone of his mind by regaling himself in the evening with "Robinson Crusoe" and "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments."

Another thing, which might perhaps be classified as merely another phase of the same faculty, but one which, nevertheless, has helped to prolong his vigor, is that he has sedulously eschewed the practice of promiscuous newspaper reading. Mr. Arthur Balfour, the present leader of the House of Commons, has always made a point of never reading a newspaper at all unless he is compelled to do so, a rule which has certainly its advantages, but which could hardly be adopted by any one less audacious or less happily constituted than Mr. Balfour. He told me once that not only did it save a great deal of time to let your newspaper reading be done by other people, but it was so much more interesting to hear things at first hand for yourself instead of taking them second hand from newspaper reporters. Mr. Gladstone in the matter of newspaper reading stood midway between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Bright. Mr. Balfour read nothing; Mr. Bright read every word in a morning newspaper, devoting regularly two hours a day to its perusal. Mr. Gladstone usually reads one newspaper regularly. It used to be the "Pall Mall Gazette," before it changed hands, and latterly it has been the "Westminster Gazette." "The



MR. GLADSTONE AT EIGHTY-FIVE.

From copyrighted photographs by Elliott & Fry, London, October, 1895.

Times," Mr. Gladstone has never read regularly. I remember his telling me in 1877 that he never looked at "The Times" for any other reason excepting to read the telegrams which Mr. W. J. Stillman, "The Times" correspondent in Montenegro, despatched as to the progress of the campaign against the Turk.

Another item that must be taken into account is the immense diversity of interests which Mr. Gladstone enjoys in life. He touches life at every side, with the exception of racing or gambling; and wherever he touches it, he thrills responsive to its touch. Merely to be prime minister—and Mr. Gladstone has three times been prime minister of the queen—is of itself sufficient to provide topics of interest for any ordinary person for the rest of his life. But Mr. Gladstone was never able to devote more than a section of his time to politics; he has probably spent more time over Homer than he ever did over the question of parliamentary reform, and at all times his interest in theology outbalanced his interest in mundane affairs.

It is thoroughly characteristic that his favorite hobby at the present moment should be the institution of a theological library which he has founded in the immediate proximity of Hawarden, providing it with a hostel where students who desire to study the theological books may be boarded and lodged for six dollars a week. St. Deiniol's Library contains on its shelves twenty thousand volumes, chiefly theological, which have been weeded from Mr. Gladstone's own library, and the institution has been endowed by him to some one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It is the hobby of his old age, and no theme of conversation ever arouses the veteran so surely as an allusion to St. Deiniol's, which has the Rev. Mr. Drew, his son-in-law, as its warden and librarian.

It is almost impossible to start any subject of conversation in which Mr. Gladstone cannot more than hold his own. Admirals in the navy have told me how amazed they have been when, seated next him at dinner, they have ventured to raise some question relating to the service. Mr. Gladstone, they said, always seemed to know more about it than they did, at least whenever it was a question of statistics, even although the statistics related to the number of stokers in the fleet or the average height and weight of sailors in the navy. There is a tradition to the

effect that on one occasion when Monsieur Chevalier, the eminent French economist, was invited to Downing Street to breakfast, he came away sadly disappointed, for Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright happened to raise the subject of corns, discussing chiropody in all its branches with a wonderful array of personal experience and literary reference which bewildered the Frenchman, who at first was under the illusion that the prime minister and the great free-trader were engaged in the discussion of the Corn Laws.

Wide as are the interests of this life, Mr. Gladstone is not content therewith, and he is devoting his declining years to a restatement of his theory of the next life. The last post-card I had from him—and Mr. Gladstone always uses post-cards—was to express the great interest he felt in reading some articles dealing with the results of psychical research published in "Borderland," and promising to refer to the subject of spiritism when he came to revise his article on immortality.

Add to all these things the fact that Mr. Gladstone has always lived a country life, when he could get the opportunity. Down at Hawarden, in the midst of the stately park which his wife inherited from her father, he has ever shown the keenest enjoyment of the pleasures of rural life. Not that he has devoted himself to practical agriculture. He is interested in the subject, no doubt, and has done what he could to raise the standard of farming in his own neighborhood; but his interest in agriculture was more that of the observer than of the expert. His exploits as a woodcutter have attained a world-wide notoriety, and, although it may be a mistake to imagine he was always chopping down trees, nevertheless the fact that he could find an immense fascination in the joys of felling timber shows in what trim he must have kept his muscles and how carefully he had nursed and developed his strength. He was always a very rapid walker, but now he seldom walks more than three or four miles a day.

Putting all these things together, they explain how it is that Mr. Gladstone, in the midst of the turmoil of party politics, has ever been able to preserve an equable and tranquil soul; while his observance of the laws of health, regular exercise, and the continual variety of his interests have enabled him to keep his mind brightly furbished to the last.

The newspapers have often published particulars as to the way in which Mr. Gladstone spends his day. They are all more or less founded on fact, but Mr. Gladstone's days have varied so much with the years and with the events in which he was taking part, that no general rule can be laid down. The beginning and end of each day, however, he has always endeavored to spend in the same way. At Hawarden, every morning, wet or dry, he attended early-morning service at eight o'clock, sometimes reading the lessons, if they were in need of assistance, but always being in his place taking part in the devotions which precede the work of the day. Miss Friedrichs mentions a significant fact, that no visitor to the castle has ever been allowed to speak to Mr. Gladstone on his walk to church. He pounds along by himself, silent, thinking over many things. Not until the service is over and he is wending his way home does he open his lips. As the day begins with the public worship of God, so it closes with prayers in his own household. On Sunday, no one is more punctual in attendance at evening service. It was noted at one time that when he was in the thick of a cabinet crisis, he went to church no fewer than three times in one day, although he was cabinet-making, and all the aspirants were on the tenterhooks of anxiety as to his decision. His reading of the service in the parish church at Hawarden was long one of the favorite attractions which led to the crowding of the church Sunday after Sunday. This was not done from any spirit of ostentation, but simply because the clergy needed assistance, and he was ready as usual to step in to fill a place where he might do good.

Nowadays, after spending two hours in bed reading and in preparation of the work of the day, he rises at ten, and proceeds to work in his library, where he attends either to his correspondence or literary work. His daughters save him as much as possible with his letters, which often pour in in floods; but a great deal of his correspondence he despatches with his own hand. Excepting when in office he never employs a secretary, answering his many letters by post-cards if possible. Post-cards, indeed, may claim Mr. Gladstone as their chief patron; he more than any man made the post-card respectable. Although many resent receiving communications from their friends by post-cards, Mr. Gladstone's example has rendered it possible to despatch such missives without offence.

After a busy morning's work, he lunches

THREE GENERATIONS OF GLADSTONES,—OCTOBER, 1895.

From a copyrighted photograph by Elliott & Fry, London

with his family, and then returns once more to his books. Mr. Gladstone is fond of tea, but in his speeches he has found the most useful pick-me-up a small mixture of sherry and egg, prepared by Mrs. Gladstone, who never relegates that duty to another. In the evening he dines, and after dinner usually reads light literature, unless guests are present with whom he wishes to talk, and when in the country retires early to bed.

Of course, when in Parliament, he could not order his life on the same regular, tranquil lines, but, so far as he could, he did, by the adoption of the rule by which no opposed business was taken up after twelve o'clock.

Mr. Gladstone is punctual at meals, and is said to be able to dress for dinner in three minutes when in a hurry, and in five minutes when he is not pushed. No one knows better than he the importance of utilizing every spare moment. If he is left alone for five minutes at a railway station or in a friend's house, he is sure to be able to produce pen, ink, and paper, or a post-card, and proceeds there and then to despatch his correspondence.

I have said so much concerning Mr. Gladstone as a man, that I have no space to speak of him as a statesman. It may, however, not be without interest if I were to say a word or two as to how he stands now in relation to current questions. First and foremost, Mr. Gladstone is strongly in favor of Anglo-American arbitration. He deplores intensely what seems to him the extraordinary misunderstanding which has prevailed on the subject of the Venezuela frontier. Nothing but the application of a little common sense was, in his opinion, needed in order to secure the pacific settlement of the question at any moment. No one is more free from the lust of conquest than Mr. Gladstone. A hundred square miles more or less on either side of the boundary of British Guiana is to him a question of supreme indifference. But he is extremely anxious to see justice done, and deprecates extremely all menacing and blustering talk on either side, as to the possible consequences that might follow if certain contingencies were to arise. He consistently refuses to express any definite opinion as to the merits of a question which he has not thoroughly mastered, and he rather resents being asked whether or not he is in favor of arbitration between England and America. In such matters he maintains that actions

HAWARDEN PARK.

speak louder than words; and it is rather late in the day to demand if the statesman who referred the Alabama claims to the Geneva Tribunal and paid the award without a murmur, a quarter of a century ago, approves of arbitration. One of the last speeches he delivered in the House of Commons as prime minister was to express his cordial approval of the proposal to enter into negotiations with the United States government for the purpose of placing arbitration between the two English-speaking nations on a permanent basis. Mr. Gladstone, as is not unnatural for a man of his wide experience, is much more disposed to augur good things for the peace and tranquillity of the world by the cultivation of moderation in asserting claims and in a readiness to listen to the arguments of the other side, than to the operations of any tribunal which may be called in to settle disputes which, had a better temper prevailed, would never have arisen.

The immediate occasion which led Mr. Gladstone to leave office was, it is understood, not so much the failure of his eyesight, which a comparatively simple operation for cataract removed, leaving him almost as clear-sighted as ever; nor was it the gradual encroachment of deafness, which compels him, as it compelled Cardinal Manning in the last years of his life, to use his hand as an improvised ear-trumpet when any one is speaking whose articulation is not very clear and distinct. The real thing which precipitated his retirement was his unconquerable reluctance to the increased naval expenditure, which, in the opinion of his colleagues, was absolutely called for by the circumstances of the times. Mr. Gladstone has never been in sympathy with the expenditure in preparation for war. He is a born economist and a great lover of peace. It was under his administration of 1868 that the navy was steadily reduced in strength, until it seemed quite possible that instead of being able to cope successfully with any two naval powers, which is the normal standard of Britain's requirements, it would be as much as it could do to cope with that of France alone.

Of course England had still more ships than France, but then she had to scatter them much more, owing to the immense area of the empire and the enormous multiplicity of duties devolved on her fleets. It was with a very ill grace and a very heavy heart that Mr. Gladstone acquiesced in the extra naval vote of 1884, which was forced upon him by the publication of the article on "The Truth about the Navy," which appeared in the "Pall Mall Gazette." That was the turning-point in the reconstruction of the British navy, and Mr. Gladstone, against his will, may be regarded as the founder of the new navy, by which Britannia at present rules the waves.

Mr. Gladstone, while not a teetotaler, is strongly in favor of something being done to cope with the ravages of intemperance. His own judgment is distinctly in favor of the adoption of some modification of the so-called Gothenberg system, by which the municipality or the state becomes the sole distributer of intoxicants. In this he is in agreement with the Bishop of Chester, in whose diocese he lives, and with the Duke of Westminster, who is his near neighbor at Eaton Hall, and with Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Gladstone's views on temperance, however, have never been pressed with the vehemence and fervor with which he has approached other doctrines in the course of his long and eventful career. Once, and once only, he attempted to deal with the licensing question. This was in 1870, when Lord Aberdare, then Mr. Bruce, introduced a licensing bill which would have had the result of enormously reducing the number of public houses. Unfortunately, as is usual in such cases, it did not go far enough to please the temperance men, while it went much farther than the publicans would stand. The measure was dropped, and never again introduced.

On Home Rule Mr. Gladstone holds his old opinions with unabated fervor. Should Providence spare him to 1898, he will probably find great occasion for his eloquence in the celebration of the centenary of the Irish rebellion of 1798; nor, considering the extreme tenacity with which he holds on to life, is it altogether out of the question that he may be spared to celebrate with appropriate execration the centenary of the act of Union of 1900. He would then be over ninety years of age, and at present he does not contemplate any such nonagenarian activity. His mind, indeed, is absorbed much more with speculations as to the immortality of the soul than in any question of mundane politics.

And now I must leave these brief and imperfect notes of the most notable of all living Englishmen. The fact that such a man, whose whole life has been a protest against international wrongdoing, who has flouted and scorned the popular delusion that empires are strong in proportion as they are aggressive, has been three times prime minister of the queen, and should now be regarded as a kind of supreme pontiff of Britain, is the best possible refutation of the popular delusion that John Bull is such a man as he is pictured by his foreign caricaturists.

It would be impossible to name any other country in the world in which the popular idol has been habitually and pointedly in opposition to the Jingo instincts of his countrymen; has stumped the country from end to end denouncing what he considered the infamies of the foreign policy of his government; and even when peace and war trembled in the balance, has not been ashamed to champion the cause of those whom he believed to be his country's enemies—even when the crowd mobbed him in the street and smashed his windows as a gentle reminder of the unpopularity of his opinions. The fact that this is the case in England with Mr. Gladstone may well give pause to those who for the last few months or more have been pointing at John Bull as if he were nothing but a buccaneer in top-boots. And because it is so, and because England stands for much more than mere imperial aggression; because there is in the heart of her common people a deep, underlying, instinctive moral sense, England is as great as she is to-day, and Mr. Gladstone is as great as he is in England. It is this, too, which justifies the confidence which he expressed when he said, "The work of England has been great in the past, but it will be still greater in the future. This is true I believe in the broadest sense of the English-speaking world. I believe it is also true of England herself. I think the part which England has to play and the influence of England in the world will be even vaster in the future than it is to-day. England will be greater than she has ever been."

THE COLORS OF THE "LAWRENCE."

A SURGEON'S TALE OF THE LAKE BATTLE FOR THE WEST.

By Clinton Ross,

Author of "The Countess Bettina," etc.

MASTER COMMANDANT PERRY stood talking with Master Commandant Eliot of the "Niagara." Captain Perry's eyes—I will call him captain, although he had not that title then—moved uneasily. For the moment I thought him too young. What could he do against the one-armed veteran of Trafalgar, Captain Heriot Barclay? Lieutenant Buchan, too, had fought with Nelson. Thump went my heart as I leaned over the rail, and Sailing-Master Taylor, brushing against me, rallied me on my pallor.

"Humph, doctor, are ye ready?"

"We've orders to have our instruments bared in that cock-pit," said I.

"It's a cock-pit too high up, eh?" said the sailing-master; and I assure you he was right about the wretched hole.

"What wall will ye have when a twenty-four-pounder comes sailing through the new oak and chestnut?"

I shook my head. He chuckled and passed on. I saw a great bird sailing high above, and the stretch of lake; saw, and did not see; for I was thinking just then of a girl I knew in New York; and of how I should have liked to see her for a moment. And then I was reminded by a groan below of a poor chap in the delirium of lake fever. And as I looked out at the ships lined before me, it all returned: the journey to Albany, and down the Mohawk, and over the corduroy roads, and on the lake in the dreary March winds, and the lonely sail to Presque Isle, and the dismal life we led at the tavern flaunting the creaking sign "Dunlop's Erie Hotel."

From the first it had been a perilous journey, an uncertain enterprise. No one supposed we could hold the West. Any moment the enemy's fleet might sweep down on us, and our captain, short of men, must have lost heart writing letters for supplies,—imploring them to send shipwrights, sailors, and money.

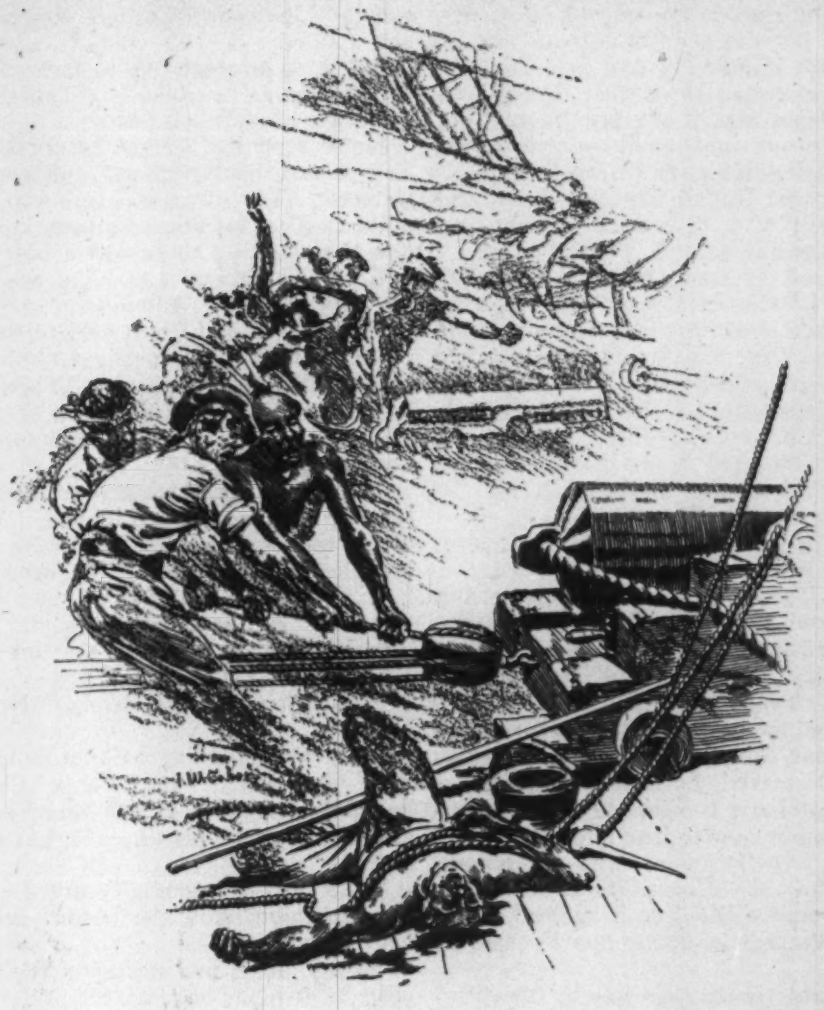
And now we were to fight! There the white fleet lay on the rippling lake over against us. Nine vessels were in our line; we of the "Lawrence" first. But these schooners and sloops were manned by as sorry a lot as captain ever had shuddered at. But a hundred and twenty-five were regulars; and the rest were raw enough,—woodsmen, negroes, and Indians, who knew no more of a ship than squalling babes. And, indeed, that moment Pohig, a Narragansett brave, said in his guttural they needed me in the cock-pit. I think I said something uncomplimentary to that cock-pit, which was already overcrowded, for there were twenty-two under doctor's care on the "Lawrence" alone, and indeed a hundred and sixteen unfit out of the four hundred and ninety of the fleet.

I paused a moment, looking out again at the beauty a sunny September morning gathers in these waters. The six white ships of the King still bore on, with flaunting canvas, carrying all told, as I was to know later, five hundred and two souls: one hundred and fifty from the Royal Navy; while of the two hundred and forty soldiers most were regulars. And then I looked about again. I had forgot my summons to the delirious chap below. I should have something besides mere fever to deal with before that day was over. And then among our motley crew I saw some men who had been on the "Constitution." Ah, they stood straight and fine, with just the right swing. Some of our fellows, after all, were not so bad.

At the moment a blue flag was unfurled at the main royal masthead, declaring in white letters, "Don't give up the ship."

I watched the men curiously, and before I thought joined in the cheer. I had not heard in my revery that the captain had been saying: "Shall I hoist it?" nor the answer, "Aye, aye, sir!" But now that it flew in the breeze it declared Captain Lawrence's last words, and swung out over the hastily built lake brig which the Secretary had given that bravest captain's name. The whistle piped to quarters; and I remembered my summons to the cock-pit.

A little fellow—once rosy cheeked, but



ON THE DECK OF THE "LAWRENCE."

now shaking with the ague—had asked for me.

"Don't tell me, doctor, that I can't be in it."

"Look here, Fraser," I said, "be quiet. You can't stir, do you hear?" I was irritable. But, remembering my professional manner, I added, "Oh, we'll see."

"The captain wishes you in his cabin, Mr. Moran," some one interrupted. I pressed Fraser's hand, and joined the captain. He was tying some papers, and turned to face me with a smile.

"The government's papers, Moran," he said. "We'll have a pretty warm time, I fancy, and you'll be busy."

"I dare say,—busy," said I.

"I hope not too busy, Moran. But you are the safest man to keep this packet. Should it go against us,—I have tied some shot to it,—drop it into the lake."

"Aye, sir," said I, taking the papers. "How are you feeling?"

"I don't seem to be over that trouble," he said, tearing up some letters.

"You certainly are not," said I, looking him over narrowly.

"What luck, when I need all my nerve!"

"You will have it, sir," said I, pouring something from a vial, for I had brought my case.

As he drank, he scattered the bits of torn paper—"My wife's letters,"—which made me think of the girl in New York, whom I had reason to believe might be thinking of me. Should I ever see her again?

"I don't care to have them get my private correspondence. As for the other papers—"

"I'll have that care."

"Pardon me, I know you will, Mr. Moran. But you see I'm nervous."

"I don't wonder."

"No, it means so much. The people don't realize that if we lose to-day they will carry out the old French idea, and Canada will reach clear to the Gulf."

"And the United States will stop at Ohio forever after," I added. "But they haven't done it."

He seized my hand at this. "No, they haven't." His eyes sparkled. "After all we have been through, and made and floated the fleet, it makes one fearful when the moment comes."

"Yes, it is here, sir. Listen."

It was a bugle call, followed directly by "Rule Britannia."

"That's from the 'Detroit.'"

"Their flagship."

"We are getting near. Hear the answer to 'Rule Britannia.'"

It was just our boatswain's whistle, but a faint color crept over his face, and then seizing my hand, he went above, calling back, "My work now, and yours will begin," which took me again to the cock-pit. As I moved about, putting the last touches to the place, I heard that grog and rations had been served, because we doubtless should not have the chance later. "He says we know how to beat those fellows," said one, a petty officer who was among those from the "Constitution." "Why, we've done it. We'll do it again."

"What are you doing now?" said I, turning.

"I heard the captain say to Mr. Taylor, 'Run to the lee of the islands'; and Mr. Taylor says, says he, 'Then you'll have to engage to leeward.' 'I don't care,' says our captain; 'windward or leeward, they'll have to fight to-day.' Eh, doctor, he's the captain."

"I believe he is, Perkins," said I; then Perkins chuckled, hitched his trousers, and went above. But directly I heard that a shift had put us to the windward.

And then the first gun broke in on the rattling noises of our deck, and others answered.

I rushed above, and watched the men at their posts, bared to the waists, muscles standing out tensely, faces set or twitching. A burst of smoke already was blurring that clear sky. And then something crashed into our deck, and the splinters flew as the report rang loud in my ears. I believe I just looked about coolly at our line, the schooners and sloops drawn up, a half-cable's length of each other. Lieutenant Yarnell observed me and nodded.

"The 'Lawrence' is to have most of this battle," he said. "The 'Queen Charlotte' is training on us."

He scarcely had spoken before we heard a great crash above, and our mainmast tottered. The sound was followed by another rush of breaking timbers, and some one was shouting there was a hole in our hull. I did not notice now. I was watching two groaning fellows who were being carried below; and I hastened to the work there. These were hardly stretched out before others were brought. Their suffering faces stare at me even now of nights; and in dreams I can hear their cries in a deafening din.

And I, too, was stripped to the waist, turning now and then to inquire. We had drawn to closer quarters, and were engaging the "Detroit," the "Queen Charlotte," the "Lady Prevost."

"I believe I'm done for," said a groaning fellow, and I saw it was my friend Perkins, the petty officer.

"Nonsense," said I, turning him on his side.

"I'm not groaning at that hole, doctor," said he, "but because the cannonading has made it fall calm, and the others can't support us. Oh, but it does hurt."

"It's only a scratch," said I. "But the 'Scorpion' and the 'Ariel' are close behind us?"

"They alone, and engaging the 'Chippewa.' It looks bad, doctor."

"Oh, 'don't give up the ship,'" said I.

"That we won't," he cried, pushing me aside.

"Come back, man," I cried.

"I'm bandaged enough," said he, and was gone. The next I saw of him was when an hour later I stumbled over his body. I should have hindered his return to his post; but I had no time to follow him, for others were being brought constantly, until we knew not where to put them, much less to give them proper care. My arms absolutely dripped with blood and perspiration, and those we tended were black and red with powder and worse. A crash in the china closet was followed by a howl, and I remembered Midshipman Forest had left his spaniel there.

"We're all howling," I muttered, half crazy myself.

"Dress that, doctor," came a faint voice over my shoulder.

"Presently," I said; then I saw he was Midshipman Lamb.

"Let me see," I believe I said, when there was another horrid crunching of timbers, and Lamb was against the side, where he had been carried by a twenty-four pounder. I rubbed my eyes, and at that moment another of these plunging pounders sailed past my assistant, Usher's head.

You can imagine we could do nothing in such a place; that we lost the little wit we had; although I tried as well as I might. Twice Lieutenant Yarnell came below; pointed to his arm or face; and, when we had tied him up, went back to his post.

"How is the captain?" I asked.

"A shot through his hat, and his clothes all torn, but I don't believe he is hurt."

"You're not fit to go above."

"Where can you stow me?" he said, rushing away.

Presently I heard a calm voice, strong in the noise. "I'm short of men, doctor. Send up one of your men."

I motioned to Brown, who without a word went above. Just then I felt something trickling on my face, and looking up saw the planking above had sprung, and a red stream was breaking through.

"For heaven's sake, put me out of this," came one of the voices. I was bending over him, when again Captain Perry sang out:

"Brown is down. Send another."

It was not five minutes before the same voice came: "Another;" while a spar crashed.

"Who the devil, sir, is going to look after these chaps?" I sang out.

"How many are you?"

"Two, and some fifty men to look after."

"Can any of the wounded?"

"They are a bad lot, sir."

"Come yourself, Mr. Moran."

I turned from my patient. I indeed could do little there. The cries and groans of these poor chaps sickened me. One of them, the Narragansett Indian, Pohig, suddenly rose, when he was pinned a writhing mass against the side.

"Go, Mr. Moran," Usher said in a husky whisper; and I turned and fled; and slipped in the gloom above,—for the thick smoke had left the deck not less dim than the mess-room. Bodies were piled everywhere; gun carriages on their sides as if carelessly tossed; and whizzing and bursting sounds about my ears.

Mr. Taylor came slipping and limping across the deck.

"Here,—at that gun!"

"Here!" said the captain himself.

There were three of us training that gun: Mr. Pierce, the chaplain; the purser, and I, the surgeon; and close beside it, his face staring into the smoke, lay my assistant, Brown.

I think I swore, but the chaplain at this unclerical work did not reprove me. I remember I said: "Curse a ship that has to use a mess-room above the water-line for a cock-pit." I was thinking of the twenty-four-pounders which had carried poor Lamb and the Indian Pohig into eternity. And then, as we were training the gun, a voice was in our ears:

"You needn't. It's our last gun."

Mr. Field, the purser, rose from his knees. The chaplain, I saw, had a tear on his face; but then he was a minister, As for me, I looked up at the blue flag.

Captain Perry seemed to read me.

"Yes, the ship, but not the battle. Yarnell, lower a boat."

"You will leave us?" said I.

"For the 'Niagara,'" and he pointed to her looming near through the fog. I understood.

"But the 'Lawrence,'" said I.

The boat had been lowered now. I remember I heard a voice:

"But the colors, captain?"

He too looked up there where the blue flag still waved. "We'll take that to the other ship."

Then I heard something like a sob. Now, I don't mind a man yelling with pain, for it is my trade to hear that; but a man sobbing cuts into my heart; and this cry came from Mr. Yarnell, one of the bravest officers that ever served. He looked queer enough, as we all did,—not more than twenty left, all told; our faces black as the negroes', and tracked with perspiration; our bodies smeared with soot and blood; our clothes torn.

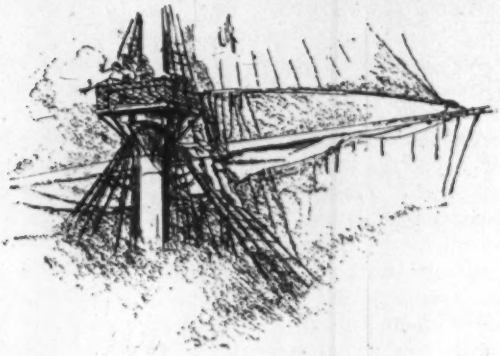
But Captain Perry put his hand on his shoulder.

"We must have the day, Yarnell. What is the 'Lawrence' to that?"

Then Yarnell straightened up, and smiled through his tears and the blood trickling from a scalp wound.

"I'll stand by the 'Lawrence,' captain."

The captain gave us all a cheering look as he leaped over the side. And I wondered this was the same man who three hours before (I have learned since that it was



CAPTAIN PERRY ROWING FROM THE "LAWRENCE" TO THE "NIAGARA."

just two hours and forty-five minutes) had talked to me in the cabin. And I remembered the packet he had given me, which I had stuffed away in a drawer in that terrible cock-pit:

"Shall I sink the papers?"

"Yes, if it comes to that," he sang back; and the last I saw he was erect in the boat, still regardless of the whizzing balls, and his brother at his side, and the four men bending to their oars. His figure gave me new spirit, and I remembered Usher at his hard duty in the cock-pit. As I stumbled to the passage, Yarnell stopped me.

"We can't stand this."

I looked up at the Stars and Stripes, still flying, if the blue flag *was* lacking.

"We have lost half our colors, and we must the rest?" said I, like a man in a bad dream. The colors seemed that moment more to me than all those dead and wounded and the wrecked ship.

"They're battering us to pieces. Mustn't we save these few?"

And he pointed to those left standing.

"We must make the wounded comfortable, too?"

"But the colors," gasped another voice; when turning I saw Midshipman Dulany Forest; and then I remembered, and answered fiercely:

"It's not the colors now. We're beaten, man."

But I could not endure seeing it done, loudly as I had spoken; and without lifting my eyes I went to my work; and such work as it was I do not care even to

think about now. Then directly the crashing above paused. The colors were down, that meant; and I heard a low cheer over the water from the king's ship; but with us only were the groaning men, and Mr. Forest's spaniel howled, as he had since the crash in the china closet.

As for me I did not dare think, I say. I had enough to do, Heaven knows. The sight of poor shattered Mr. Brooks, who had been always my good friend, took away the little spirit I had left. But finally I was so faint that again I stumbled on deck; and there I saw Mr. Yarnell directing the raising of our ensign. Yes, that flag was going up over the "Lawrence" again.

"What does it mean?" I asked; but I saw in a glance.

"That the 'Niagara' has borne down through their line, and the fight has turned."

"He reached the 'Niagara' then?"

You know how it was. The "Queen Charlotte," in trying to bring fresh broadsides into play on the "Niagara," had been left at the wind's mercy through a downhaul of one of her sails, and had been brought afoul of the "Detroit." The "Niagara," backing her main topsails, had run across bow and stern of the two fouled King's ships, tearing them fore and aft with her starboard broadside; and keeping on, she paid the "Lady Prevost" the same attention. Our "Caledonia," "Ariel," "Somers," "Scorpion," "Tigress," and "Porcupine" had followed, carrying away the "Detroit's" masts and the "Queen Charlotte's" mizzenmast. And as I came on deck, the "Niagara" was engaging the "Hunter."

"You see I think I am right about running up our colors," said Yarnell.

"That looks as if you were," said I, pointing to the "Hunter's" taffrail, where an officer was waving a white handkerchief from a boarding spike. Again he waved it; and we knew we had won the Lakes.

But the groans on our deck took away our cheers, and I turned to that work. Now, you must know I had not been long away; for all this decisive part of the action was a matter of but eight minutes. They were precious moments, I can assure you, with all the arms and legs and heads I had to bandage.

"He's coming back," said Mr. Pierce, the chaplain, coming to us at this dismal task. For I had lost all of my professional zest.

"Who?" said I dully.

"The captain, and the blue flag."

"Let me see him, the captain!" said the man I was tending,—"back again, is he?"

"You can't," said I. "Keep still."

"But I will."

And he tottered up despite us, reminding me of Perkins, the petty officer, who had done the same earlier in the action; whose body lay by a starboard gun.

"Usher," said I, "I must see that blue flag go up!" I spoke like a child.

"But these?" he said reproachfully.

"I'll be back. They must give us help. We can't do all this alone;" and I put my hands to my ears to keep out their groans.

"The captain is back?" came a voice shrilly.

"Yes, back. We've got 'em," piped another.

"Well, I don't care so much," said a chap who had both arms shot away.

"I must take his hand," said I to my assistant, Usher, again; "I'll be away—well, five minutes."

"Go, of course," said the armless man. "Cheer the captain for me."

"Are ye tellin' me, we've beat 'em, Mr. Moran?" asked another, forgetful of pain.

"Yes, and the captain is back on the 'Lawrence,'" said I, hastening to the deck; for I declare I wanted to see that blue flag make our colors complete more than I wished a sight of that girl in New York.

And what a crowd were we, as we stood banded and splinted at the side; while the decks were red and slippery, and the groans of the suffering took the place of cheers. For we greeted him silently, and he himself but said, as he looked over human fragments, cannon dismounted, carriages broken, and shattered timbers:

"Put up the blue flag on the 'Lawrence,' for she was given up but to win the fight."

Battered Yarnell took his captain's hand, as he came over the side, and we crowded about him; and our hearts, if not our mouths, cheered; for his unconquerable will had gained that day what General Hull had lost. Yes, he alone had,—this boyish Master Commandant Oliver Hazard Perry. And if we did not cheer with our mouths, it was because of the groans of the suffering.

Shortly the surviving officers of the King's fleet were over the side, and looked wonderingly at the havoc they had made, and slipped in the blood, and stumbled

over the bodies, as they went to deliver their swords to our captain, who returned them with civility, remembering how nearly he had lost. And above waved the two flags,—the blue with Captain Lawrence's words, which Captain Perry had made of even greater meaning.

Now I must tell you how strangely, some few minutes after this, I remembered I had forgot his order to drop the packet of official papers overboard. I left my work, and hurried to him. I believe now I was in a daze, as well I might be. He was handing a letter to Midshipman Forest.

"I forgot to sink that packet when we struck our colors," I cried.

"You did, eh?" said he. "But the colors are up; so I'll pardon you, Mr. Moran. You see, I have just sent General Harrison these words: 'We have met the enemy, and they are ours,—two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and two sloops.'"

I turned, without a word, to my work among the human wreckage this great lake fight had made; and you may believe I was kept busied for days; and Mr. Pierce, the chaplain, too, when the leaded shrouds were sent whirring down into the depths of that lake for whose control these men had given their lives.

And such is war. If the "Lawrence" flew her colors at the end, what mattered it to those chaps in the leaded shrouds?

But perhaps it does matter to men to die as they did, as it has to these United States to have the great territory of the West held because Captain Oliver Hazard Perry didn't know when he was beaten.

THE LADDER OF GRIEF.

By Octave Thanet,

Author of "Stories of a Western Town," "Knitters in the Sun," etc.

THERE was a great deal of sympathy in Fairport for Mr. Markham when his wife died. Silas Markham was the president of the principal bank, a man respected by every one, although he had no intimate friends. He was a just man; in many ways he was merciful, and he would keep his word to his hurt; but there was about him always a reserve, a species of coldness, building a barrier beyond which, to the knowledge of Fairport, only one human being had ever passed. This one person was his wife. His love for her the very servants in the house knew; and they served him the better for it, because they all loved her.

Now that, after a few hours' illness, and a swift unconsciousness that never lifted, the wife had slipped out of the world with no last words, she who would not have dismissed a beggar ungently, and he was left alone in his desolate house, unconsoled by so much as the memory of a last embrace, his sorrow was of a kind that any one could pity. Yet, really, no one knew its compass. During those first stunned weeks he hardly realized it himself; but now it was coming to him with every day, with every horrible night. Markham was a man of will. He had no more mind to be crazy than he had to seek an ignoble and brutal forgetfulness of his torment in drink or opium. Yet night after night he slept only to dream one hideous dream. He was always seeking Agnes. The night damp would be in his hair, and the dream chill in his heart, as he would wander over a vast and treeless prairie trying to find his wife, while the faint light on the edge of the horizon faded. He never found her. Always he woke up in a dreadful fright at the darkness and something horrible which was about to happen. And awake, he would put out his hand and remember, but have no tears to relieve his scorched heart. One day he said to himself, "I *must* get nearer to her, somehow, or I shall go mad!" He was sitting, as he used to sit of an evening, in his library, the neglected newspapers littering the desk, his head sunk on his breast, thinking. Rather, one should say, dreaming, since thought is too orderly a word for that dreary and aimless drift of past scenes. At intervals his numbed will would struggle to tear him away from the wretched panorama, but it was not strong enough to hold him; he always harked back to it, and was living over again moments bitter or sweet.

The library was a beautiful room. It was she that chose all the books; she that

planned the great mullioned window and the fireplace, and the sombre richness of furniture. "This is to be *your* room, Si," she had said. "I'm going to make it to represent you; it is to be characteristic."

"But why not represent you, too?" said he.

"The whole house represents me," she smiled back, "you are so indulgent!"

"Am I?" he asked lightly. She flushed; her eyelids fell.

"I never asked for but one thing you didn't grant me," said she; and her eyes for one troubled instant questioned his. But he made no answer. He knew what she meant, but felt no desire to discuss this one point of variance; and perhaps her courage was exhausted when she mentioned it. Aggie was not a daring woman. How the color would dapple her cheek, her pretty, oval cheek, when she tried to say something; and she never could hold her sweet voice even. But how brave she was, too! When the children were born, the poor little babies that died, it was *he* was the coward; she— He broke down, remembering. It was well; it was good for him to cry. Then he looked at her picture above the desk. A great artist had painted it. Why had the fellow made her look so sad? The babies' deaths were hard to bear; but it was five years since little Silas died, and *he* was still with her, and she loved him—surely she loved him; surely he made her happy. Yet that crank had made her lovely dark eyes so wistful, and her smile was sadder than tears. It was ridiculous to imagine that the one thing about which they differed, which neither of them, by tacit consent, ever mentioned, could have been a shadow on her life. He turned restlessly away from the canvas, and tried to fix his attention on the plans for the children's hospital which he was building as a memorial of his wife. But almost immediately he pushed the neat parchment rolls away, and his head sunk on his hands.

"If I could only dream of her," groaned the lonely man; "she said she would come to my dreams."

As married lovers will, they had talked of the dread possibility of loneliness. She had introduced the subject, and he had checked her, clasping her almost roughly to his heart, crying, "I couldn't *live* without you!" But smiling, with a thrill, over his violence, she had continued, "Si, I would come back to you; we should be so near. I could get back to your dreams, I know."

"Near?" he murmured.

"I believe"—and now she was pressing her face close to his heart, and he could not see it—"I believe I could come. You know what the theosophists think, and don't you remember that lovely book of Du Maurier's and those two lovers who could 'dream true'? It was because their souls were so near—like ours."

The remembrance of that promise came to him as he knelt by a still form and talked, half-crazed, to his dead wife the whole night through. "I'll get near enough, Aggie; you'll see, you'll see!" he had whispered, stroking her hair with his gentlest touch. To-night his lip curled and his heart was ice as he retraced his efforts to get nearer to Aggie. Once he had gone to a limp, scared little spiritual medium whose husband rented rooms in one of his buildings, and he had sat on a dingy plush sofa, and watched the sunbeams gild the dust on a rickety table and a strange woman behind the table "acting Aggie," until he sickened of the profanity. At the end of the second "trance" he rose and handed the medium a bank note, the figure on which sent the blood into her sallow cheeks.

"I think this will pay you for your trouble, madam," he said; "I shall not come any more." The medium hoped that the communications had given him comfort, and was sorely puzzled by his reply: "No, ma'am. But I think I understand." With which, and a solemn bow, he fared forth from her presence, and the red plush sofa and the dusty table knew him no more.

"It wasn't Aggie"—so he summed up his experience—"though she told things only Aggie and I knew; but she didn't tell anything outside my thoughts; and I had no business, I nor any other decent man, to go where my thoughts of my wife could be pulled out of me."

The same harassing longing for a spiritual sense of his wife's presence sent him to her church, although he did not like either the church or the rector. The church was "high;" and to Markham, the pagan son of Puritan parents, the ritual of the church was merely a spectacle, tawdry or tedious, according to the pomp with which it was presented. The rector was a young man whose earnest soul would have moved his Western auditors more had it not been expressed with an English accent. Markham put no objections in his wife's path, but he stayed home and read the papers. When Mrs. Mark-

ham died, the parish sorely missed her open hand. Therefore, when, one Sunday, a tall, erect, thin man, with a beautiful gray head and a profile fine and stern enough for a Roman coin, walked composedly down the aisle after the flock of crumpled cottas, the rector's pulses bounded. Markham was so rich, and, were he so minded, he could be so generous; and they were so poor!

The rector kept his hopes under cover, but the senior warden said frankly: "I do hope you can hold him; there's no telling what he'll do if we can get him interested."

Six Sundays the rector held him, during which time gradually the listener came to exert a singular and sinister influence over the preacher. He felt himself dogged from the versicles to the benediction by a baffling sense of failure. He unfolded the beauties of the higher life and the mystic helpfulness of the church services with all the ardor of young zeal; and the rigid shape in the Markham pew, which neither rose nor knelt, the immovable, attentive, unresponsive countenance bent on him, while the man sat with his wife's hymnal unopened in his hand, turned into a kind of a spectre of the skepticism of the whole world. His studied arguments and his eager, boyish appeals beat against the man of the world's indifference as helplessly as a child's fists against a locked door. It bewildered, then it disconcerted the preacher; in the end, it nearly palsied his tongue. The Sunday that saw the Markham pew empty, saw the rector, amid his humiliation and his dismay at the vision of the senior warden's reproaches, drawing a guilty sigh of relief. After all, there was no fear of the senior warden; he was in high feather over Markham's farewell check; he congratulated the rector heartily.

"He came to see what he thought of us; and it is plain he thought that we deserved his wife's interest," declared the senior warden. "I guess he sees now there is something in the High Church besides candles and a boy choir. And that reminds me, don't you think we could afford to have the boys' cottas done up twice a month now? They do look pretty mussy by the fourth Sunday."

And Markham was sitting at his library desk gazing wearily at the plans for the hospital. "Everything fails," he said; "this will fail too, I suppose. Why doesn't Wheatly come?"

Like an answer the heavy door opened, and Milly the waitress glided into the room with the lugubrious mien that was her own tribute of sympathy, and in a hushed voice announced "Mr. Wheatly, sir. Shall I fetch him in here?"

Wheatly had been Markham's lawyer for years; he might almost be called an intimate friend. "Markham's got a heart somewhere," he often assured his wife, "and any day I'm liable to find it." He was a tall man, of a dignified portliness, with a noble bald head and shrewd blue eye. He joyed in battle, and bullied jury and judge alike, and, one may say, won his cases with a sledge-hammer; but nobody charged smaller fees to poor clients, or could be gentler to the friendless and undefended.

He greeted Markham, and plunged at once into the business of their meeting. They settled the details of the deeds in entire harmony; but, the business concluded, Wheatly fidgeted in his chair, puffing hard on his Henry Clay, and twice opening his lips and shutting them again, in the manner of the man who oscillates between speech as good and silence as better. Suddenly he said brusquely, "Markham, my wife says I ought to tell you something."

"Mrs. Wheatly is always right," said Markham with his dry politeness.

"You see, Markham, we have known Mrs. Markham ever since she was a little girl—why, I taught her to ride her first pony, in the old major's time—"

"And do you think I shall ever forget how kind you were when the major died and they were left without anything?"

"That was nothing. What I meant to say was that Agnes naturally felt to us almost as if she had been a niece or such a relation, and—and she used to talk to us about her friends the Haskills. I fancy," said the lawyer, carefully watching the glowing ash of his cigar, "that we were the only people to whom she did say anything about them. She was rather anxious about Mrs. Haskill's health. She hasn't been well. The fact is, that woman works too hard. She makes light of it, but she has worked her strength all out. Agnes was deeply attached to Mrs. Haskill, you know. And one day she asked me to draw up her will. It was the day before she was taken ill, and perhaps she didn't have time to tell you about it."

Markham bent to pick up a paper-weight which clattered to the oaken floor. He wore his face of wood. "She did not tell me," said he.

"Well,"—the lawyer found it easier not to look at his friend as he spun off the items of the will—"she left a list of friends to whom she wished you to give keepsakes out of her jewels. I think you have anticipated her wishes there; I know you have with us."

"If you will give me the list, I will attend to it," said Markham in an emotionless tone.

"She left some money to each of the servants."

"I have given each of them a hundred dollars. I thought of that myself," said Markham.

"She left a thousand dollars to the church, St. Anne's, and five hundred to the rector."

"I sent five thousand to the church; I'll attend to the rector," said Markham.

"She left five hundred to the hospital, for a children's ward."

Markham silently laid his finger-tips on the heap of architect linen with its neat drawings in colored inks.

"All the residue of her estate she left to Emma Haskill."

Did he expect any sign of feeling from his client? Markham gave none whatever. For a second there was silence; Wheatly puffed on his cigar and looked at the portrait. The wistful eyes met his. He strangled a sigh.

"She didn't sign the will?" said Markham.

"No; I simply took her instructions for it, and she was to come in another time. It's so much waste paper—legally." Markham lighted a fresh cigar; but Wheatly noticed that a good half of a cigar was charring on the table beside the paperweight.

"I'm afraid Haskill is in pretty bad shape," said he. "He was on Keene's bond, and the runaway has done him up; he will lose his house and every dollar he has in the world. It's too bad. Ralph's an honest man, though he belongs to the class that always bet on the losing horse. As for Emma Haskill"—Wheatly looked at this instant just as he looked when he dominated the courtroom and gave the judge to understand both law and justice were on his side, wherever his honor might be found—"I don't know a better woman."

"Wheatly," said Markham, "she is the only woman in the world that I dislike."

"I was afraid of that," said Wheatly.

"My wife and I never had but one difference. That was about her. She was a school-girl friend of Aggie's. She had great influence over her. I never liked her, but I was civil. We held different opinions on every subject, and she didn't in the least conceal what she thought; she is one of those loud-voiced, shrieking women that like to argue. I didn't care to argue with her, so avoided meeting her. I told Agnes frankly that I didn't like being schooled by her friend; the house was as much hers as mine, but I should be obliged if she would choose those hours to invite Mrs. Haskill when I could be absent. Unluckily, Mrs. Haskill overheard me, and she chose, later, to make a scene with Aggie, and refused to enter the house again. Agnes cried herself sick over the episode, and that didn't make me feel any more kindly towards the woman. Aggie used to go there, and she was always doing things for them; but I saw nothing of them. Once—after—after our little boy died, she asked me could she have that oldest girl of the Haskill's, the one they named after her, up to the house for a two weeks' visit. I said she could. But I went away that night and stayed for two weeks. I made a pretence of sudden business. She never asked for the child again. But she was always going to see them and giving them things." He set his teeth on the next sentence and stopped. Milly softly opened the door, she softly stole into the room, and, nodding her head gloomily, announced in the lowest of voices that use the vocal chords, "Mr. Haskill begs you'll see him a moment as a great favor, sir."

"Very well, I'll see him—here," said Markham.

Wheatly rose; he had no choice but to make his farewell. Nevertheless, as he told his wife, he felt that that well-meaning idiot would kick over the whole bucket of fish.

For a few minutes Markham was left alone. He was facing a grotesque and horrible dilemma, for he was angry with his dead wife. To be angry and rage futilely is an ugly pain; but to be angry with the dead that we love, to know that they can never hear our reproaches or justify themselves and put us in the wrong—this wrings the soul! For, however angry we may be with them while alive, we have always, under our anger, the hope that they have not wronged our love, and that it is we, not they, who will need to be forgiven. But Agnes could never explain. There was left him—yes, there was one thing left him; and his mind darted to a purpose bearing little good for the man in the hall.

"Good evening, Mr. Markham," said a deprecating voice. Markham did not take the pains to smile. He was on his feet already, therefore he did not rise. Haskill extended a hand that fell instantly, Markham busying himself in pushing a chair at his visitor.

"What can I do for you this evening, Mr. Haskill?" said he. Haskill sat down on the edge of the chair, a great leathern armchair that looked ready to engulf him entirely. He was a small man, prematurely bald, wrinkled under the eyelids. His skin was fair, flushing readily, and (in Markham's opinion) he was prone to equally irrational fever fits of fear and hope. In his early manhood he had inherited a small fortune, promptly lost in headlong ventures. Since then he had been a clerk in a dry goods shop, advancing no farther than the silk counter, although every one liked to trade with Ralph Haskill. He had made a careful toilet, the sight of which had given him a flicker of confidence as he stood before the mirror at home; but now, while Markham's cold eye travelled from the shiny seam of the left elbow to the neatest of patches in the hem of his right trouser leg (why must he have tried to learn to ride a wheel when he had on his good clothes?), he felt suddenly poor and shabby—the man who had failed begging of the man who had succeeded. His tongue grew too large for his dry throat. "I have come to—to ask a favor of you, Mr. Markham," he said.

"So I presumed," said Markham. It was not an encouraging beginning of the interview.

"I shouldn't want you to call it exactly a favor, either," said Haskill, struggling not to seem so dejected as he was. "I am sure, Mr. Markham, little as you may like me, you are a just man."

"I don't see what my liking or disliking you has to do with that," said Markham, cruelly at his ease.

Haskill forced the quivering muscles of his mouth into a smile. "Of course, it hasn't; but I mean I think you wouldn't let any prepossession against me make—make you decide unjustly."

"No?" said Markham.

"This is the case with me," said Haskill, gulping down something in his throat; "my wife is sick. She's worked like a dog for me and the children. God knows I've tried to make money, but either I'm too honest or I'm too stupid or I get to believing in the wrong things Whatever's the reason, we haven't got on; and my wife's done everything, Mr. Markham. She's scrubbed the floors, she's worked in the garden, she's made the children's clothes, she's gone without a girl when there were two babies, together, and—always so cheerfully—" He choked, and his eyes filled, but he straightened the quiver in his voice, going on quickly: "The doctor says she must go to Colorado. It isn't—there's no hemorrhage; and, besides, they cure consumption nowadays. He told me he'd engage she would be well to go this winter and rest. If Aggie—if my oldest girl could go with her and they needn't travel poor, but have a section in a sleeper and board in a comfortable place—I know she'd get well. I haven't anything to raise money on or I wouldn't come to you, Mr. Markham; but you know about Keene. My house and the few hundreds we had saved—they're all gone. It's my wife's life at stake, Mr. Markham,—" For the first time his haggard eyes interrogated Markham's, and the anguish in him overflowed. "Mr. Markham, you've lost your wife; you know what it is. I can't sleep nights, I'm so worried. And the doctor's sure she'll get well if she can go." Markham's brow wrinkled, which meant that he was moved; he couldn't tell, himself, whether it was irritation or a faint rousing of pity. But his mind was so crowded with its tumult of anger and suspicion that the other feeling could not edge into the crowd. Yet it did stand outside; he did perceive its presence. Poor Haskill desperately blundered on: "I wouldn't have ventured to ask such a favor, but it isn't as a favor. Emma says we've the right to tell you the truth. It's this way, Mr. Markham. Aggie" (Markham shut his teeth at the familiar diminutive of his wife's name), "Aggie came to our house the very week before she died, and she was talking with Emma, and she told Emma she ought to go South this winter, and she said, 'I'll see you go, Emma,' says she; 'and if anything happens to me, you'll find I haven't forgotten you and little Aggie.' Those were her very words."

"What you mean is that my wife meant to leave you money in her will?" said Markham.

"Yes, sir," said Haskill; and he gripped the arms of his chair with both hands.

"I suppose you know every cent she had I gave her. She died without making a will. The money coming back thus to my hands by law, do you think I am bound to pay it out?"

"Didn't you give it to her?" said Haskill. The sweat beaded his pale face; his eyes were wild.

"He is suffering," Markham thought; but the thought, like his transient pity, was outside a fixed intention which seemed to possess him.

"Didn't you give it to her for her own—not to take back?" cried Haskill.

"Yes, I gave it to her for her own," said Markham.

"And wouldn't you think that what she wanted, you ought to do even—even if she was dead?"

"Yes," said Markham, "I would. Let me ask you a question. Would you think my obligation ended there?"

"I don't understand you, sir; maybe I'm stupid—or it's being so—so anxious."

Markham frowned again. "I mean, do you think I am bound to do any more than divide what property my wife left according to her wishes, so far as I know them?"

"No, sir. If you divide Aggie's money as she wished, what more could we ask?"

"Well, you might ask that *I*, out of my own money, should give what she wanted given."

"Certainly not, sir. It is only what she left—"

"I don't intend to take one cent of any money left by Mrs. Markham," said Markham, looking full at Haskill; and, somehow, in spite of the reassuring words, the man felt his heart curdle within him. "But, Mr. Haskill, do you know how Mrs. Markham invested that money? *You* had faith in Keene; he gave you a commission. You wanted her to invest—"

"She put that money with Keene?" Haskill's voice was not more than a whisper. "You—you let her?"

"As you have said, Mr. Haskill, it was her money; I let her."

Haskill shrunk back in his chair. "Is it all gone?" said he.

"All, I think."

An instinct that he did not recognize averted his eyes from the crushed creature in the chair. He half wished—but Haskill was on his feet; he was speaking; and it was queer that his voice should be firmer than it had been yet. "I'll not trouble you longer, Mr. Markham. I hope—I hope Aggie did not know."

"No, she didn't know."

Haskill said, "I'm glad for that," and would have walked out of the room; at the door he tottered.

"You're not well!" said Markham, touching the decanter on the desk. "A glass of wine?"

But Haskill, with almost a glance of horror, waved him aside. Then, the swing of the door in his ears, Markham remembered some stories of Haskill's youth, before he married. "He might find that beastly sort of oblivion more tempting than I," he thought. He turned away. He looked at the picture. His heart was numb. "O Aggie, come back, come back and tell me *why* you did it!" he cried, stretching out his hands. And even as he spoke, his wrath was cut off like the foam upon the water. He had driven straight towards his ferocious purpose, under the first sting of his knowledge; but now that he had transferred his torture to another soul he was seized with a sick disgust of his own cruelty. It was base in him to stand by in his perverse pride and let Aggie fling her little fortune away. "When I hoped she would lose it and find out what a crazy loon he was, and it would make a coolness between them!" he cried. He had prided himself coldly that he was a just man. Was it just to punish his wife through these humble people that she loved? "I suppose," he said aloud—he was getting into a silly habit of talking to himself; it was part of his distempered state now that he had lost his only confidant—"I suppose I was jealous. I wasn't afraid that she loved Emma Haskill as she loved me; I knew better. Aggie, I knew, I knew how you loved me; but I was jealous because you didn't love me so absorbingly that you would give up anything that I asked you to, just because I asked you. If you had been willing, I would not have demanded it." Then he returned to every inflection of Haskill's voice and every motion and change of expression in his pitiful face. "The man," he muttered, "is suffering like me! He loves his wife, too!" He did not despise Haskill the less, but he began to pity a pain that was in the similitude of his own. Markham was a man of narrow imagination, and therefore he was an untender man in general; but here he could picture with a frightful vividness exactly the frame of mind of this other husband to whom he had just denied his wife's life. "Confound her! he shall have her if he wants her so infernally bad," he burst out at last, "if my money can give her to him."

All night he tore his soul with new doubts and fears. The light was stealing into the luxurious room before he threw

himself on the lounge and sank into a dead and dreamless sleep. "I wish I could get that poor devil word he doesn't need to worry," was his last conscious thought. His first in the morning was a relief that the night had gone and he had not dreamed his nightmare dream. His next, that he would not prolong Haskill's suspense. Not waiting for his breakfast, to the inexpressible consternation of the servants, he was seen walking swiftly down the street before eight o'clock—not twenty minutes after he was awake.

The Haskill house was in the upper part of the town, where land was cheaper. The house was of a familiar type—where the ambitious architect strives for a large colonial effect with a dwelling of eight rooms, mostly hall and piazza, but picturesque. There was a tiny yard. Even in early November the lawn was like green velvet, and a few blooms lingered on the rose trees.

A girl of ten was sweeping the porch. Her motions had the deftness of long practice. On the porch railing was perched a very shabby canton flannel elephant. Having swept the walk to the gate, the little girl lifted the elephant and kissed it. "You've been real good," said she; "now we'll go in, and you can watch me make a sponge cake all myself." At this point Markham opened the gate.

"Is this Mr. Haskill's?" he said, lifting his hat with the ceremonious courtesy that was easier to him than another man's undress manners, "and are you Mr. Haskill's little girl?"

"Yes, sir, I am Aggie Haskill," answered the girl. She was a pretty little girl, Markham thought; her blue eyes and long lashes, and her fair, freckled face were like her father's.

"Is your mother in, Miss Aggie?"

"No, sir; she's gone to the grocery to get some eggs. She told me to ask any one that I didn't know to sit down on the porch. Will you sit down, sir? Papa's gone down town."

Evidently she did not know him. It occurred to him that it was not quite the usual thing that the children of a woman's dearest friend, living in the same town, should not know her husband by sight. The Haskills had not forced themselves on his presence. That, at least, might be said of Emma Haskill. They had kept to their own side of the fence. He came up to the piazza, and addressed himself to the child.

"What is your doll's name, little girl?" said he.

She drew out the elephant proudly. "It's not a doll, it's a elephant, and its name is Silas."

Markham experienced a queer surprise. "How's that? That's my name too."

The little girl smiled. "It's named after you then, too. My Aunt Aggie made it. She made it for Johnny. That's my little brother. He's in heaven now. It had a red blanket, and a little basket all full of money; and Johnny wanted to call it after Aunt Aggie, only he couldn't, because it was a boy elephant, you know; so Aunt Aggie said why not call it after the one she loved best? and his name was Silas. So we called it Silas Markham, to be after her, too, you know."

"It's a very nice elephant. May I hold it?" said Markham. He held it carefully, stroking the flannel. His hand trembled a little.

"Silas was in a fire once," the little girl prattled away. She quite enjoyed being treated like a grown-up person by this polite gentleman.

"Indeed, how was that?" said Markham.

"It was this way. The house took fire. It was at night, too, and we all had to run out; and when we were all out, Mamie began to cry because she had left Silas. He was sleeping with her that night, and she said, 'Oh, Si will burn! Si's in there!' and so papa ran back, and a fireman ran with him. He was mad when he found it was only an elephant, but papa told him how it used to belong to his little boy that was dead, and then he said, 'Oh, that!' and was real kind. Si wasn't hurt a bit. We used to pretend to make him tell us how he felt when he was in the fire. It's only pretend, of course."

Markham nodded. He was looking through the door into the little parlor. It almost seemed to him that he could detect his wife's gifts scattered among the plain furnishings.

"Did you know my Aunt Aggie?" asked the little girl.

"Yes," said Markham.

"She is in heaven," said the little girl, reverently. "I'm named after her, and mamma says I must be a very good little girl like her. She was so good, and she looked so sweet. Sometimes I used to go riding with her in her carriage."

"Yes," said Markham.

"She was the best friend mamma had. When she died papa cried too. He got some flowers at the green-house. He didn't send them to the house, though, but

mamma and he went up to the cemetery and put them on the grave. Oh, they were just beautiful flowers!"

Markham knew. He had seen the flowers laid on the mound. He wished that he had sent for Mrs. Haskill on the day of Aggie's death. When she came Aggie was dead; he had gone out of the chamber, leaving her there; he remembered how he had resented the sound of her sobs. "She had a right to grieve, too," he perceived for the first time. "I wish—"

"There's mamma," exclaimed the child, running out to joyously fall upon a tall woman with a basket on her arm.

Years and struggle and sorrow had tamed the exuberant young creature that Markham used to dislike. Her red cheeks were gone, and her bounding step dragged; but there was left her ready smile, which faded instantly as she perceived her caller. She greeted him courteously. He made no prelude to his errand.

"Haskill was to see me last night," said he; "after he left I considered the matter. Whatever Agnes wished to have done with her property I feel myself bound to do. The property is gone."

"Yes, I know," said Mrs. Haskill. She had not a loud voice to-day, and all her embarrassing vivacity was gone.

"I feel the obligation just the same," said Markham. "I shall send you a check for the sum at once."

Emma Haskill gasped. She was quite pale. "You are a very just man, Silas Markham," faltered she.

"Not always," said Markham; "but I want to do what she wished."

"You made her very happy." She was amazed at the wistful look in his eyes, and at his "Thank you" and his proffered hand.

Something prompted her, an impulsive woman, to say, "Won't you come again, some time, Mr. Markham?" Yet she was surprised to hear, instead of the expected formal thanks, "I will come. I want to take this little girl out to drive—with the elephant."

But she was not more surprised than he that he should be saying such words. And a stranger surprise still it was, that the first sentence uttered by any one that seemed even for the least space to lift the load on his heart should have come from Emma Haskill. Nor, later in the day, did he find any fault with Ralph Haskill, although he hated a display of emotion, and Haskill was crying like a baby.

"I felt like killing myself last night," Haskill sobbed. "I did think of it, but I couldn't leave her while she needed me; and this morning Mr. Wheatly offered to lend me the money—"

"You won't need to borrow," said Markham; "the extra check, besides the legacy, is for the journey. Mrs.—my wife would have wanted Mrs. Haskill to have every comfort. You would better go with her this winter, all of you. I have seen about that. You can have a vacation. Don't be worried. Mrs. Haskill will come back all right."

Haskill wrung his hand. He had not a word.

With Markham, perhaps, it was as well. The latter halted at the door and said, without looking at Haskill, "I should like—I should feel obliged if—occasionally—you would let your little girl come to see me."

Then he went home. He opened the library door with the familiar sinking of his heart. But he did not, at once, look at his wife's picture, as was his custom. He sat down by his desk. He took out a list from his pocket, and noted something opposite each name.

"Whether it hurts me or not," he muttered, "no matter."

Next, he wrote a letter, a stiff business letter, enclosing a check. It was addressed to the rector of St. Anne's.

"Aggie, I've done everything now," said he. As he spoke, he was fumbling among the stationery in the drawer for an envelope; hence it happened that his fingers fell on his wife's portfolio. He had not suspected that it was in the drawer. It was the same dainty little affair of Russia leather and silver that he had often seen in his wife's lap; and he remembered how he used to make small jokes about her unworkmanlike manner of writing. He laid the portfolio open on the table. A letter was lying before him. "My dear, dear husband"—the room reeled a little, but he was reading quite calmly, only the back of his head seemed to throb, and it was hard for him to breathe.

MY DEAR, DEAR HUSBAND:—I did something to-day, and I want to tell you about it, but I haven't the courage to talk to you. I went to Mr. Wheatly to have him draw up my will. I didn't sign it, dear; I wouldn't do such a thing without consulting you. But he has it all drawn up, so that if I were to be very ill I could sign it at a moment's notice. Dear Silas, there has never been but one thing to come between us. You did not like Emma Haskill. To every other friend of mine you were kind and good, but you were hardly civil to her; and you know that she overheard what you said. She never has been in the house since then. How could she come? It

hurts me—Oh, Si, it hurts me so, that you two, who are the best and noblest persons in the world, should have misunderstood each other so, and it seems as if it must be somehow my fault. Emma has been having such a hard time. I have tried to help her. But life is so uncertain, and I thought that I ought to make my will. But I know that you will value more the expression of my wishes than any legal document. And I felt I was treating you unkindly and undutifully, acting this way with the money which you have given me. So, instead, darling, will you pardon me for doing this without telling you? And I will go to Mr. Wheatly, and ask him to draw up a memorandum which I will enclose in this. We have been so happy, Silas, although we have had such sorrows; but there never has been but this one cloud on our love. I haven't been the wife I ought to have been to you; I am so silly and cowardly—not what your wife should be; but, oh, I *have* loved you! I am going to put this with my treasures. You will find it with every line that you ever wrote me from that first note, asking if you might take mamma and me to the theatre (how good, good, *good*, you were to mamma, and how often I have been grateful to you!) to your last dear letter. I do not know when you will find it; I hope you won't *need* to find it, because I mean to snuggle up to you, some evening, out on the porch, when it is dark, and whisper it all to you, and beg you to be kind and forgive. But, since I don't know what may happen, I will write this—perhaps we shall read it together. In the little time that may—

Here the letter ended. Something had interrupted the writer, and she had pushed the sheet aside, never to finish it nor to have that one hour of confidence which should sweep every doubt away. Markham's tears were dropping fast, not for himself, but for her who had loved him, and yet had been lonely, struggling to be loyal to her old ties. Oh! if she had been lonely, then, was he not lonely now? Yet, in that moment of repentance and grief, there came to him a strange foreshadowing of comfort. Out of the grave she had explained and put him in the wrong. He went up to the picture so close that he could touch the painted cheek with his hand. The eyes looked at him, and he found in them more love than sorrow. "Dearest," he whispered, "I'll try to be good to *all* your friends. I'll try to do what you would have done."

That night he dreamed of his wife.

THE VETERAN.

By Stephen Crane,

Author of "The Red Badge of Courage," "The Little Regiment," etc.

OUT of the low window could be seen three hickory trees placed irregularly in a meadow that was resplendent in spring-time green. Farther away, the old, dismal belfry of the village church loomed over the pines. A horse meditating in the shade of one of the hickories lazily swished his tail. The warm sunshine made an oblong of vivid yellow on the floor of the grocery.

"Could you see the whites of their eyes?" said the man who was seated on a soap-box.

"Nothing of the kind," replied old Henry warmly. "Just a lot of flitting figures, and I let go at where they 'peared to be the thickest. Bang!"

"Mr. Fleming," said the grocer—his deferential voice expressed somehow the old man's exact social weight—"Mr. Fleming, you never was frightened much in them battles, was you?"

The veteran looked down and grinned. Observing his manner, the entire group tittered. "Well, I guess I was," he answered finally. "Pretty well scared, sometimes. Why, in my first battle I thought the sky was falling down. I thought the world was coming to an end. You bet I was scared."

Every one laughed. Perhaps it seemed strange and rather wonderful to them that a man should admit the thing, and in the tone of their laughter there was probably more admiration than if old Fleming had declared that he had always been a lion. Moreover, they knew that he had ranked as an orderly sergeant, and so their opinion of his heroism was fixed. None, to be sure, knew how an orderly sergeant ranked, but then it was understood to be somewhere just shy of a major-general's stars. So when old Henry admitted that he had been frightened, there was a laugh.

"The trouble was," said the old man, "I thought they were all shooting at me. Yes, sir, I thought every man in the other army was aiming at me in particular, and only me. And it seemed so darned unreasonable, you know. I wanted to explain to 'em what an almighty good fellow

I was, because I thought then they might quit all trying to hit me. But I couldn't explain, and they kept on being unreasonable—blim!—blam!—bang! So I run!"

Two little triangles of wrinkles appeared at the corners of his eyes. Evidently he appreciated some comedy in this recital. Down near his feet, however, little Jim, his grandson, was visibly horror-stricken. His hands were clasped nervously, and his eyes were wide with astonishment at this terrible scandal, his most magnificent grandfather telling such a thing.

"That was at Chancellorsville. Of course, afterward I got kind of used to it. A man does. Lots of men, though, seem to feel all right from the start. I did, as soon as I 'got on to it,' as they say now; but at first I was pretty flustered. Now, there was young Jim Conklin, old Si Conklin's son—that used to keep the tannery—you none of you recollect him—well, he went into it from the start just as if he was born to it. But with me it was different. I had to get used to it."

When little Jim walked with his grandfather he was in the habit of skipping along on the stone pavement in front of the three stores and the hotel of the town and betting that he could avoid the cracks. But upon this day he walked soberly, with his hand gripping two of his grandfather's fingers. Sometimes he kicked abstractedly at dandelions that curved over the walk. Any one could see that he was much troubled.

"There's Sickles's colt over in the medder, Jimmie," said the old man. "Don't you wish you owned one like him?"

"Um," said the boy, with a strange lack of interest. He continued his reflections. Then finally he ventured: "Grandpa—now—was that true what you was telling those men?"

"What?" asked the grandfather. "What was I telling them?"

"Oh, about your running."

"Why, yes, that was true enough, Jimmie. It was my first fight, and there was an awful lot of noise, you know."

Jimmie seemed dazed that this idol, of its own will, should so totter. His stout boyish idealism was injured.

Presently the grandfather said: "Sickles's colt is going for a drink. Don't you wish you owned Sickles's colt, Jimmie?"

The boy merely answered: "He ain't as nice as our'n." He lapsed then into another moody silence.

. . . . . .

One of the hired men, a Swede, desired to drive to the county-seat for purposes of his own. The old man loaned a horse and an unwashed buggy. It appeared later that one of the purposes of the Swede was to get drunk.

After quelling some boisterous frolic of the farm-hands and boys in the garret, the old man had that night gone peacefully to sleep, when he was aroused by clamoring at the kitchen door. He grabbed his trousers, and they waved out behind as he dashed forward. He could hear the voice of the Swede, screaming and blubbering. He pushed the wooden button, and, as the door flew open, the Swede, a maniac, stumbled inward, chattering, weeping, still screaming. "De barn fire! Fire! Fire! De barn fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!"

There was a swift and indescribable change in the old man. His face ceased instantly to be a face; it became a mask, a gray thing, with horror written about the mouth and eyes. He hoarsely shouted at the foot of the little rickety stairs, and immediately, it seemed, there came down an avalanche of men. No one knew that during this time the old lady had been standing in her night-clothes at the bed-room door, yelling: "What's th' matter? What's th' matter? What's th' matter?"

When they dashed toward the barn it presented to their eyes its usual appearance, solemn, rather mystic in the black night. The Swede's lantern was overturned at a point some yards in front of the barn doors. It contained a wild little conflagration of its own, and even in their excitement some of those who ran felt a gentle secondary vibration of the thrifty part of their minds at sight of this overturned lantern. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been a calamity.

But the cattle in the barn were trampling, trampling, trampling, and above this noise could be heard a humming like the song of innumerable bees. The old man hurled aside the great doors, and a yellow flame leaped out at one corner and sped and wavered frantically up the old gray wall. It was glad, terrible, this single flame, like the wild banner of deadly and triumphant foes.

The motley crowd from the garret had come with all the pails of the farm. They flung themselves upon the well. It was a leisurely old machine, long dwelling in indolence. It was in the habit of giving out water with a sort of reluctance. The men stormed at it, cursed it; but it continued to allow the buckets to be filled only after

the wheezy windlass had howled many protests at the mad-handed men.

With his opened knife in his hand old Fleming himself had gone headlong into the barn, where the stifling smoke swirled with the air-currents, and where could be heard in its fulness the terrible chorus of the flames, laden with tones of hate and death, a hymn of wonderful ferocity.

He flung a blanket over an old mare's head, cut the halter close to the manger, led the mare to the door, and fairly kicked her out to safety. He returned with the same blanket, and rescued one of the work-horses. He took five horses out, and then came out himself, with his clothes bravely on fire. He had no whiskers, and very little hair on his head. They soused five pailfuls of water on him. His eldest son made a clean miss with the sixth pailful, because the old man had turned and was running down the decline and around to the basement of the barn, where were the stanchions of the cows. Some one noticed at the time that he ran very lamely, as if one of the frenzied horses had smashed his hip.

The cows, with their heads held in the heavy stanchions, had thrown themselves, strangled themselves, tangled themselves: done everything which the ingenuity of their exuberant fear could suggest to them.

Here, as at the well, the same thing happened to every man save one. Their hands went mad. They became incapable of everything save the power to rush into dangerous situations.

The old man released the cow nearest the door, and she, blind drunk with terror, crashed into the Swede. The Swede had been running to and fro babbling. He carried an empty milk-pail, to which he clung with an unconscious, fierce enthusiasm. He shrieked like one lost as he went under the cow's hoofs, and the milk-pail, rolling across the floor, made a flash of silver in the gloom.

Old Fleming took a fork, beat off the cow, and dragged the paralyzed Swede to the open air. When they had rescued all the cows save one, which had so fastened herself that she could not be moved an inch, they returned to the front of the barn and stood sadly, breathing like men who had reached the final point of human effort.

Many people had come running. Someone had even gone to the church, and now, from the distance, rang the tocsin note of the old bell. There was a long flare of crimson on the sky, which made remote people speculate as to the whereabouts of the fire.

The long flames sang their drumming chorus in voices of the heaviest bass. The wind whirled clouds of smoke and cinders into the faces of the spectators. The form of the old barn was outlined in black amid these masses of orange-hued flames.

And then came this Swede again, crying as one who is the weapon of the sinister fates. "De colts! De colts! You have forgot de colts!"

Old Fleming staggered. It was true; they had forgotten the two colts in the box-stalls at the back of the barn. "Boys," he said, "I must try to get 'em out." They clamored about him then, afraid for him, afraid of what they should see. Then they talked wildly each to each. "Why, it's sure death!" "He would never get out!" "Why, it's suicide for a man to go in there!" Old Fleming stared absent-mindedly at the open doors. "The poor little things," he said. He rushed into the barn.

When the roof fell in, a great funnel of smoke swarmed toward the sky, as if the old man's mighty spirit, released from its body—a little bottle—had swelled like the genie of fable. The smoke was tinted rose-hue from the flames, and perhaps the unutterable midnights of the universe will have no power to daunt the color of this soul.

CHRIST IN THE WILDERNESS. FROM THE PAINTING BY DOMENICO MORELLI IN THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, VENICE, 1895.

"And he was there in the wilderness forty days . . . and the angels ministered unto him."—St. Mark i. 13.

A CENTURY OF PAINTING.

NOTES DESCRIPTIVE AND CRITICAL.—THE PAST AND PRESENT IN ITALY.—THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL FINE ARTS EXHIBITION IN VENICE.—MORELLI A RECOGNIZED MASTER.—FRANCESCO PAOLO MICHETTI.—A FORECAST OF ITALIAN ART IN THE FUTURE.

By Will H. Low.

ITALY and art were in the past almost synonymous terms. From the pale floweret of her northern mountains to the radiant bloom in her palaces set on the sea, the growth of art was spontaneous and complete. The seed sown in Greece and Byzantium could be traced, it is true; but the transplantation took such firm root on Italian soil that it became virtually indigenous. For the last hundred years, however, following the decadence of painting in the eighteenth century, there has been little save the survival of her ancient renown to mark Italy as a factor in art. There have been many painters; but in their country, dismembered by foreign foes, disunited by internecine quarrels, they have found little encouragement, and none have gained, nor perhaps deserved, more than limited local reputation. With the union founded by Victor Emmanuel and consolidated by his son, the present king, however, there has been an effort to gain lost prestige. No one who has the heart to appreciate the struggle of a brave and generous people striving under desperate circumstances of poverty to redeem their country and place it once more in the first rank of nations, can refuse a meed of admiration to the efforts in many directions tending to that end of which Italy has been the theatre in the last generation. Of such effort in art, with more special reference to the exhibition in Venice in the summer of 1895, this is a partial chronicle.

In 1871, at Parma, the first national exhibition of Italian art was held; and since then, in many of the cities of the kingdom—in Naples, Florence, Milan, and Rome—there have been annual exhibitions. These have varied with the importance of the cities, and, for the most part, have been local in character; though occasionally, as in Turin in 1880, a more truly national exhibition has been achieved. The lack of national encouragement at home has driven many Italian artists to foreign countries, notably to Paris; and in 1889, at the Universal Exposition there, as at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893, the showing of Italy proved her possession of painters who, if they lacked elevation of aim, were undeniably strong in technical equipment. With the suppression of frontiers in accordance with the modern cosmopolitan ideal, it is only at an exhibition that is international that just

ECCE HOMO (BEHOLD THE MAN!). FROM A PAINTING BY PROFESSOR ANTONIO CISERI.

"Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple robe. And Pilate saith unto them, Behold the man!"—ST. JOHN xix. 5.

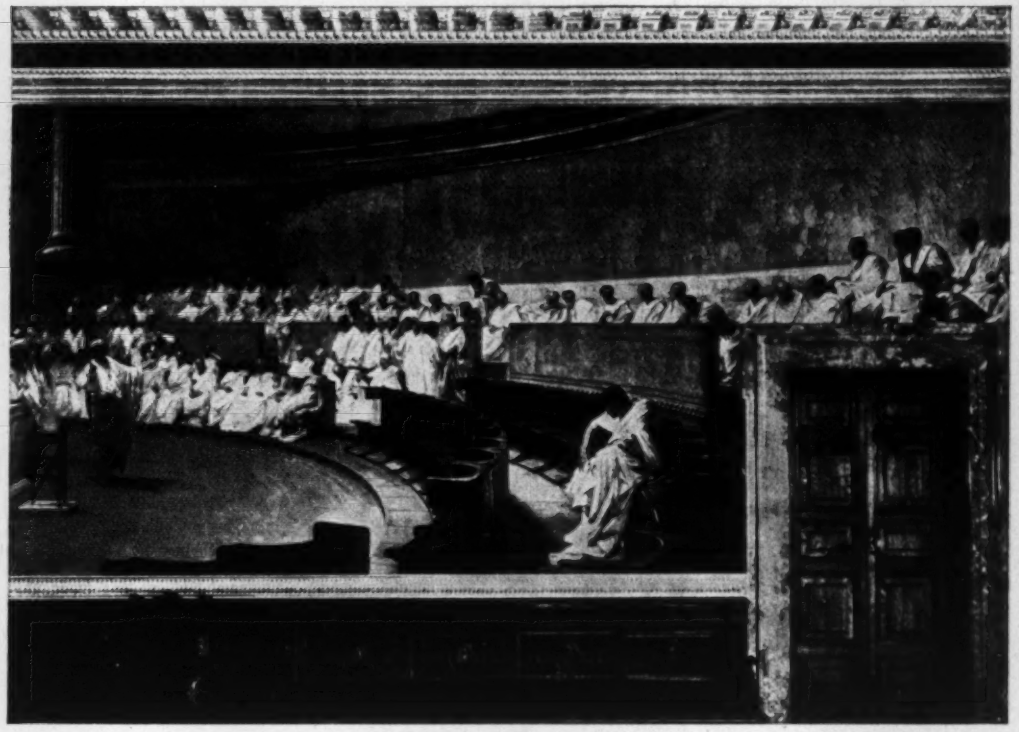
measure may be taken of the force and character of an individual school of art; and it is plainly for that reason that the Venetian exhibition was projected. The effort was more than courageous, for not only were the painters of all other countries invited to show their work in comparison with that of Italian artists, but a comparison from which the boldest might shrink was tacitly accepted. Venice marks the culmination of the most glorious school of painting which the world has seen, and to invite the comparison between the present and the past was the part of valor.

No more charming place for an exhibition could be well devised than the Public Gardens of Venice; and when the handsome Tito deftly ran his gondola to the foot of the marble steps in the *Rio di S. Giuseppe*, the searcher for information about modern Italian art found his lines laid in pleasant places. Before him stretched a double line of fine old trees, with marble benches placed at intervals, and the benches and the avenues between were filled with a motley crowd taking their pleasures gayly. A little farther on, a booth where one purchased tickets of admission marked the limits of the enclosure inside of which stood the Exposition building. Once inside this enclosure, chairs and tables were placed under the trees, where visitors to the exhibition could rest. This, by the way, is a condition for which no provision is made in English or American picture exhibitions. Paris, in the great building of the Palais de l'Industrie, where the annual Salon is held, has provided a great court, gay with flowers and shrubs, which forms at once the sculpture exhibition and a lounging place for those who wish to rest in the intervals of studying the pictures on the upper floors. Here, in the midst of gleaming statuary and pleasant shrubbery, one may take his ease; may chat, smoke, or, perchance, get lunch or refreshment in the adjoining *café*. In America or in England, however, the æsthetic sense is alone taken into consideration; and if, on the too few sofas scattered about, the tired visitor may secure a moment's rest, it is still within sight of the

LOST IN THE SNOW. FROM A PAINTING BY ARTURO CALOSCI IN THE CIVIC MUSEUM AT FLORENCE.

pictures, until at last, fatigued by the long sequence of canvases, he betakes himself away. Not so in Venice last summer. Lifting the handsomely embroidered curtain which alone guarded the entrance to the building during the day, the exhibition within could be varied by the pleasant shade without; and after visiting one or more of the galleries, a few moments of mental digestion could be passed to the accompaniment of a cigarette or the ever-present water ice of Italy. In the low building which served for the exhibition the pictures were not crowded together—only a few more than five hundred works in painting and sculpture were shown, about one-fifth of which were Italian—and from the point of view of comfort, from the facility of seeing and judging the works exposed, the exhibition might serve as a model. A generalization of the typical impression, always a dangerous thing to attempt, could thus be arrived at; and, on the whole, the impression was favorable, and, above all, hopeful.

To the student of art of this generation



CICERO AND CATILINE IN THE SENATE. FROM A FRESCO PAINTING BY PROFESSOR C. MACCARI, ON THE WALL OF THE PALACE OF THE SENATE, ROME.

Catiline conspired against the Roman government and, incidentally, against the life of Cicero. Cicero, however, was secretly informed of the design, and when the chosen assassins presented themselves at his house, was able to baffle them. Notwithstanding the discovery of his plot, Catiline, two days later, audaciously appeared in the senate; and then Cicero rose and denounced him in the famous oration beginning, "How long now, Catiline, will you abuse our patience?" It is this scene that the picture presents, Catiline sitting at the right, bowed under Cicero's invective.

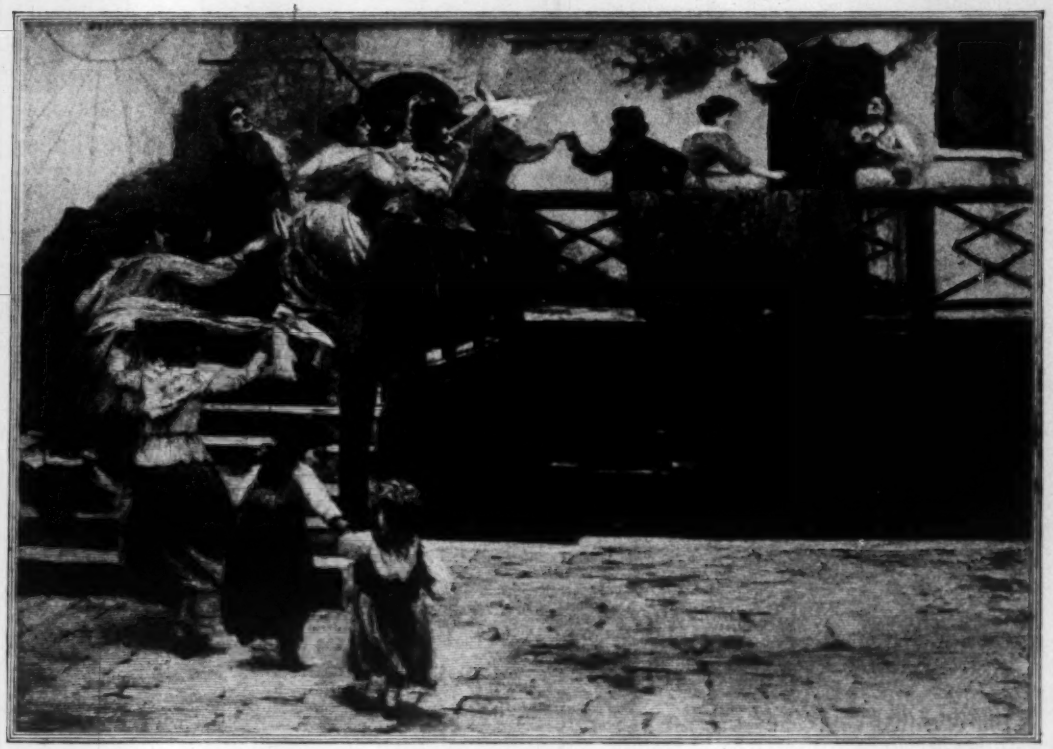
many names of Italian painters will at once occur who have achieved renown in other countries besides their own. The names of Boldini, De Nittis, Morelli, Michetti, Pasini, and others are known wherever painting has been seriously considered. As a legacy from the school of Venice in the years which bridged over the time of the Renaissance to our own epoch, the gift of facility has been accorded to all Italian painters. Tiepolo, who died in 1770, was, perhaps, of all painters the one who, with the greatest apparent ease, covered vast spaces of wall or ceiling with compositions spirited and graceful; and within more restricted limits of space, with the growth of the easel picture, his descendants of his own race have fallen heir to this ease of execution. Like the poets of England who, a few years ago, were charged (by E. C. Stedman, in his "Victorian Poets," if I remember rightly) with writing triolets while the volcano of social revolution was smouldering beside them, the painters of Italy lack convictions. Brilliant execution, absence of thought, or, worse than that, insistence on trivial themes, have constituted the major part of their production. There is evidence now, however, that with the gradual political redemption of their country the painter seeks to be more than trivially amusing. This is to be seen, so far, more in the technical side of their art than in aught else. A number of the best men, who were content, a few years back, to *serve* upon a miniature canvas the light effervescence of their *facile* talent, now endeavor, within larger limits, to measure their accomplishment with painters the scale of whose works alone demands more serious qualities of drawing and painting than the little pictures which we are wont to consider typically Italian. It is a curious fact that this oldest of art countries is, in a sense, the youngest. This exhibition was, in a large degree, an initial step, and it can hardly be doubted that, brought face to face with their graver *confrères* of other nationalities, their self-sought lesson will profit them. Many of the men whose work formed this exhibition were surpris-

THE VISIT TO THE GRANDMOTHER. FROM A PAINTING BY PROFESSOR F. VINEA.

ingly young, and those whose years were more had formed the leaven in the mass of Italian art which had preserved it until the day of deliverance was at hand.

Of these latter Domenico Morelli was the most important. Born in Naples in August, 1826, a child of the people, he rebelled against the antiquated forms of art education in the Naples Academy, and went to Rome. There for a time he was an ardent follower of Overbeck, betraying his meridional extraction in espousing warmly principles which he soon discarded. Implicated in the revolution of 1848, his patriotism partaking of his temperamental warmth, he left his native country and visited France, Germany, Holland, and Belgium. During all these years his work constantly improved, and at seventy he is still keeping pace with the modern movement in art. Most of his pictures, like that reproduced here, are religious in character, and are characterized by a strongly individual view of the subject. While free from the assumption of a *naïveté* which assumes to depict Biblical characters in the garb of to-day, his work is equally devoid of conventional symbolism. Morelli enjoys a widespread European reputation, is an honorary member of many academies, and is a senator in the Italian Parliament, in accordance with a wise custom of his country which seeks to profit by the wisdom of men of intellect in varying walks of life.

Another painter of more than European celebrity is Francesco Paolo Michetti, born at Tocco di Casauria (province of Chieti), October 2, 1851. He was, to some degree, a pupil of Morelli, but at an early age developed a style peculiarly his own. Choosing his subjects from the life which he had known in the Abruzzo district, he depicted, on small but exquisitely painted canvases, children guarding turkeys, gathering golden pumpkins, or engaged in the various labors of the fields, the whole enveloped in a glamour of color and poetical vision. His work was at once eagerly sought by dealers and collectors, when, one fine morning, to the stupefaction of those who had known him as a popular though artistic painter, he disappeared. Soon after it transpired that, discontented with his mastery over form,—fearing, possibly, that the wave of success might carry him into that sea of futility in which so many of his compatriots have foundered,—he had retired to the country and was endeavoring to teach himself to draw! With the proceeds of his early success he purchased a small abandoned convent at Francavilla al Mare, and for a year or more refused all orders, painted no pictures, devoting all his energies to drawing. Remaining in his retreat ever since, his style has changed completely, and in the place of the earlier charm have succeeded qualities of virility and of intense expression which are undoubtedly greater. There are, indeed, few modern painters more interesting than the recluse



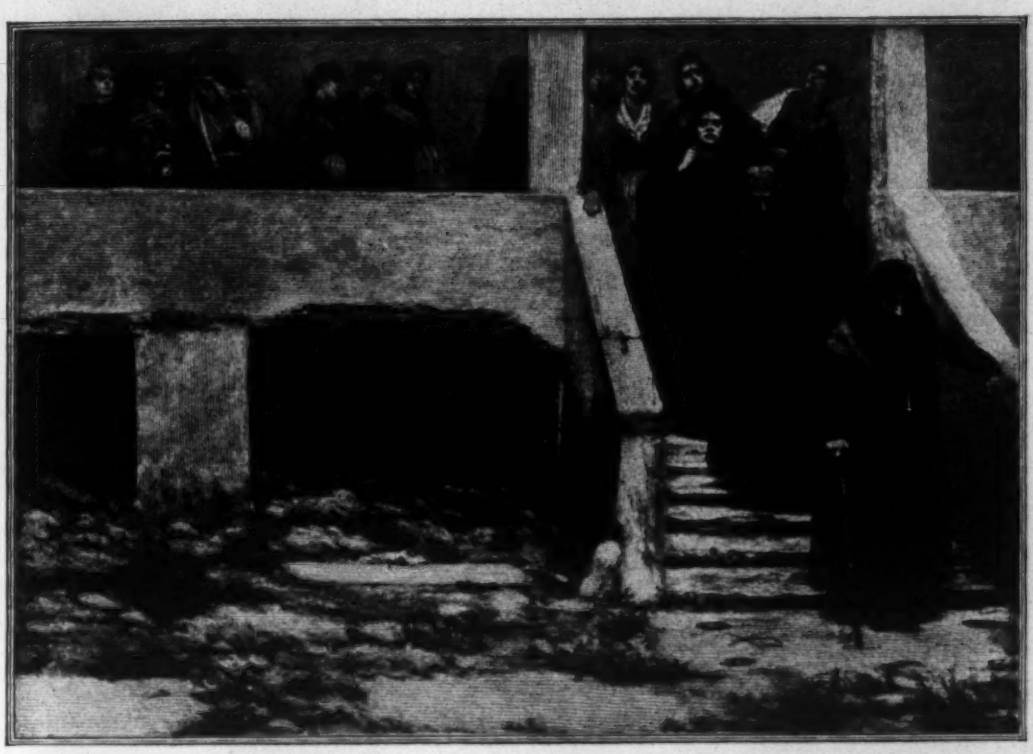
THE PROGRESS OF LIFE. FROM A PAINTING BY CESARE LAURENTI.

This picture, with its companion piece, shown on the opposite page, is intended to typify the procession of human existence. Both pictures were shown at the International Exhibition in Venice in 1895.

of Francavilla. In the Venetian exhibition he was represented by a large canvas —in changing his style he has enlarged the scale of his work—of a subject not unlike the "Scarlet Letter" of Hawthorne. To a degree the picture was strained in sentiment beyond the limits permissible to logical expression in painting, and marred by trivial observation of truth, which suggested the instantaneous photograph; but it remained, nevertheless, the capital work of the exhibition. Michetti is still comparatively a young man, of the age at which Millet in France began to show his real power; and to say that his future is made hopeful by his past is a conservative estimate of a man of undoubted originality and force.

The contrast between the work of Morelli and Michetti and the typical Italian art of but a few years ago could not be more sharply forced than by a comparison of the picture of "Christ in the Wilderness" by Morelli with the "Ecce Homo" of Antonio Ciseri. Here we have a novel presentation of a subject which is well fitted to inspire the painter; it is well composed, properly drawn, and has many ingenious qualities of arrangement and observation, and yet, withal, is most unsatisfying. In like manner the intensity of Michetti is in no way allied to the melodramatic quality of "Lost in the Snow," by Arturo Calosci, which has long been one of the most admired pictures in the Civic Museum of Florence. In Morelli, as in Michetti, the errors of over intensity are at least those of temperament, and not of taste; while the performances of both Ciseri and Calosci give an impression of perfectly emotionless trifling with themes which in their hands become the reverse of tragical.

The hollow insincerity of the art which has been prevalent in Italy, and for which, from its encouragement by our collectors in America, we are in a degree responsible, has an equally good example in the "Visit to the Grandmother," by Francesco Vinea. Here the honest sentiment which might have been expressed in other hands, is swallowed up in a presentation of silks and satins, furniture and furbelows, until we quite lose sight of the motive of the picture. Vinea, who with more sincerity would be an able painter, though even technically he has, in the



THE PROGRESS OF LIFE. FROM A PAINTING BY CESARE LAURENTI. A SEQUEL TO THE PICTURE SHOWN ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

course of prosperity, been corrupted, was born at Forli in 1846, and is one of the best known of modern Italian artists of the popular type.

Of more hopeful augury is the diptych by Cesare Laurenti which presents the procession of human existence and was at the Venetian exhibition. Under the simple title of "A Parable," Laurenti takes the first steps of the child, and in a composition full of grace and charm conducts his feet through the devious ways of life. Here was genuine sentiment, no undue infusion of literary quality, and much honest painting. Laurenti's painting was, fortunately, typical of much work in the exhibition which proved that the painters of Italy were preoccupied with sentiment.

Notable examples of this truth could be found in the works of Ettore Tito, one of the younger Venetian painters. Two large canvases were contributed by him; both intelligently composed, drawn with freedom and force, and charming in color. The first represented a church procession in the open air, and in the vestments of the priests and acolytes, and in the picturesque costumes of the onlookers, abundant opportunity for color was put to profit. The second picture of Tito's portrayed the fickle goddess of Fortune rolling a great wheel, to which were attached typical figures of humanity. Somewhat the same composition, suggested doubtless by the wheel of Ixion, has also been treated by Burne-Jones, but in a manner most unlike that of the Italian artist. The work of the Englishman is marked by great reserve, a sense of the gravity of life prevailing. The Fortune of Tito, on the contrary, was gayly irresponsible. The life-sized nude figure of Fortune was full of movement, pushing the wheel at a headlong speed over the blue sea, the light of a world in sunshine over all. The figure, the whole picture, was bathed in a blonde tonality, which rendered it charmingly decorative.

Interesting in another manner were the works of Sartorio, whose pictures betrayed the influence of Botticelli, which, by nationality, seems natural enough. The influence of the great Italian, however, came at second hand, from Botticelli as seen through Dante Gabriel Rossetti. It was most curious to note the effect of the mystical English painter on the work of a modern Italian, endowed with all the technical facility of his race. The result,

THE RAIN OF CINDERS. FROM A PAINTING BY GIOVACCHINO TOMA IN THE CIVIC MUSEUM OF FLORENCE.

This picture represents a custom of the Neapolitans, who, during the eruptions of Vesuvius, carry a picture of St. Januarius to the foot of the mountain, to invoke his aid for the cessation of the volcanic disturbance.

however, was agreeable, and went to prove that which at this late day hardly needs proving—that the artist can find his influences where he will; our only concern is the manner in which he employs his knowledge in the expression of his sentiment, which must be his own by birthright.

In the multiplicity of exhibitions there is a temptation always present to stimulate the interest of a somewhat indifferent public by the representation of subjects which every consideration of good taste, leaving other principles out of the question, would prohibit. The "Last Meeting," a large picture by Grosso, was the offender in this respect at Venice. The work represented Don Juan, dead and in his coffin, surrounded by the figures of the women whom he had loved. To say that the scene was a church, with the adjunct of candles and funereal embellishment appropriate to Christian burial, while the figures surrounding the coffin, one of them passionately kissing the dead man's lips, were absolutely nude, describes the picture sufficiently. Fortunately for art, the technical ability of Signor Grosso was hardly superior to his taste or imagination, and might, one would think, have furnished the jury of selection with the best of excuses for rejecting the picture. As it was,

HEAD OF PEASANT GIRL. FROM A PASTEL STUDY BY FRANCESCO PAOLO MICHETTI.

This is a typical example of the studies from nature which Michetti makes in preparation for his pictures in oil or tempera. It is interesting to consider in connection with it the finished picture by Michetti reproduced on the next page.

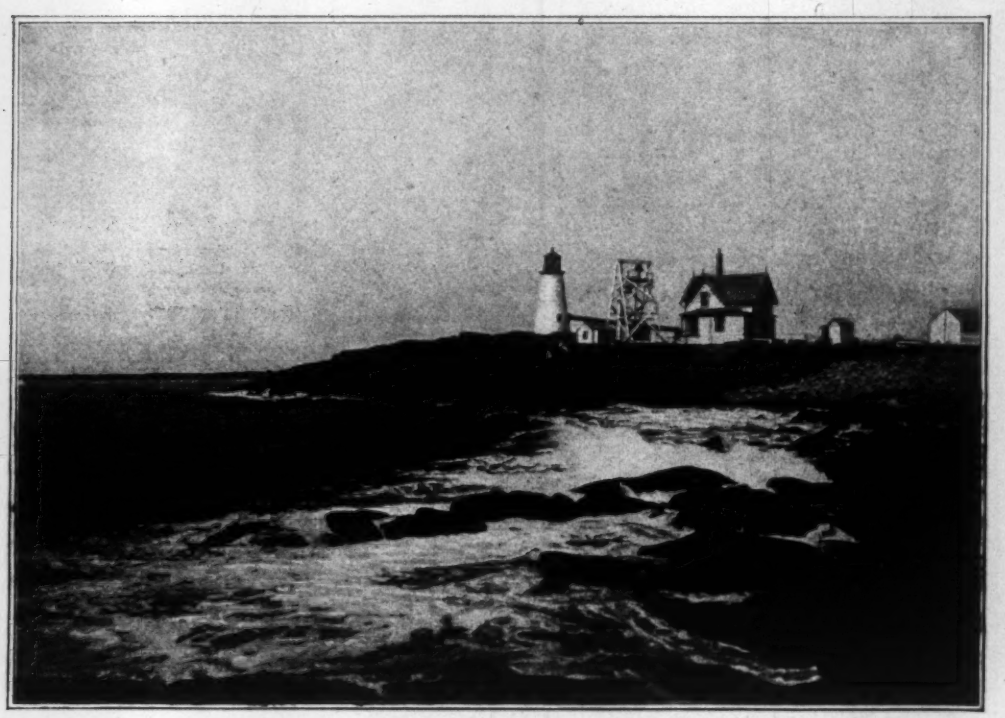
RETURNING FROM THE FESTIVAL. FROM A PAINTING BY FRANCESCO PAOLO MICHETTI.

An example of Michetti's earlier manner, showing his treatment of familiar life in the Abruzzo district of Italy.

it had a full success of scandal. In the churches were posted notices warning the faithful to stay away from the exhibition on account of it, and as a matter of course, a crowd always surrounded it.

Two examples taken, like the "Ecce Homo" and "Lost in the Snow," from other sources than the Venetian exhibition call for brief comment. "The Rain of Cinders" from the picture by Giovacchino Toma in the Civic Museum at Florence, shows that thirty years ago there were occasionally to be found in Italy painters who united no mean technical ability to a power of expressing emotion. The huddled group who present the picture of St. Januarius in pious supplication for a cessation of the eruption of Vesuvius are painted with skill and sincerity. Of great technical ability in the painting of textures, and of skill in composition, is the "Cicero and Catiline" of Cesare Maccari. It is one of a series of frescoes in the palace of the Senate in Rome, and fails as a decoration where it would succeed as an easel picture. The first quality of a mural painting lies in the conservation of the surface of the wall on which it is painted. The gifted decorator is able to suggest distance within the limits of his painting without giving the actual relief of existing objects, which, on the contrary, is a quality that may be sought for in an easel painting. The sense, which is evident here, that we are looking into space where we know that a wall should exist, is an interesting object lesson at a time when so many of our American painters are interesting themselves in decoration. It makes of little value what would otherwise have been an interesting picture. To Maccari, who was born at Siena, May 9, 1840, has been entrusted the decoration of the cupola of the basilica of San Loretto—a task for which Guido Reni and Caravaggio petitioned in vain in the seventeenth century having thus fallen to the lot of a nineteeth century painter.

We have strayed far from the Venetian exhibition, and I must conclude this brief review by again asserting that to the country which once led the world in art, letters, and commerce, all civilization owes a debt. It is with the heartiest good will, therefore, that we can wish this old nation all success in its young art effort.



CAPE ANN LIGHT, NEAR GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

REMINISCENCES OF LITERARY BOSTON.

THREE NOTABLE WOMEN: CELIA THAXTER, LUCY LARCOM, AND LYDIA MARIA CHILD.—MEETINGS WITH DR. PHILLIPS BROOKS.—THE AUTHOR'S HOME AND STUDY ON GLOUCESTER HARBOR.

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps,

Author of "The Gates Ajar," "A Singular Life," etc.

ONE of the brightest figures in literary Boston, for many years, was Celia Thaxter. She had, if not more leisure, perhaps more temperament and, at all events, more strength for social life than some others of the group; and she was always sure of a welcome, which, in itself, was a great temptation to earn it. She was the best of good company. Everybody wanted her. Hearty, happy, wholesome, she rose through a decorous drawing-room or sedate library like a breeze from her own island waves. When she had gone, one felt as if an east wind had suddenly died down.

She was the most fearless, the most independent of beings. It mattered little to her what other people did, or thought; at least on secondary subjects. She was never afraid to be herself. To certain modulations of manner she never consented. "Celia Thaxter's laugh" is well remembered. No subdued and conventional mirth softly rippled from her broad chest and honest larynx. When she laughed, she pealed. This merry ring was infectious. It was as impossible to hear it and not laugh too, as it is for the feet that love dance music to keep still before it. She was the incarnation of good spirits.

Her vigorous physique had much to do with this; for she had her share of the sorrows of life. These she bore charac-

Note.—This paper is Number IX. of "Chapters from a Life," begun in McClure's for December, 1895.

CELIA THAXTER.
From a photograph by Bartlett F. Kenney, Boston.

teristically, without much complaint, with some suppressed cynicism, and with that bubbling faith in brighter futures so easy to the sanguine nature.

I knew her as one does a comrade with whom one is never intimate, but whom one regards affectionately, and whose history one makes guesses at, or forms opinions of, from a definite distance. I do not offer of her, in any sense, the reminiscences of a confidential friend. Once, I remember, I vexed her by something in a letter which I wrote her apropos of a religious discussion that we had held in an interrupted form. She was then at the bitterest turn in the long avenue that leads through defiance to acceptance of religious truth. But she forgave me, I think—I am sure I did her—and I am very sure that, in the later years of her life, she would have given the plea of any Christian a different reception. I did not know her intimately enough to say just how far the growth of her religious character carried her, in intellectual form, and I have no right to mark its boundaries. But I think the longing for it was always in her.

"If I believed as you do," she said to me once, fiercely, "nothing would daunt me! *Nothing would daunt me!*"

LUCY LARCOM.

From a photograph by the Notman Photograph Company, Boston, Massachusetts.

I was present one day when she was describing to a little group a wreck off Appledore; how she sat at her window, watching one of the cruelest gales of the midwinter Atlantic gather its forces. The breakers upon her own rocks were at their worst. A solitary sail blurred on the racing horizon, and beat up; the vessel struck on the reef; and broke to pieces. The Islands were helpless to help. It was impossible to extend an oar. Watchers on that little spot of life could only sit and see the game of death go on; it was not a snarl and a snap, but a slow torture. For the crew had hung and clung to the teeth of a rock around which the whirlpool played; and there, their distant figures drenched and drowning, pleaded for their lives in the sight of the warm-hearted woman who could only watch them slip and drop off, one by one. I think she said they clung there for five hours, before they surrendered to the sea.

When Mrs. Thaxter had told the story in her own inimitable manner, with the vividness of vitriol, she lifted her eyes, flung them straight at mine, with the dreariest look that I ever saw on the face of any doubter.

"Fools to cling!" she cried. "They were fools—*fools* to cling!"

I have never been one of those fortunate people who have their happy thoughts at tongue's end; my repartees are apt to wait for my pen; else I should have answered her: "Philosophers to cling! While there is hope of life eternal, the saddest mortal life is worth the living. Philosophers to cling!"

It is a pleasant thought to me that this gifted woman, with the luxurious heart and the eager brain, was herself philosopher enough to cling, until a distinct measure of spiritual light and peace came to her later on; and every one who knew and cared for her was glad of it.

She was full of a certain wit, or, perhaps more exactly, humor, which was native to

herself, and strong of the salt of her own seaweeds.

One day, I remember, she sat painting china—which she did after a graceful and original fashion—when some one present ventured a commonplace about the delights of her island life: its solitude, its peacefulness, its opportunities to study nature, and so on. It was in winter, and it was snowing. She looked out of the window into the clashing Boston street; then threw back her head, and laughed out, long and joyously.

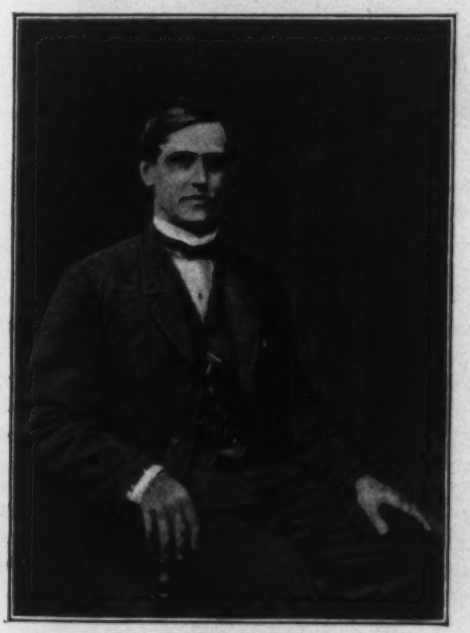
"Did you ever try it?" she said. "I've had enough of the wilderness. Give *me* a horse-car!"

Mrs. Thaxter was of attractive personal appearance, retaining some suggestion of the beauty for which she was distinguished in her first youth, when, a bride at sixteen, the Miranda of the Shoals wedded the first man whom she had known, and ventured upon the mainland of life at the age when, if she had been a girl of our day under the usual conditions, she would have been preparing to "come out" or fitting for college.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Company, publishers, Boston and New York.

Like a pale, purple aster beside a gorgeous golden-rod, the sweet wraith of Lucy Larcom flits in beside that of Mrs. Thaxter in my memory. It falls away again quickly, for I saw Miss Larcom but seldom; I knew her chiefly through her letters, which reached me at irregular intervals. I had the sincerest respect both for her personality and for her work. One of the ex-editors of the "Atlantic Monthly," himself a brilliant writer, once reviewed a book of hers in these words: "There is something in this volume which we do not mind calling genius."



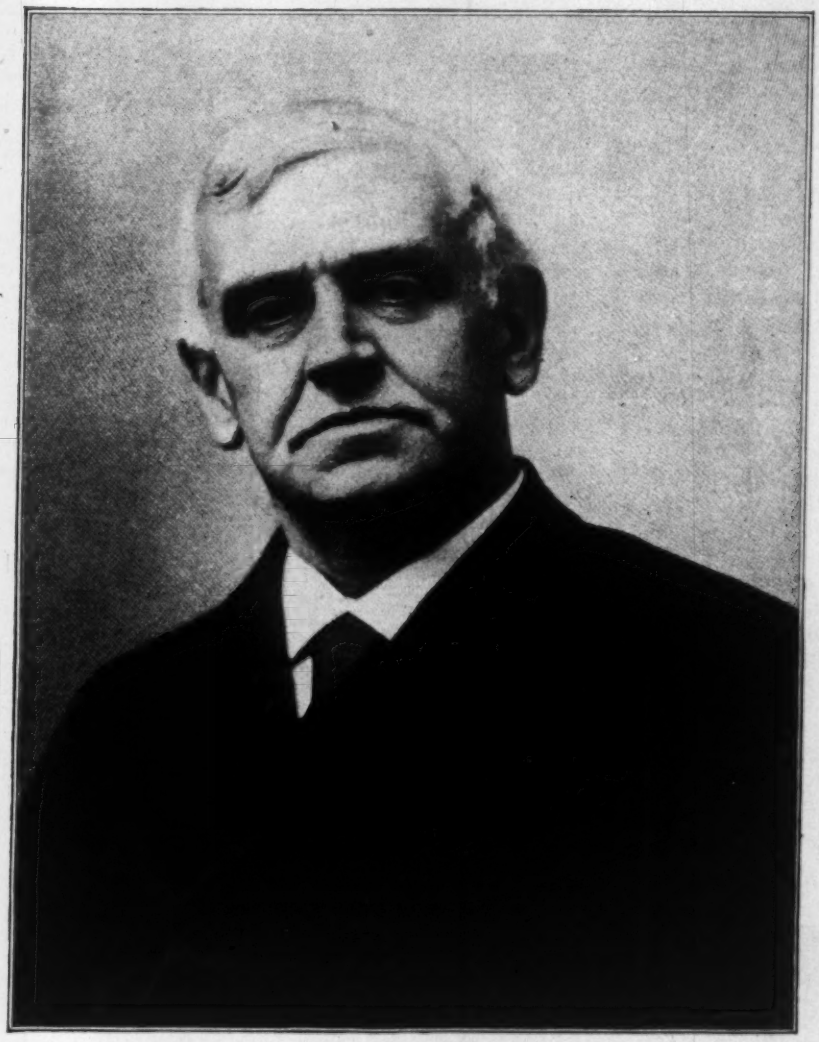
PHILLIPS BROOKS IN 1865.

From a photograph by J. W. Black & Co., Boston.

She was not a woman to mind being "called names" in this fashion; but undoubtedly had her laugh out with the editor, at this clever turn of words. The value of her work is beyond question; the strength of it continually surprises one who is, from the surface, chiefly impressed with her gentleness of spirit.

She was always more or less in the thick of a struggle for existence; life was never easy to her, but she gave ease to it. There was a kind of comfortableness about her, which, I think, impressed me more than anything else in her personality. Miss Larcom had a fine presence. She was large, and well-proportioned, and had a certain sort of handsomeness. The well-known picture of her in the bonnet is the best that I have ever seen.

She had absolute simplicity of manner; I never saw in her a trace of either embarrassment or elaboration, much less of affectation. She was a motherly-looking



BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS.

From a copyrighted photograph by Elliot & Fry, London.

woman. A stranger might have guessed her to be in the process of putting several boys through college; not in the least worried about their debts, and never nagging them about their scrapes.

This ease of nature sometimes led to a little dreaminess, or absence of practical attention, of which her friends were laughingly and lovingly aware. There is a story told of a ride that she took with Mr. Whittier—I cannot now recall it in his precise words. The hill was steep; Mr. Whittier was driving. The horse was gay. The load—on the lady's side, at least—was not light. Lucy Larcom was talking, and she talked on. I think the subject was the life to come. At all events, it was some abstract theme, grave and high. The horse grew unruly. The buggy lurched and rolled. Whittier grasped the reins valiantly, anticipating a possible accident, and centring his being on the emergency. But Lucy talked on serenely. The horse threatened to break. The danger redoubled. The buggy sagged heavily on Lucy's side, Still peacefully she murmured on.

"Lucy!" exploded the poet at last. "Lucy! If thee do not stop talking till I get this horse in hand, thee will be in heaven before thee wants to!"

There was in those days in Boston a dear old lady living "all alone in a shoe,"

THE PIER AT EASTERN POINT, GLOUCESTER HARBOR, MASSACHUSETTS.

one might say, so narrow was her home. She was seldom seen in society, but was valuable to it accordingly. I saw her only twice; but she impressed me as a strong and lofty personality, so far above the usual social human being that her solitude and the sparseness of her environment seemed to partake of the character of luxuries which most of us were unfit to share.

This was Lydia Maria Child. Some thoughtful hostess—I think it was Mrs. Fields—took me one day to call on Mrs. Child. At that time this distinguished abolitionist was occupying lodgings so plain, in a quarter of Boston so much more than unfashionable, that I felt a certain awe upon me, as if I were visiting a martyr in prison. There was no exaggeration in this feeling, when one remembered that this woman's life had been one long suppression of self and obliteration of that background of personal comfort which the rest of us consider essential to our own portraits. It is well known that Mrs. Child sacrificed the prospect of a brilliant literary future to her convictions in the movement for freeing the American slaves. It is not so well known that she had all her life expended such means as she had in private charities, denying herself every luxury and many common comforts, in order to compass the power to relieve or to prevent suffering.

We climbed the steep stairs of her boarding-house thoughtfully. Each one of them meant some generous check which Mrs. Child had drawn for the benefit of something or somebody, choosing this restricted life as the price of her beneficence. She received us in a little sitting-room which seemed to me dreariness personified. Everything was neat, respectable, and orderly; but the paucity of that interior contrasted sadly with the rich nature of its occupant. I particularly remember the tint of the carpet—a lifeless brown. The room was so devoid of color as to seem like a cell; and the winter day had been a dark one.

As we sat talking, the sun battled through the clouds, and then we saw that Mrs. Child had "the afternoon side" of her boarding-house, and knew how to make the most of it. She rose quickly and, taking a little prism which she evidently treasured, hung it in the window so that it caught the southwestern ray. Instantly the colorless room leaped with rainbows. The sweet old lady stood smiling, in the midst of them; she directed them this way and that, and threw them all over the empty

spaces and plain furniture. She had, I thought, a little in her mind the consciousness of my companion's own beautiful library and richly endowed life. It was as if she said: "You see I have not much to offer; but I give you of my best."

This dedicated woman had no luxuries, neither upholstery nor bric-à-brac, as accessories to her peaceful welcome;—only God's sunshine, and the rainbows that she knew how to make out of it. I never see a prism without thinking of her noble life; and I keep one in my study windows to this day, partly in memory of this beautiful and pathetic incident. It did me good, and I do not want to forget it.

Mrs. Child, at our request, talked about her anti-slavery experiences. These moved me very much. But I find that the thing which impressed me most and has stayed with me the longest was this: "How did you know?" one of us asked, "in the midst of so much doubt and danger and possible fraud—now did you always know just whom and where to trust, when these fugitives appealed to you for help?"

"Oh," she said, "there was a pass-word. It carried any escaping slave through the underground railway, to safety. Sometimes it was written on a slip of torn, soiled paper. Sometimes it was only whispered for dear life's sake. But any colored person who came to us with that pass-word was received and passed on without a question. It carried him anywhere, and gave him every chance that we could command."

She paused, and looked at the rainbows in the lodging-house window dreamily. Her heart had gone far back.

"What *was* the pass-word?" we ventured to urge.

"*I* was a stranger, and ye took *Me* in," softly said the old abolitionist.

There was one man in Boston of whom nobody ever saw enough; and I almost too little to offer what I have kept of his great memory. My acquaintance with Phillips Brooks was rather one of friendliness than of friendship; which is a large word, and one demanding conscientious interpretation, especially in the case of a man in manner so genial to hundreds and at heart so reserved from all but a few. Yet the more vivid recollections of him which come to my pen seem, at least to me, to have almost too much value to be lost; and I venture to insert one or two of them here.

I met Dr. Brooks only now and then; and his letters were brief and usually con-

NILES'S BEACH, NEAR THE FIRST SITE OF MISS PHELPS'S COTTAGE ON GLOUCESTER HARBOR.

cerned some deed or impulse of mercy, or of professional service. My recollections of him, such as they are, I find to be either definitely of a grave and religious nature, or sparkling with social gayety—one of the two extremes. I do not recall him at all in what I once heard called "a comfortable, middling view of things." In conversation he was one of the merriest of entertainers. Sometimes I used to think him almost too ready to let the occasion float away in jest, while I, like so many others, would have chosen to sound with him some theme of height or depth. But, of course, one can readily understand how weary his nerve might have become of the seriousness of life, and how much it needed "the light touch." For this reason, perhaps, the occasions in which the man revealed himself with power and solemnity are more distinct in my mind.

"THE OLD MAID'S PARADISE"—MISS PHELPS'S HOUSE ON GLOUCESTER HARBOR.
The picture shows the house as first located and built; latterly it has been moved to a new position and much changed.

Once I had asked a favor of him: that he would receive a little friend of mine, a sweet lassie, who had listened to his preaching till her heart had chosen him for her priest. She was scarcely more than a child, but not at all a common one; her need was genuine, and not to be confounded with a girl's mere hero-worship for a popular preacher. In his own hearty way he welcomed her to his house, whither it was expected that I would accompany her. I did so, occupying myself, I remember, with a pile of fresh galleys, in another room, while the child went into the preacher's study.

"We will stay," I said, "but ten minutes. Send her out to me when the time is up."

Fifteen minutes passed—a half hour—more—my proof sheets were all corrected before the clergyman came out with the child. He had given her the heart of the morning, his working-time. Who knows what the little maiden's soul needed and received of the great preacher's? For the child died before another winter fell. Did that strong, priestly heart prepare her for the new life—neither knowing why she had sought or he had given the strength to take the last, short step?

I turned to speak to them, as the pastor and parishioner came out of the study; but one glance stopped the words upon my lips. The tears were falling down his face unchecked, unnoticed. He could not speak, and did not try; but solemnly handed the little maiden to my charge, and I left without a word. Afterwards, when her little, lovely life came to its sharp end, I wrote to tell him. His reply indicated that the interview had made as deep an impression upon him as the witness of it had left upon me.

The last time that I saw Mr. Brooks to speak with him was at a memorable crisis in his history. It was close upon the date of his acceptance of the Bishopric of Massachusetts; but this fact was not yet generally known. The movement of his own mind at the time, while his decision to leave Trinity Church forever was still seething, was as solemn as prayer.

If one had any doubt of this, the sight of the man on the occasion to which I refer would have made it clear to the dull-

est perception. We were at lunch, four of us—Mr. Brooks, Dr. Holmes, Mr. Ward, and myself, with friends whose hospitality is expert in the art of selecting the difficult and delightful number of guests, which is more than the graces, but less than the muses.

Mr. Brooks was very quiet at first—almost silent; and, it seemed to my slight social experience with him, unprecedentedly sober. But Dr. Holmes's conversational genius soon struck the sparks from the smouldering fire in the preacher's heart, and the two men began to talk. The rest of us held the breath to listen, as our hostess, with her distinguished tact, stirred the flame when she would; and one of the most remarkable conversations which I ever heard followed.

On Mr. Brooks's part, this was more than grave; it was devout almost to the point of exhortation or prophecy. Dr. Holmes played with the great stream of religious feeling for a few moments, but he quickly and reverently swung himself along with it. I shall never forget the expression with which he regarded Mr. Brooks. It was one of unalloyed trust and admiration; at moments it had a beautiful wistfulness, as if he might have said:

"Of course, you know I can't altogether agree with you. But you almost make me wish I could!"

As the talk deepened, Mr. Brooks roused and raised himself and us to one of those rare altitudes of which one always says afterwards, "It was good to be there."

He began to talk about the duties of the upper to the lower classes of society, and of the Christian to the irreligious. He spoke rapidly, then earnestly, then eagerly, hotly, without fear and without reproach, like the Christian Bayard that he was. At the last, he pushed on into monologue—a thing I never heard him do before; and no one, not even the king of Boston conversers, cared to interrupt him.

The preacher's eyes burned over our heads into the peaceful perspective of Charles River; his voice took on the priestly ring; he seemed to hear the orders of authority "we could not hear," and to see visions which "we might not see." He scathed the fashionable classes for their follies, and flung a kind of holy scorn at the paltriness and cowardice which excused itself from contact with the suffering and the loathsomeness of the lower world.

To my surprise, he spoke of the Salvation Army in language of deep respect. He honored its work. He prophesied heartily for its future. He spoke contemptuously of the nervousness of people of ease about infection in clothing brought from the sweat-shops and from homes whose horrors few of us troubled a heart-throb to alleviate. With sacred indignation he rebuked the heathen of the West End, who cared neither for their own souls nor for those of other men. He scored worldliness of heart and life in a lofty denunciation to which it was impossible to offer a protesting word.

He mentioned, by name, a certain fashionable men's club on the Back Bay. "The Salvation Army," he cried, "ought to be sent *there*. Nobody needs them more. They ought to go right through such a place as that, and preach New Testament religion!"

At this point, Dr. Holmes suggested, in a subdued voice: "But, Dr. Brooks, such men as those are not going to listen to the Salvation Army. It seems to me that *you* are the man to go into the —— Club and preach Christianity."

Dr. Brooks made no reply. The rest of us took the thought up, and urged him a little. But he fell into a silence, so sad that it was impossible to break it. His gaze wandered from us, solemnly. Was he renewing the conflict of soul which must have preceded his determination to leave the pastorate of his loved and loving people? Was he heartsick with his own great ideal of what a Christian teacher might achieve and must forever fail to? Was he thinking of his limits in the light of his aspirations? He talked no more. In a few moments he abruptly and silently left us.

I was once talking with a man of well-known gifts and power who is a pronounced unbeliever in Christianity; indeed, a free-thinker of a confirmed type. In answer to some personal plea of mine for the rationality of faith, he exclaimed:

"A Christian? I? If I were to be a *Christian*, I should have to be—why, I should have to be such a man as Phillips Brooks!"

That instinctive reverence in the man of this world for the man of the other I have always called the finest tribute to Mr. Brooks that I have ever heard.

One of the pleasantest recollections which I have of Phillips Brooks is not at all connected with Boston, but brings me to my life at Gloucester, and will be given

later in this fragmentary story; which is now well over-due at my own summer home upon the rough shores of Cape Ann.

It fell to me, rather early in life, to try one of those experiments at home-making for one's self in which unmarried women venture less often, I think, than would be good for them and for society at large. My father's absence from Andover in search of his lost health having become a settled part of the summer programmes, I pursued, for a while, the usual career of summer boarders. The usual restlessness for "higher things" resulted.

I had engaged rooms, one summer, upon the other side of Cape Ann, privately known to its North Shore residents as the Pacific Ocean; meaning thereby the region of Ipswich Bay. Our quarters were far from the sea, in the thick of a village, and opposite a grammar school. I bore it for a week, and then, one desperate day, I started upon an exploring expedition. We drove on for seven miles, crossing the noisy and dusty and fishy little city, without enthusiasm. Gloucester, as to her business sections, did not prove alluring; but we pushed on eastward, down her harbor shore.

Suddenly, at the end of our journey, hot, dusty, and discouraged, toiling up what is known as Patch's Hill, we brought our tired pony to a halt, and drew the breath of unexpected and undreamed-of delight. We had discovered Eastern Point. Out of the salt dust, out of the narrow, scorching streets, by the fish-flakes and the fish-teams, past the rude roads whose boulders seemed to have been only "spatted" down by the whimsical street commissioner Time, we came upon the fairest face of all the New England coast, the eastern side of Gloucester Harbor.

The travelling American who has seen the world often tells me that here is one of the most beautiful scenes upon the whole round face of it. On this point I am not authorized by experience to testify; but my private convictions are that it would not be easy to find a lovelier bit of coast survey. There is a nook known as Wonson's; it was then a sheltered, peaceful spot, scarcely devastated by the tramp of the summer boarder, and so undisturbed that I only knew when callers came because the chickens ran past the window to get away from them.

A cottage with its feet in the water and its eyes on the harbor received me; and there, close upon the gorge with the lava trap, and glancing over the little beach where the northwest gales clear out the cool dashes of green and purple and bronze, and where mast and main-sail cut brown and sharp against the gold beyond Ten Pound Island, and the towers of Old Gloucester (called by architects picturesque for America) rise against the sunset, I spent the preliminary summers which made me slave to Gloucester shore for life. The result was the châlet known to my readers as The Old Maid's Paradise.

This I built; and there I lived from May to November, or nearly that. The waves played almost to my door; in winter, the spray dashed upon the piazza. The fishermen, my neighbors, drew up their dories upon the rocks in front of me; the foreground was marked by lobster pots, and nets spread upon the scanty grass to dry, or to mend. The fishermen's children—who could hold an oar at the age of three, and whom I have seen placed by their fathers sitting straight in the stern of a dory when they were three months' old—played over my rocks, or brought me blue-tipped innocence and white violets every year when I returned.

"You come up with the spring flowers," prettily said one imaginative little neighbor, a fisherman's daughter.

Opposite my study windows, cruel and beautiful as any siren of fable, ran the reef of Norman's Woe.

The shore of Fresh Water Cove made a fair, green blush in the gray outline of the stern coast which ran from Norman's Woe to Pavilion Beach. When I rowed, or was rowed over to it, (it was a good pull of a mile and a half, or more)—if the wind were up, or there were "short chops" upon the harbor, and landing became a matter of skill, I used always to think of the two lines in an old hymn:

> "Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
> Stand dressed in living green."

When the breeze struck from the east, or southeast, then the whole length of the western shore of the harbor broke into white fire. Hours were short in watching this blaze of foam. Suddenly it shot up—call it fifty feet; call it twice that, according to the vigor of the storm—in jets and great tongues, as if it believed itself able to lick the solid cliffs away. Seen through the shaking window of my throbbing little house, it was easy to believe that it could.

Perhaps the wind fell, but failed to die

with the day. Then came on the wonder of a stormy sunset. All Gloucester Harbor tossed against it. The bows of the anchored fleet rose and sank angrily. The head-lights came out one by one, and flared, surging up and down. Ten Pound Light flashed out for the night; but her blinder was on, towards us. The little city, glorified now, forgiven of her fish, and her dust, and her bouncing roads; loved and dreamed over, and sung in heart and pen, melted all through her pretty outlines against the massive colors of the west.

Then off Eastern Point, far to the left, where the shadow fell, sprang out the red, revolving flash of Cape Ann Light.

The fishermen's children are in their beds; the rocks are quiet, but for the cannonade of the surf. Shut away from the world, shut in with the sea, I light my lonely fire, and thank God for my own hearth and for Gloucester shore.

I had a little dog in those days. With the lady who mothered my home, and the maid who served it, he formed "my family;" we three sat in the windows, and heard the summer people—as they grew, alas, in force—pass by our châlet, chatting busily. Often their talk would be of us.

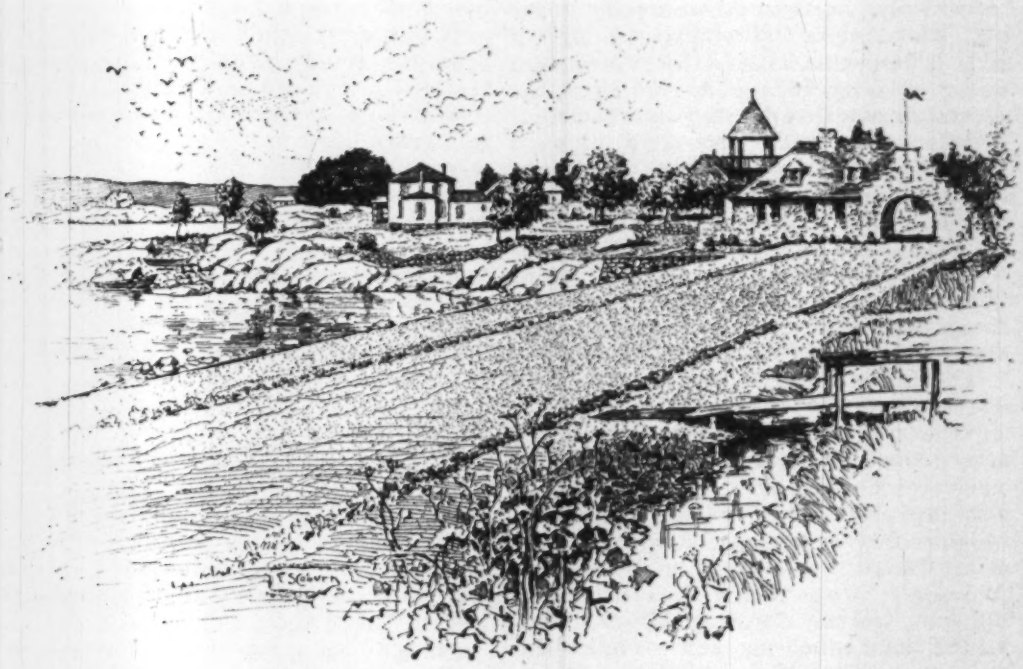
The name of that dog, by the way, was Daniel Deronda; and one day it fell to me, with my own ears, to overhear these authenticated words:

"Mamma?" It was a little fellow who spoke, tugging at his mother's fingers as he scrambled over the boulders. "Mamma, I want to know. Is this where *the Derondas live?*"

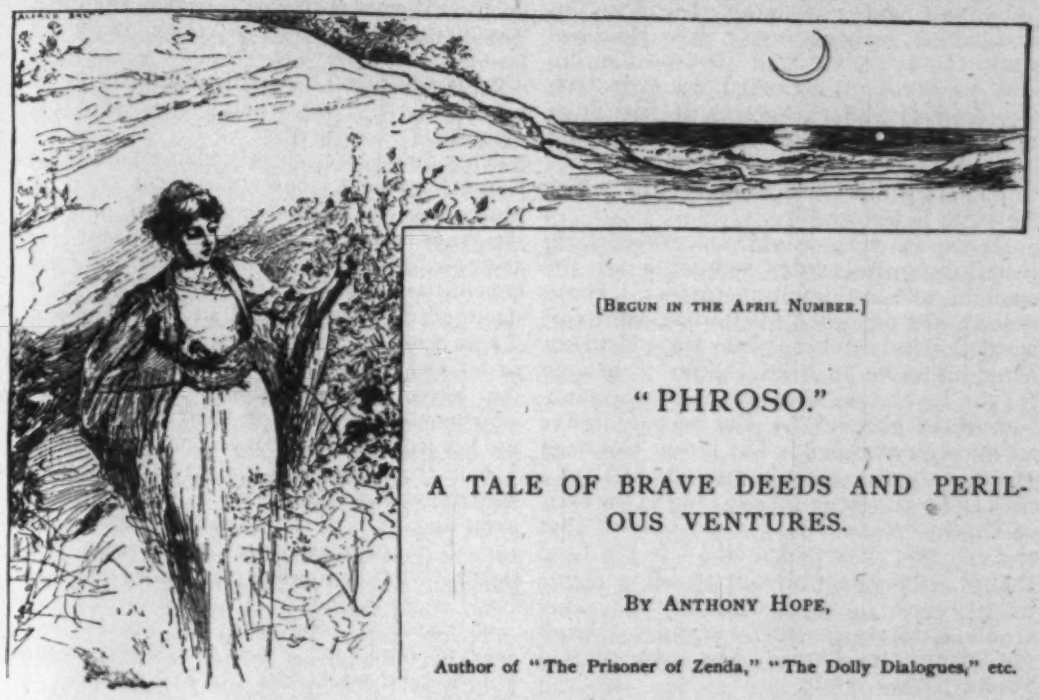
Such was human fame; and such will it ever be! The eyes that see us, see with their own focus; not from ours, or with ours. Worse might befall me than to be known as one of the Derondas.

I looked solemnly at the little dog (he was the only masculine member of the household), and said:

"It is the doom of women, Dan. Seven pounds of your lordly sex—and with bangs down to his nose, into the bargain—will order our identity away from us. We must make the best of it, Dan; and you and I know that it's all the same in the end."



"THE OLD MAID'S PARADISE"—ANOTHER VIEW OF THE HOUSE AND SITE SHOWN ON PAGE 241.



[Begun in the April Number.]

"PHROSO."

A TALE OF BRAVE DEEDS AND PERILOUS VENTURES.

By Anthony Hope,

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Dolly Dialogues," etc.

SUMMARY OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

Lord Charles Wheatley (who himself tells the story) has gone to take possession of Neopalia, a small Greek island which he has purchased of Lord Stefanopoulos. He is accompanied by his cousin, Denny Swinton; his factotum, Hogvardt; and his servant, Watkins. They are fiercely opposed by the natives under the lead of Constantine, Lord Stefanopoulos's nephew, and are in hourly peril of their lives. Finally, by means of a secret passage to the sea, they all escape from the island, except Wheatley. He is made a prisoner, and is about to be stricken to death before an assembly of the people when Phroso, the "Lady of the Island," springing between him and the descending sword, declares that she loves him better than her life. Thus secured a hearing, Wheatley uses it to show the people that Constantine has lately assassinated his uncle, Lord Stefanopoulos, and is now plotting to murder his own wife, Francesca (married to him secretly some time before), in order to be free to marry his cousin Phroso, who by her father's death is become heiress of the island. Then Constantine becomes the prisoner, and Wheatley, set free, finds himself in much favor with the Neopalians because of the love their fair young mistress has publicly avowed for him. He is not altogether happy, though; for he has come from England promised in marriage to a young lady there, Beatrice Hipgrave.

CHAPTER XII.

LAW AND ORDER.

AT last the whirling seemed to have taken a turn in my favor, the revolutions of the wheel at last to have brought my fortune uppermost. For the sight of Francesca in Panayiota's arms came pat in confirmation of the story wrung from Demetri by the power of his oath, and his "Behold!" was not needed to insure acceptance for his testimony. From women rose compassionate murmurs, from men angry growlings that expressed, while they strove to hide, the shamefaced emotions which the helpless woman's narrow escape created. Her salvation must bring mine with it; for it was the ruin of her husband and my enemy.

Kortes and another dragged Constantine Stefanopoulos forward till he stood within two or three yards of his wife; none interposed on his behalf or resented the rough pressure of Kortes's compelling hand. And even as he was set there, opposite the women, they, roused by the subdued stir of the excited throng, awoke. First into one another's eyes, then round upon us, came their startled glances; then Francesca leapt with a cry to her feet, ran to me, and threw herself on her knees before me, crying, "You'll save me, my lord, you'll save me?" Demetri hung his head in

sullen half-contrition, mingled with an unmistakable satisfaction in his religious piety. Constantine licked and bit his thin lips, his fists tight clenched, his eyes darting furtively about in search of friends or in terror of avengers. And Phroso said in her soft clear tones:

"There is no more need of fear. For the truth is known."

Her eyes, that would not meet mine, rested long in tender sympathy on the woman, who still knelt at my feet. Here, indeed, she remained till Phroso came forward and raised her, while the old priest lifted his voice in brief thanks to heaven for the revelation wrought under the sanction of the holy saint. For myself, I gave a long sigh of relief. The strain had been on me now for many hours, and it tires a man to be knocking all day long at the door of death. Yet, almost in the instant that the concern for my own life left me (and that is a thing terribly apt to fill a man's mind), my thoughts turned to other troubles, to my friends, who were I knew not where; to Phroso, who had said—I scarcely knew what.

Suddenly, striking firm and loud across the murmurs and the threats that echoed round the ring in half-hushed voices, came Kortes's tones:

"And this man? What of him?" he asked, his hand on Constantine's shaking shoulder. "For he has done all that the stranger declared of him; he has deceived our Lady Euphrosyne, he has sought to kill this lady here, we have it from his own mouth that he also slew the old lord, though he knew well that the old lord had yielded."

Constantine's wife turned swiftly to the speaker.

"Did he kill the old lord?" she asked. "He told me that it was Spiro who struck him, in the heat of the brawl."

"Ay, Spiro or Vlacho, or whom you will," said Kortes, with a shrug. "There was no poverty of lies in his mouth."

But the old feeling was not dead, and one or two again murmured:

"The old lord sold the island."

"Did he die for that?" cried Francesca sorrowfully. "Or was it not I in truth who killed him?"

There was a movement of surprised interest, and all bent their eyes on her.

"Yes," she went on, "for I think I doomed him to that death when I went and told him my story, seeking his protection. Constantine found me with him and heard him greet me as his nephew's wife on the afternoon of the day that the deed was done. Can this man here deny it? Can he deny that the old lord was awaiting the return of the Lady Euphrosyne to tell her of the thing, when his lips were forever sealed by the stroke?"

This disclosure, showing a new and vile motive for what Constantine had tried to play off as a pardonable excess of patriotism, robbed him of his last defenders. He seemed to recognize his plight; his eyes ceased to canvass possible favor and dropped to the ground in dull despair. There was not a man now to raise a voice or a hand for him, and their anger at having been made his dupes and his tools sharpened the edge of their hatred. To me his wife's words caused no wonder, for I had from the first believed that some secret motive had nerved Constantine's arm, and that he had taken advantage of the islanders' mad folly for his own purposes. What that motive was stood out now clear and obvious. It explained his act, and justified abundantly the distrust and fear of him that I had perceived in his wife's mind when first I talked with her on the hill. But she, having launched her fatal bolt, turned her eyes away again, and, laying her hand in Phroso's, stood silent.

Kortes, appearing to take the lead now by general consent—for Phroso made no sign—looked round on his fellow countrymen, seeking to gather their decision from their faces. He found the guidance and agreement that he sought.

"We may not put any man to death on St. Tryphon's Day," said he.

The sentence was easy to read, for all its indirectness. The islanders understood it, and approved in a deep stern murmur; the women followed it, and their faces grew pale and solemn; the criminal missed nothing of its implied doom, and tottered under the strong hands that now rather supported than imprisoned him. "Not on this day, but to-morrow at break of day." The voice of the people had spoken in the mouth of Kortes, and none pleaded for mercy or delay.

"I will take him to the guardhouse, and keep him," said Kortes; and the old priest murmured low, "God have mercy on him." Then, with a swift dart, Phroso sprang towards Kortes; her hands were clasped, her eyes prayed him to seek some ground of mercy, some pretext for a lighter sentence. She said not a word, but every one of us read her eloquent prayer. Kortes looked round again; the

faces about him were touched with a tenderness that they had not worn before, but the tenderness was for the advocate, and no part of it reached the criminal. Kortes shook his head gravely; Phroso turned to the woman who had comforted her before, and hid her face. Constantine, seeing the last hope gone, swayed, and fell into the arms of the man who, with Kortes, held him, uttering a long low moan of fear and despair, terrible to listen to even from lips guilty as his. Thus was Constantine Stefanopoulos tried for his life in the yard of Vlacho's inn in Neopalia. The trial ended, he was carried out into the street on his way to the prison, and we, one and all, in dead silence, followed. The yard was emptied, and the narrow street choked with the attending crowd, that followed Kortes and his prisoner till the doors of the guard-house closed on them. Then, for the first time that day, Phroso's eyes sought mine in a rapid glance, in which I read joy for my safety; but the glance fell as I answered it, and she turned away in confusion. Her avowal, forgotten for an instant in gladness, recurred to her mind, and dyed her cheeks red. Averting my eyes from her, I looked down the slope of the street towards the sea. The thought of her, and of nothing else, was in my mind.

Ah, my island! My sweet capricious island!

A sudden uncontrollable exclamation burst from my lips, and, raising my hand, I pointed to the harbor and the blue water beyond. Every head followed the direction of my outstretched finger, every pair of eyes was focussed on the object that held mine. A short breathless silence—a momentary wonder—then, shrill or deep, low in fear or loud in excitement, broke forth the cry:

"The governor! The governor!"

For a gunboat was steaming slowly into the harbor of Neopalia, and the Turkish flag flew over her.

The sight wrought transformation. In a moment, as it seemed to me, the throng round me melted away; the street grew desolate; the houses on either side swallowed their eager occupants; Kortes alone, with his prisoner, knew nothing of the fresh event; Phroso and Francesca only stood their ground; Demetri was slinking hastily away; the old priest was making for his home; the shutters of Vlacho's inn came down, and girls hustled to and fro, preparing food. I stood unwatched, unheeded, apparently forgotten; festival, tumult, trial, condemnation, seemed past, like visions; the flag that flew from the gunboat brought back modern days, the prose of life, and ended the wild poetic drama which we had played and a second One-eyed Alexander might worthily have sung. How had the governor come before his time, and why?

"Denny!" I cried aloud in inspiration and hope, and I ran as though the foul fiends whom Demetri had heard were behind me. Down the deep street and on to the jetty I ran. As I arrived there, the gunboat reached it also, and a moment later Denny was shaking my hand till it felt like falling off, and from the deck of the boat Hogvardt and Watkins were waving wild congratulations.

Denny had jumped straight from deck to jetty; but now a gangway was thrust out, and I passed, with him, on to the deck, and presented myself with a low bow to a gentleman who stood there. He was a tall, full-bodied man, apparently about fifty years old; his face was heavy and broad, in complexion dark and sallow; he wore a short, black beard, his lips were full, his eyes acute and small. I did not like the look of him much, but he meant law and order and civilization, and an end to the wild ways of Neopalia. For this, as Denny whispered to me, was no less a man than the governor himself, Mouraki Pasha. I bowed again, yet lower, for I stood before a man of whom report had much to tell—something good, much bad, all interesting.

He spoke to me in low, slow, suave tones, employing the Greek language, which he spoke fluently, although as a foreigner. For Mouraki was by birth an Armenian.

"You must have much to tell me, Lord Wheatley," he said with a smile. "But first I must tell you with what pleasure I find you alive and unhurt. Be assured that you shall not want redress for the wrongs which these turbulent rascals have inflicted on you. I know these men of Neopalia, and they are hard men; but they also know me, and that I also can be a hard man if need be." His looks did not belie his words, as his sharp eye travelled with an ominous glance over the little town by the harbor. "But you will wish to speak with your friends first," he went on courteously. "May I ask your attention in half an hour's time from now?"

I bowed obedience, the great man turned away, and Denny caught me by the arm, crying: "Now, old man, tell us all about it."

"Wait a bit," said I, rather indignantly. "Just you tell me all about it."

But Denny was firmer than I, and my adventures came before his. I told them all faithfully, save one incident—it may perhaps be guessed which. Denny and the other two listened with frequent exclamations of surprise, and danced with exultation at the final worsting of Constantine Stefanopoulos.

"It's all right," said Denny reassuringly. "Old Mouraki will hang him just the same."

"Now it's your turn," said I.

"Oh, our story's nothing. We just got through that old drain and came out by the sea, and all the fishermen had gone off to the fishing ground except one old chap, whom they left behind to look after their victuals. Well, we didn't know how to get back to you, and the old chap told us that the whole place was alive with armed men, so—"

"Just tell the story properly, will you?" said I sternly.

And at last, by pressing and much questioning, I got the story from them, and here it is; for it was by no means so ordinary a matter as Denny's modesty would have had me think. When the consternation caused by the cutting of our rope had passed away, a hurried counsel decided them to press on with all speed, and they took their way along the narrow, damp, and slippery ledge of rock that encircled the basin. So perilous did the track seem that Hogvardt insisted on their being roped as though for a mountaineering ascent, and thus they went on. The first opening from the basin they found without much difficulty. Now the rope proved useful, for Denny, passing through it first, fell headlong into space, and most certainly would have perished but for the support his companions gave him. For the track turned at right angles to the left, and Denny walked straight over the edge of the rock. Sobered by this accident and awake to their peril (for it must be remembered that they had no lantern), they groped their way slowly and cautiously, up and down, in and out. Hours passed; Watkins, less accustomed than the others to a physical strain, could hardly lift his feet. And all this while the dim glimmer that Denny had seen retreated before them, appearing to grow no nearer for all their efforts. They walked, as they found afterwards, or walked, crawled, scrambled, and jumped, for eleven hours, their haste and anxiety allowing no pause for rest. Then they seemed to see the end; for the winding, tortuous track appeared at last to make up its mind. It took a straight downward track, and Denny's hard-learnt caution vanishing, he started along it at a trot, and with a hearty hurrah. He tempted fate. The slope became suddenly a drop. This time all three fell with a splash and a thud into a deep pool, one on the top of the other; and here they scrambled for some minutes, Watkins coming very near to finding an end to the troubles of his eventful service. But Denny and Hogvardt managed to get him out. The path began again; content with its last freak, it pursued now a business-like way; the glimmer grew to a gleam, the gleam spread into a glad blaze. "The sea, the sea!" cried Denny. And a last spurt landed them in a cave that overlooked the blue waters. What they did on that I could by no means persuade them to tell, but, had I been there, I should have thanked God and shaken hands; and thus, I daresay, did they. And besides that, they lay there, dog tired and beaten, for an hour or more, in one of those despondent fits that assail even brave men, making sure that I was dead or taken, and that their own chances of escape were small, and, since I was dead or taken, hardly worth the seeking.

They were roused by an old man who suddenly entered the cave, bearing a bundle of sticks in his arms. At sight of them he dropped his load and turned to fly; but they were on him in an instant, seizing him and crying to know who he was. He had as many questions for them, and when he learnt who they were and how they had come, he raised his hands in wonder, and told Hogvardt, who alone could make him understand or understand him, that their fears were well grounded. For he had met a Neopalian but an hour since, and the talk in all the island was of how the stranger had killed Vlacho and been taken by Kortes, and would die on the next day; for it was now the early morning of the feast day. Denny was for a dash; but a dash meant certain death. Watkins was ready for that, though the poor fellow could hardly crawl. Hogvardt held firm to the chance that more cautious measures gave. The old man's comrades were away at their fishing grounds, ten miles out at sea; but he had a boat down on the beach. Thither they went, and set out under the fisherman's guidance, pulling in desperate perseverance with numb weary limbs under the increasing heat of the sun. But their will asked too much of their bodies. Wat-

kins dropped his oar with a groan; Denny's moved weakly and uselessly through the water, that hardly stirred under its blade; Hogvardt at first flung himself into the stern with one groan of despair; the old fisherman cast resigned eyes up to heaven, and the boat tossed motionless on the water. Thus they lay while I fought my duel with Constantine Stefanopoulos on the other side of Neopalia.

Then, while they were still four miles from the fishing fleet, where lay their only chance of succor for me or for themselves, there came suddenly to their incredulous eyes a shape on the sea and a column of smoke. Denny's spring forward came near to capsizing the boat; oars were seized again; weariness fled before hope; the gunboat came in view, growing clear and definite; she moved quickly towards them, they slowly yet eagerly towards her; the interval grew less and less; they shouted before they could be heard, and shouted still in needless caution long after they had been heard. A boat put out to them, they were taken on board, their story heard with shrugs of wonder. Mouraki could not be seen. "I'll see him!" cried Denny, and Hogvardt plied the recalcitrant officer with smooth entreaties. The life of a man was at stake! But he could not be seen. The life of an Englishman! His Excellency slept through the heat of the day. The life of an English lord! His Excellency would be angry, but— The contents of Denny's pocket, wild boasts of my power and position (I was a favorite at court, and so forth!) at last clinched the matter. His Excellency should be roused; heaven knew what he would say, but he should be roused. He went to Neopalia next week; now he was sailing past it, to inspect another island; perhaps he would alter the order of his voyage. He was fond of Englishmen—it was a great lord, was it not? So, at last, when Hogvardt was at his tongue's end and Denny almost mad with rage, Mouraki was roused. He heard their story and pondered on it with leisurely strokings of his beard and keen long glances of his sharp eyes. At last came the word: "To the island, then!" and a cheer from the three that Mouraki suffered with patient uplifted brows. Thus came Mouraki to Neopalia; thus came, as I hoped, an end to our troubles.

More than the half-hour passed swiftly in the narrative; then came Mouraki's summons, and my story to him, heard with courteous impassivity, received at its end with plentiful assurances of redress for me and punishment for the islanders.

"The island shall be restored to you," said he. "You shall have every compensation, Lord Wheatley. These Neopalians shall learn their lesson."

"I want nothing but justice on Constantine," said I. "The island I have given back."

"That is nothing," said he. "It was under compulsion; we shall not acknowledge it. The island is certainly yours. Your title has been recognized; you could not transfer it without the consent of my government."

I did not pursue the argument; if Mouraki chose to hand the island back to me, I supposed that I could, after such more or less tedious forms as were necessary, restore it to Phroso. For the present the matter was of small moment, for Mouraki was there with his men, and the power of the lord—or lady—of Neopalia in abeyance. The island was at the feet of the governor.

Indeed, such was its attitude; and great was the change in the islanders when, in the cool of the evening, I walked up the street by Mouraki's side, escorted by soldiers and protected by the great gun of the gunboat, that commanded the town. There were many women to watch us, few men, and these unarmed, with downcast eyes and studious meekness of bearing. Mouraki seemed to detect my surprise.

"They made a disturbance here three years ago," said he, "and I came. They have not forgotten."

"What did you do to them?" I made bold to ask.

"What was necessary," he said; and, "They are not Armenians," added the Armenian governor with a smile that meant much—among other things, as I took it, that no tiresome English demanded fair trial for riotous Neopalians.

"And Constantine?" said I; I hope that I was not too vindictive.

"It is the feast of St. Tryphon," said his Excellency, with another smile.

We were passing the guardhouse now. An officer and ten men fell out from the ranks of our escort and took their stand by its doors. We passed on, leaving Constantine in this safe keeping; and Mouraki, turning to me, said: "I must ask you for hospitality. As lord of the island, you enjoy the right of entertaining me."

I bowed. We turned into the road that led to the old gray house, and when we were a couple of hundred yards from it I saw Phroso coming out of the door. She

walked rapidly towards us, and paused a few paces from the governor, making a deep obeisance to him and bidding him welcome to her poor house in stately phrases of deference and loyalty. Mouraki was silent, surveying her with a slight smile. She grew confused under his wordless smiling, and her greetings died away. At last he spoke, in slow, deliberate tones:

"And is this the lady," said he, "who raises a tumult and resists my master's will and seeks to kill a lord who comes peaceably and by peaceful right to take what is his?"

I believe I made a motion as though to spring forward. Mouraki's expressive face displayed a marvelling question—did I mean such insolence as lay in interrupting him? I fell back; a public remonstrance could earn only a public rebuff.

"Strange are the ways of Neopalia!" said he, his gaze again on Phroso.

"I am at your mercy, my lord," she murmured.

"And what is this talk of your house? What house have you? I see here the house of this English lord, where he will receive me courteously. Where is your house?"

"The house belongs to whom you will, my lord," she said. "Yet I have dared to busy myself in making it ready for you."

By that time I was nearly at boiling point, but I still controlled myself, and I rejoiced that Denny was not there, he and the others having resumed possession of the yacht and arranged to sleep there, in order to leave more room for Mouraki's accommodation. Phroso stood in patient submission, and Mouraki's eyes travelled over her from head to foot.

"The other woman?" he asked abruptly. "Your cousin's wife—where is she?"

"She is at the cottage on the hill, my lord, with a woman to attend her."

After another pause, he motioned with his hand to Phroso to take her place by him; and thus we three walked up to the house. It was alive now with women and men, and there was a bustle of preparation for the great man.

Mouraki sat down in the armchair which I had been accustomed to use, and, turning to an officer who seemed to be his aide-de-camp, issued rapid orders for his own comfort and entertainment; then he turned to me and said, civilly enough:

"Since you seem reluctant to act as host, you shall be my guest while I am here."

I murmured thanks. He turned to Phroso, and waved his hand again in dismissal. She drew back, courtesying, and I saw her mount the stairs to her room. Mouraki bade me sit down, and his orderly brought him cigarettes. He gave me one, and we began to smoke, Mouraki watching the coiling rings, I furtively watching his face. I was in a rage at his treatment of Phroso, but the man interested me. I thought that he was now considering great matters, the life of Constantine, perhaps, or the penalties that he should lay on the people of Neopalia. Yet even these would hardly seem great to him, who had moved in the world of truly great affairs and was in his present post rather by a temporary loss of favor than because it was adequate to his known abilities. With such thoughts I studied him as he sat silently smoking.

Well, man is very human, and great men are often even more human than other men. For when Mouraki saw that we were alone, when he had finished his cigarette, flung it away, and taken another, he observed to me, obviously summarizing the result of those meditations to which my fancy had imparted such loftiness:

"Yes, I don't know that I ever saw a handsomer girl."

There was nothing to say but one thing, and I said it.

"No more did I, your Excellency," said I.

But I was not pleased with the expression of Mouraki's eye, and the contentment induced in me by the safety of my friends, by my own escape, and by the end of Constantine's ill-used power, was suddenly clouded as I sat and looked at the baffling face and subtle smile of the governor. What was it to him whether Phroso were a handsome girl or not?

And I suppose I might just as well have added, what was it to me?

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SMILES OF MOURAKI PASHA.

At his dinner-table Mouraki proved a charming companion. His official reserve and pride vanished; he called me by my name simply, and extorted a similar mode of address from my modesty. He professed rapture at meeting a civilized and pleasant companion in such an out-of-the-way place; he postponed the troubles of

Neopalia in favor of a profusion of amusing reminiscences and anecdotes. He gave me a delightful evening, and bade me the most cordial of good nights. I did not know whether his purpose had been to captivate or merely to analyze me; he had gone near to the former, and I doubted not that he had succeeded entirely in the latter. Well, there was nothing I wanted to conceal—unless it might be something that I was still striving to conceal even from myself.

I rose very early the next morning. The pasha was not expected to appear for two or three hours, and he had not requested my presence till ten-o'clock breakfast. I hastened off to the harbor, boarded the yacht, enjoyed a merry cup of coffee and a glorious bath with Denny. Denny was anxious to know my plans—whether I meant to return or to stay. The idea of departure was odious to me. I enlarged on the beauties of the island, but Denny's shrug insinuated a doubt of my candor. I declared that I saw no reason for going, but must be guided by the pasha.

"And where's the girl?" asked Denny abruptly.

"She's up at the house," I answered carelessly.

"Hum! Heard anything about Constantine being hanged?"

"Not a word. Mouraki has not touched on business."

Denny had projected a sail, and was not turned from his purpose by my inability to accompany him. Promising to meet him again in the evening, I took my way back up the street, where a day or two ago my life would have paid for my venturing, where now I was as safe as in Hyde Park. Women gave me civil greetings; the men did the like, or, at worst, ignored me. I saw the soldiers on guard at Constantine's prison, and pursued my path to the house. My island was beautiful that morning, and the blood flowed merrily in my veins. I thought of Phroso; but where was the remorse that I vainly summoned?

Suddenly I saw Kortes before me, walking slowly along. He was relieved of his duty, then, and Constantine was no longer in his hands. Overtaking him, I began to talk. He listened for a little, and then raised his calm honest eyes to mine.

"And the Lady Phroso?" he said, gently. "What of her?"

I told him what I knew, softening the story of Mouraki's harshness.

"And you have not spoken to her yet?" he asked.

Then coming a step nearer, he said: "She shuns you, perhaps?"

"I don't know," said I, feeling embarrassed under the man's direct gaze.

"It is natural, but only till she has seen you once. I pray you not to linger, my lord. For she suffers shame for having told her love, even though it was to save you. It is hard for a maiden to speak unbesought."

I leant back against the rocky bank by the road.

"Lose no time in telling her your love, my lord," he urged. "It may be that she guesses, but her shame will trouble her till she hears it from your lips. Seek her, seek her without delay."

I had forgotten the beauty of the island, and I felt my eyes drop before Kortes's look. But I shrugged my shoulders, saying carelessly:

"It was only a friendly device the Lady Phroso played to save me. She does not really love me. It was a trick. I will thank her for it, for it was of great help to me, and a hard thing for her to do."

"It was no trick. You know it was none. Was not the love in every tone of her voice? Is it not in every glance of her eyes when she is with you—and most when she will not look at you?"

"How came you to read her looks so well?" I asked.

"From studying them deeply," said he simply. "I do not know if I love her, my lord, for she is so much above me that my thoughts have not dared to fly to the height. But I would die for her, and I love no other. To me, you, my lord, should be the happiest, proudest man alive. Pray, speak to her soon, my lord. My sister, whom you saw hold her in her arms, would have made me sure if I had doubted. The lady murmurs your name in her sleep."

A sudden irresistible exultation took hold on me. I think it turned my face red, for Kortes smiled, saying: "Ah, you believe now, my lord?"

"Believe!" I cried; "no, I don't believe! A thousand times, no! I don't believe!" For I was crushing that exultation now as a man crushes the foulest temptings.

A puzzled look spread over Kortes's eyes, and there was silence between us for some moments.

"It is absurd," said I, in weak protest. "She had known me only a few days, only a few hours, rather, and there were other things to think of then than love-making."

"Love," said he, "is made most readily when a man does not think of it, and a stout arm serves a suitor better than soft words. You fought for her and proved yourself a man before her eyes. Fear not, my lord; she loves you."

"Fear not!" I exclaimed in a low, bitter whisper.

"She said it herself," continued Kortes. "'As her life, and more.'"

"Hold your tongue, man!" I cried fiercely. "In the devil's name, what has it to do with you?"

A great wonder showed on his face, then a doubting fear; he came closer to me, and whispered so low that I hardly heard:

"What ails you? Is it not well that she should love you?"

"Let me alone," I cried. "I'll not answer your questions." Why, was the fellow to cross-examine me? Ah, there's the guilty man's old question; he loves a fine mock-indignation and hugs it to his heart.

Kortes drew back a pace and bowed, as though in apology; but there was no apology in the glance he fixed on me. I would not look him in the face. I drew myself up as tall as I could, and put on my haughtiest air. If he could have seen how small I felt inside!

"Enough, Kortes," said I with a lordly air. "No doubt your intentions are good, but you forget what is becoming from you to me."

He was not awed, and I think he perceived some of the truth—not all; for he said: "You made her love you; that does not happen unless a man's own acts help it."

"Do girls never rush uninvited on love, then?" I sneered.

"Yes, but she would not," he answered steadily.

He said no more. I nodded to him, and set forward on my way. He bowed slightly, and stood still where he was, watching me. I felt his eyes on me after we had parted. I was in a very tumult of discomfort. The man had humiliated me to the ground. I hoped against hope that he was wrong; and again, in helpless self-contradiction, my heart cried out insisting on its shameful joy because he was right. Right or wrong, wrong or right, what did it matter? Either way now lay misery, either way now lay a struggle that I shrank from and abhorred.

I was somewhat delayed by this interview, and when I arrived at the house I found Mouraki already at breakfast. He apologized for not having awaited my coming, saying: "I have transacted much business—oh, I have not been in bed all the time!—and I grew hungry. I have been receiving some reports on the state of the island."

"It is quiet enough now. Your arrival has had a most calming effect."

"Yes, they know me. They are very much afraid, for they think I shall be very hard on them. They remember my last visit."

He made no reference to Constantine, and, although I wondered rather at his silence, I did not venture again to question him. I wished that I knew what had happened on his last visit. A man with a mouth like Mouraki's might cause anything to happen.

"I shall keep them in suspense a little while," he pursued, smiling. "It's good for them. Oh, by the way, Wheatley, you may as well take this. Or shall I tear it up?" And he suddenly held out to me the document which I had written and given to Phroso when I restored the island to her.

"She gave you this?" I cried.

"She?" asked Mouraki with a smile of mockery. "Is there then only one woman in the world?" he seemed to ask sneeringly.

"The Lady Euphrosyne, to whom I gave it," I explained with what dignity I could.

"The Lady Phroso, yes," said he. ("Hang his Phroso!" thought I.) "I had her before me this morning and made her give it up."

"I can only give it back to her, you know."

"My dear Wheatley, if you like to amuse yourself in that way, I can have no possible objection. Until, however, you obtain a firman, you will continue to be lord of Neopalia, and this Phroso no more than a very rebellious young lady. But you will enjoy a pleasant interview, and no harm will be done. Give it back, by all means." He smiled again, shrugged his shoulders, and lit a cigarette. His manner was the perfection of polite, patient, gentlemanly contempt.

"It seems easier to get an island than to get rid of one," said I, trying to carry off my annoyance with a laugh.

"It is the case with so many things," agreed Mouraki; "debts, diseases, enemies, wives, lovers."

There was a little pause before the last word, so little that I could not tell whether

it were intentional or not, and I had learned to expect no enlightenment from Mouraki's face or eyes. But he chose himself to solve the mystery this time.

"Do I touch delicate ground?" he asked. "Ah, my dear lord, I find from my reports that in the account you gave me of your experiences you let modesty stand in the way of candor. It was natural, perhaps. I do not blame you, since I have found out elsewhere what you did not tell me. Yet it was hardly a secret, for everybody in Neopalia knew it."

I smoked my cigarette, feeling highly embarrassed and very uncomfortable.

"And I am told," pursued Mouraki, with his malicious smile, "that the idea of a Wheatley-Stefanopoulos dynasty is by no means unpopular. Constantine's little tricks have disgusted them with him."

"What are you going to do with him?" I asked, risking any offence now in order to turn the topic.

"Do you really like jumping from subject to subject?" asked Mouraki plaintively. "I am, I suppose, a slow-minded oriental, and it fatigues me horribly."

I could have thrown the cigarette I was smoking in his face with keen pleasure.

"It is for your Excellency to choose the topic," said I, restraining my fury.

"Oh, don't let us have 'Excellencies' when we're alone together! Indeed, I congratulate you on your conquest. She is magnificent; and it was charming of her to make her declaration. That's what has pleased the islanders; they are romantic savages, after all, and the chivalry of it touches them."

"It must touch anybody," said I.

"Ah, I suppose so," said Mouraki, flicking away his ash. "I questioned her a little about it this morning."

"You questioned her?" For all I could do there was a quiver of anger in my voice. I heard it myself, and it did not escape my companion's notice. His smile grew broader.

"Precisely. I have to consider everything," said he. "I assure you, my dear Wheatley, that I did it in the most delicate possible manner."

"It couldn't be done in a delicate manner."

"I struggled," said Mouraki, assuming his plaintive tone again and spreading out deprecatory hands.

Was Mouraki merely amusing himself with a little "chaff," or had he a purpose? He seemed like a man who would have a purpose. I grew cool on the thought of it.

"And did the lady answer your questions?" I asked nonchalantly.

"Wouldn't it be a treachery in me to tell you what she said?" countered Mouraki.

"I think not; because there's no doubt that the whole thing was only a good-natured device of hers."

"Ah! A very good-natured device, indeed! She must be an amiable girl," smiled the pasha. "Precisely the sort of girl to make a man's home happy."

"She hasn't much chance of marriage in Neopalia," said I.

"Heaven makes a way," observed Mouraki piously. "By the bye, the device seems to have imposed on our acquaintance, Kortes."

"Oh, perhaps," I shrugged. "He is a little smitten himself, I think, and so very ready to be jealous."

"How discriminating!" murmured Mouraki admiringly. "As a fact, my dear Wheatley, the lady said nothing. She chose to take offence."

"You surprise me!" I exclaimed with elaborate sarcasm.

"And would not speak. But her blushes were most lovely—yes, most lovely. I envied you, upon my word, I did."

"Since it's not true—"

"Oh, a thing may be very pleasant to hear, even if it's not true. Sincerity in love is an added charm, but not, my dear fellow, a necessity."

A pause followed this reflection of the pasha's. Then he remarked:

"After all, we must not judge these people as we should judge ourselves. If Constantine had not already a wife—"

"What!" I cried, leaping up.

"And perhaps that difficulty is not insuperable."

"He deserves nothing but hanging."

"A reluctant wife is hardly better."

"Of course you don't mean it?"

"It seems to disturb you so much."

"It's a monstrous idea."

Mouraki laughed, in quiet enjoyment of my excitement.

"Then Kortes?" he suggested.

"He is infinitely her inferior. Besides, why—forgive me—is it your concern to marry her to any one?"

"In a single state she is evidently a danger to the peace of the island," he answered with assumed gravity. "Now, your young friend—?"

"Denny's a boy."

"You reject every one," he said pathetically, and his eyes dwelt on me in amused scrutiny.

"Your suggestions, my dear Pasha, seemed hardly serious," said I huffily. He was too many for me, and I struggled in vain against betraying my ruffled temper.

"Well, then, I will make two serious ones; that is a handsome *amende*. And, for the first—yourself!"

I waved my hand, and gave an embarrassed laugh.

"You say nothing to that?"

"Oughtn't I to hear the alternative, first?"

"Indeed, it is only reasonable. Well, then, the alternative—" He paused, laughed, lit another cigarette. "The alternative is—myself," said he.

"Still not serious?" I exclaimed, forcing a smile.

"Absolutely serious," he asserted. "I have the misfortune to be a widower, and for the second time; so unkind is heaven! She is most charming. I have, perhaps, a position that would atone for some want of youth and romantic attractions."

"Of course, if she likes—"

"I don't think she would persist in refusing!" said Mouraki, with a thoughtful smile; and he went on: "Three years ago, when I came here, she struck me as a beautiful child, one likely to become a beautiful woman. You see for yourself that I am not disappointed. My wife was alive at that time, but in bad health. Still I hardly thought seriously of it then, and the idea did not recur to me till I saw Phroso again. You look surprised."

"Well, I am surprised."

"You don't think her attractive, then?"

"Frankly, that is not the reason for my surprise."

"Shall I go on? You think me old? It is a young man's delusion, my dear Wheatley."

Bear-baiting may have been excellent sport—its defenders so declare—but I do not remember that it was ever considered pleasant for the bear. I felt now much as the bear must have felt. I rose abruptly from the table.

"All these things require thought," said Mouraki gently. "We will talk of them again this afternoon. I have a little business to do now."

Saying this, he rose and took his way leisurely upstairs. I was left alone in the hall so familiar to me; and my first thought was a regret that I was not again a prisoner there, with Constantine seeking my life, Phroso depending on my protection, and Mouraki administering some other portion of his district. That condition of things had been, no doubt, rather too exciting to be pleasant, but it had not made me harassed, wretched, humiliated, exasperated almost beyond endurance; and such was the mood in which the two conversations of the morning left me.

A light step sounded on the stair; and the figure that I wished least of all figures in the world to see then, that I took more joy in seeing than any in the world besides, appeared before me. Phroso came down. She reached the floor of the hall, and she saw me. For a long moment we each rested as we were. Then she stepped towards me, and I rose with a bow. She was very pale, but a smile came on her lips as she murmured a greeting to me and passed on. I should have done better to let her go. I rose and followed. On the marble pavement by the threshold I overtook her; there we stood again, looking on the twinkling sea in the distance, as we had looked before. I was seeking what to say.

"I must thank you," I said, "yet I can't. It was magnificent."

Then the color suddenly flooded her face.

"You understood?" she murmured. "You understood why? It seemed the only way. And I think it did help a little."

I bent down and kissed her hand.

"I don't care whether it helped," I said. "It was the thing itself."

"I didn't care for them—the people—but when I thought what you would think—"

She could not go on, but drew her hand, which she had left an instant in mine as though forgetful of it, suddenly away.

"I—I knew, of course, that it was only a—a stratagem," said I. "Oh, yes, I knew that directly."

"Yes," whispered she, looking over the sea.

"Yes," said I, looking also over the sea.

"And you forgive it?"

"Forgive!" My voice came low and husky. I did not see why such things should be laid upon a man; I did not know if I could endure them. Yet I could not have left her then for an angel's crown.

"And you will forget it? I mean you—?" The whisper died into silence.

"So long as I live, I will not forget it," said I.

Then, by a seemingly irresistible impulse

that came upon both of us, we looked into one another's eyes, a long look that lingered and loathed to end. And as I looked, I saw, in joy that struggled with shame, a new light in the glowing depths of Phroso's eyes, a greeting of an undreamt happiness, a terrified delight. Then her lids drooped, and she began to speak quietly and low.

"It came on me that I might help if I said that, because the islanders love me, and so perhaps they wouldn't hurt you. But I couldn't look at you. I only prayed you would understand, that you wouldn't think—oh, that you wouldn't think—that —of me, my lord! And I did not know how to meet you to-day, but I had to."

I stood silent beside her, curiously conscious of every detail of nature's picture before me; for I had turned from her again, and my eyes roamed over sea and island. And at that moment there came from one of the narrow windows of the old house, directly above our heads, the sound of a low, amused, luxurious chuckle. A look of dread and shrinking spread over Phroso's face.

"Ah, that man!" she exclaimed in an agitated whisper.

"What of him?"

"He has been here before. I have seen him smile and heard him laugh like that when he sent men to death and looked on while they died. Yes, men of our own island, men who had served us and were our friends. Ah, he frightens me, that man!" She shuddered, stretching out her hand in an unconscious gesture as though she would ward off some horrible thing. "I have heard him laugh like that when a woman asked her son's life of him and a girl her lover's. It kills me to be near him. He has no pity. My lord, intercede with him for the islanders. They are ignorant men, they did not know."

"Not one shall be hurt, if I can help it," said I earnestly. "But—" I stopped; yet I would go on, and I added: "Have you no fear of him yourself?"

"What can he do to me?" she asked. "He talked to me this morning about— about you. I hate to talk with him. But what can he do to me?"

I was silent. Mouraki had not hinted to her the idea that he had suggested, in puzzling ambiguity between jest and earnest, to me. Her eyes questioned me; then suddenly she laid her hand on my arm and said:

"And you would protect me, my lord. While you were here I should be safe."

"While!" The little word struck cold on my heart; my eyes showed her the blow; in a minute she understood. She raised her hand from where it lay and pointed out toward the sea. I saw the pretty trim little yacht running home for the harbor after her morning cruise.

"Yes, while you are here, my lord," she said, with the most pitiful of brave smiles.

"As long as you want me I shall be here," I assured her.

She raised her eyes to mine; the color came again to her face.

"As long as you are in any danger," I added in explanation.

"Ah, yes!" said she, with a sigh and drooping eyelids; and she went on in a moment, as though recollecting a civility due and not paid. "You are very good to me, my lord. For your island has treated you unkindly and you will be glad to sail away from it to your home."

"It is," said I, bending toward her, "the most beautiful island in the world, and I would love to stay in it all my life."

Again the pleased contented chuckle sounded from the window over our heads. It seemed to strike Phroso with a new fit of sudden fear. With a faint cry she darted her hand out and seized mine.

"Don't be afraid. He shan't hurt you," said I.

A moment later we heard steps descending the stairs inside the house. Mouraki appeared on the threshold. Phroso had sprung away from me, and stood a few paces off. Yet Mouraki knew that we had not stood thus distantly before his steps were heard. He looked at Phroso and then at me; a blush from her, a scowl from me, filled any gaps in his knowledge. He stood there smiling—I began to hate the pasha's smiles—for a moment, and then came forward. He bowed slightly, but civilly enough, to Phroso; then, to my astonishment, he took my hand and began to shake it with a great appearance of effusion.

"Really, I beg your pardon?" said I. "What's the matter?"

"The matter?" he cried, in high good humor, or what seemed such. "The matter! Why, the matter, my dear Wheatley, is that you appear to be both a very discreet fellow and a very fortunate one."

"I don't understand yet," said I, trying to hide my growing irritation.

"Surely it is no secret?" he asked. "It is generally known, is it not?"

"What's generally known?" I fairly

roared in an exasperation that mastered all self-control.

The pasha was not in the very least disturbed. He held a bundle of letters in his left hand, and he began now to sort them. He ended by choosing one, which he held up before me, with a malicious humor twinkling from under his heavy brows.

"I get behindhand in my correspondence when I am on a voyage," said he. "This letter came to Rhodes about a week ago, together with a mass of public papers, and I have only this morning opened it. It concerns you."

"Concerns me? Pray, in what way?"

"Or rather, it mentions you."

"Who is it from?" I asked. The man's face was full of triumphant spite, and I grew uneasy.

"It is," said he, "from our ambassador in London. I think you know him?"

"Slightly."

"Precisely."

"Well?"

"He asks how you are getting on in Neopalia, or whether I have any news of you."

"You'll be able to answer him now."

"Yes, yes, with great satisfaction. And he will be able to satisfy some inquiries which he has had."

I knew what was coming now. Mouraki beamed pleasure. I set my face. At Phroso, who stood all this while in silence near, I dared not look.

"From a certain lady who is most anxious about you."

"Ah!"

"A Miss Hipgrave—Miss Beatrice Hipgrave."

"Ah, yes."

"Who is a friend of yours?"

"Certainly, my dear Pasha."

"Who is, in fact—let us shake hands again—your future wife. A thousand congratulations."

"Oh, thanks; you're very kind," said I. "Yes, she is."

I declare that I must have played that scene—no easy one—well; for Mouraki's rapturous amusement disappeared. He seemed rather put out. He looked (and I hope felt) a trifle foolish. I kept a cool, careless glance on him.

But his triumph came from elsewhere. He turned from me to Phroso, and my eyes followed his. She stood rigid, frozen, lifeless; she devoured my face with an appealing gaze. She made no sign, and uttered no sound. Mouraki smiled again; and I said:

"Any London news, my dear Pasha?"

CHAPTER XIV.

A STROKE IN THE GAME.

I was glad; as soon as I was alone and had time to think over Mouraki's *coup*, I was glad. He had ended a false position into which my weakness had led me; he had rendered it possible for me to serve Phroso in friendship, pure and simple; he had decided a struggle which I had failed to decide for myself. It would be easy now for both of us to repose on the fiction of a good-natured device and leave our innermost feelings in decent obscurity, while we counterworked the scheme which the pasha had in view.

This scheme he now proceeded to forward with all the patience and ability of which he was master. For the next week or so matters seemed to stand still; but to a closer study they revealed slow, yet uninterrupted, movement. I was left almost entirely alone at the house: but I could not bring myself to abandon my position and seek the society of my friends on the yacht. Though reduced to idleness and robbed of any part in the drama, I would not forsake the stage, but lagged a superfluous spectator of an unpleasing piece. Mouraki was at work. He saw Phroso every day and for long interviews. I hardly set my eyes on her. The affairs of the island afforded him a constant pretext for conferring with or dictating to its lady; I had no excuse for forcing an intercourse which Phroso was evidently at pains to avoid. I could imagine the pasha's progress, not in favor or willing acceptance, for I knew her fear and hatred of him, but in beating down her courage and creating a despair which would serve him as well as love.

Beyond doubt he was serious in his design; his cool patience spoke settled purpose, his obvious satisfaction declared a conviction of success. He acquiesced in Phroso's seclusion, save when he sent for her; he triumphed in watching me spend weary hours in solitary pacing up and down before the house; he would look at me with a covert exultation, and amuse himself by a renewal of sympathetic congratulations on my engagement. I do not think that he wished me away; I was the sauce to his dish, the garlic in the salad, the spice in the sweetmeat over which he licked appreciative lips. Thus passed eight or ten days; and I grew more out of temper, more sour, and more determined

with every setting sun. Denny ceased to pray my company; I was not to be moved from the neighborhood of the house. I waited, the pasha waited; he paved his way, I lay in ambush by it; he was bent on conquering Phroso; I had no design, only a passionate resolve that he should try a fall with me first.

There came a dark stormy evening, when the clouds sent down a thick close rain and the wind blew in mournful gusts. Having escaped from Mouraki's talk, I had watched him go upstairs and myself had come out to pace again my useless beat. I strayed a few hundred yards from the house, and turned to look at the light in the governor's window. It shone bright and steady, seeming to typify his relentless steady purpose. A sudden oath escaped from the weary sickness of my heart; and there came an unlooked-for answer from my elbow.

"He acts, you talk, my lord. He works, you are content to curse him. Which will win?" said a grave voice; and Kortes's handsome figure was dimly visible in the darkness. "He works, she weeps, you curse. Who will win?" he asked again, folding his arms.

"Your question carries its own answer, doesn't it?" I retorted angrily.

"Yes, if I have put it right," said he; and there was a touch of scorn in his voice that I did not care to hear. "Yes, it carries its own answer, if you are content to leave it as I stated it."

"Content! Good God!"

He drew nearer to me and whispered:

"This morning he told her his purpose; this evening again—yes, now, while we walk—he is forcing it upon her. And what help has she?"

"She won't let me help her; she won't let me see her."

"How can you help her, you, who do nothing but curse?"

"Look here, Kortes," said I, "I know all that. I'm a fool and a worm and everything else you like to intimate. But your contempt doesn't seem much more practical than my cursing. What's in your mind?"

"You must keep faith with this lady in your own land?"

"You know of her?"

"My sister has told me—she who waits on the Lady Euphrosyne."

"Ah! Yes, I must keep faith with her."

"And with Mouraki?" he asked.

My mind travelled with his. I caught him eagerly by the arm. I had his idea in a moment.

"Why that?" I asked. "Yes, Kortes, why that?"

"I thought you were so scrupulous, my lord."

"I have no scruples in deceiving this Mouraki."

"That is better, my lord," he answered, with a grim smile. "By heavens, I thought we were to dance together at the wedding."

"The wedding?" I cried. "I think not. Kortes, do you mean—?" I made a gesture that indicated some violence to Mouraki. But I added, "It must be open fight, though."

"You must not touch a hair of his head. The island would answer bitterly for that."

We stood in silence for a moment. Then I gave a short laugh.

"My character is my own," said I. "I may blacken it, if I like."

"It is only in the eyes of Mouraki Pasha," said Kortes with a smile.

"And will she understand? There must be no more—"

"She will understand. You shall see her."

"You can contrive that?"

"Yes, with my sister's help. Will you tell Mouraki first?"

"No—her first. She may refuse."

"She loathes him too much to refuse anything."

"Good. What then?"

"To-night. She will leave him soon."

"But he watches her to her room?"

"Yes; but you, my lord, know that there is another way."

"Yes, yes, by the roof? The ladder?"

"It shall be there for you in an hour."

"And you, Kortes?"

"I will wait at the foot of it. The pasha himself should not mount it alive."

"Kortes, it is trusting me much."

"I know, my lord. If you were not a man to be trusted, you would do what you are going to pretend."

"I hope you're right, Kortes. It sets me aflame now to be near her."

"Cannot I understand that, my lord?" said he with a sad smile.

"By heaven, you're a good fellow."

"I am a servant of the Stefanopouloi."

"Your sister will tell her before I come? I could not tell her myself."

"Yes, she shall be told before you come."

"In an hour, then?"

"Yes." And without another word he strode by me. I caught his hand as he went, and pressed it. Then I was alone in the darkness again, but with a plan in my head and a weapon in my hand, and no more empty, useless cursings in my mouth.

Busily rehearsing the part I was to play, I resumed my quick pacing. It was a hard part, but a good part; I would match Mouraki with his own weapons; my cynicism should beat his, my indifference to the claims of honor overtop his shameless use of terror or of force. The smiles should now be not all the pasha's; I would have a smile, too; one that would, I trusted, compel a scowl even from his smooth inscrutable face.

I was walking quickly; and on a sudden I came almost in contact with a man, who leapt on one side to avoid me. "Who's there?" I cried, standing on my defence, as I had learnt was wise in Neopalia.

"It is I, Demetri," answered a sullen voice.

"What do you here, Demetri? And with your gun?"

"I walk by night, like my lord."

"Your walks by night have had a meaning before now."

"They mean no harm to you now."

"Harm to any one?"

A pause followed before his gruff voice answered:

"Harm to nobody. What harm can be done when my gracious lord, the governor, is on the island, and watches over it?"

"True, Demetri. He has small mercy for wrong-doers and turbulent fellows, such as some I know of."

"I know him as well as you, my lord, and better," said the fellow, and his voice was charged with a passionate hate. "Yes, there are many in Neopalia who know Mouraki."

"So says Mouraki; and he says it as though it pleased him."

"One day he shall have proof enough to satisfy him," growled Demetri.

The savage rage of the fellow's tone had caught my attention, and I gazed intently into his face; not even the darkness quite hid the angry gleam of his deep-set eyes.

"Demetri, Demetri," said I, "aren't you on a dangerous path? I see a long knife in your belt there, and that gun—is it not loaded? Come, go back to your home."

He seemed influenced by my remonstrances, but he denied the suggestion I made.

"I don't seek his life," he said sullenly. "If we were strong enough to fight openly—well, I say nothing of that. He killed my brother, my lord."

"I killed a brother of yours, too, Demetri."

"Yes, in honest fighting, when he sought to kill you. You did not half kill him with the lash before his mother's eyes, and finish the work with a rope."

"And Mouraki did?"

"Yes, my lord. But it is nothing, my lord. I mean no harm."

"Look here, Demetri, I don't love Mouraki myself, and you did me a good turn a little while ago. But if I find you hanging about here again with your gun and your knife, I'll tell Mouraki, as sure as I'm alive. Where I come from we don't assassinate. Do you see?"

"I hear, my lord. Indeed I had no such purpose."

"You know your purpose best; and now you know what I shall do. Come, be off with you, and don't appear here again."

He cringed before me with renewed protestations; but his invention provided no excuse for his presence. He swore to me that I wronged him. I contented myself with ordering him off, and at last he went off, striking back toward the village. "Upon my word," said I, "it's a nuisance to be honorably brought up." For it would have been marvellously convenient to let Demetri have a shot at the pasha with that gun of his or a stab with the long knife he had fingered so affectionately.

This encounter had passed the time of waiting, and now I strolled back to the house. It was hard on midnight; the light in Mouraki's window was extinguished; two soldiers stood sentry by the closed door. They let me in and locked the door behind me. This watch was not kept on me; Mouraki knew very well that I had no desire to leave the island. Phroso was the prisoner and the prize that the pasha guarded; perhaps also he had an inkling that he was not popular in Neopalia, and that he would not be wise to trust to the loyalty of its inhabitants.

Soon I found myself in the compound at the back of the house. The ladder was placed ready; Kortes stood beside it. There seemed to be nobody else about. The rain still fell, and the wind had risen till it whistled wildly in the wood.

"She is waiting for you," whispered Kortes. "She knows, and will second the plan."

"Where is she?"

"On the roof. She is wrapped in my cloak; she will take no hurt."

"And Mouraki?"

"He has gone to bed. She was with him two hours."

I mounted the ladder, and found myself on the flat roof, where Phroso had once stood gazing up toward the cottage on the hill. We were fighting Constantine then. Mouraki was our foe now. Constantine lay a prisoner, harmless, as it seemed, and helpless. I prayed for a like good fortune in the new enterprise. An instant later I found Phroso's hand in mine. I carried it to my lips, as I murmured my greeting in a hushed voice. The first answer to it was a nervous sob, but Phroso followed it with a pleading apology.

"I am so tired," she said, "so tired. I have fought him for two hours to-night. Forgive me. I will be brave, my lord."

I had determined on a cold, businesslike manner; and I went as straight to the point as a busy man in his city office.

"You know the plan? You consent to it?" I asked.

"Yes, I think I understand it. It is good of you, my lord. For you may run great danger through me."

That was indeed true, and in more senses than one.

"I do for you what you did not hesitate to do for me," said I.

"Yes," said Phroso, in a very low whisper.

"You pretended; well then, now I pretend." And my voice sounded now not only cold, but bitter and unpleasant. "I think it may succeed," I continued. "He will not dare to take any extreme steps against me. I don't see how he can prevent our going."

"He will let us go, you think?"

"I don't know how he can refuse. But where will you go?"

"I have some friends at Athens—people who knew my father."

"Good. I'll take you there and—" I paused. "I'll take you there and—" Again I paused; I could not help it. "And leave you there in safety," I ended at last in a gruff, harsh whisper.

"Yes, my lord. And then you will go home in safety?"

"Perhaps. That doesn't matter."

"Yes, it does matter," said she softly. "For I would not be in safety unless you were."

"Ah, Phroso, don't do that!" I groaned inwardly.

"Yes, you will go back in safety, back to your own land, back to the lady—"

"Never mind—" I began.

"Back to the lady whom my lord loves," whispered Phroso. "Then you will forget this troublesome island and the troublesome—the troublesome people on it."

Her face was no more than a foot from mine—pale, with sad eyes, and a smile that quivered on trembling lips—the fairest face in the world that I had seen or believed any man to have seen, and her hand rested in mine. There may have lived folk who would have looked over her head and not in those eyes—saints or dolts—I was neither; not I. I looked. I looked as though I should never look elsewhere again nor cared to live if I could not look. But Phroso's hand was drawn from mine, and her eyes fell. I had to end the silence.

"I shall go straight to Mouraki to-morrow morning," said I, "and tell him you have agreed to be my wife; that you will come with me under the care of Kortes and his sister, and that we shall be married on the first opportunity."

"But he knows about—about the lady you love."

"It will not surprise Mouraki to hear that I am going to break my faith with—the lady I love," said I.

"No," said Phroso, refusing resolutely to look at me again. "It will not surprise Mouraki."

"Perhaps it would not surprise any one."

Phroso made no comment on this. And on the moment that I said it I heard a voice from below, a voice I knew very well.

"What's the ladder here for, my friend?" it asked.

"It enables one to ascend or descend, my lord," answered Kortes's grave voice, without the least touch of irony.

"It's Mouraki," whispered Phroso; at the time of danger her frightened eyes came back to mine, and she drew nearer to me. "It's Mouraki, my lord."

"I know it is," said I. "So much the better."

"That seems probable," observed Mouraki. "But to enable whom to ascend and descend, friend Kortes?"

"Any one who desires, my lord."

"Then I will ascend," said Mouraki.

"A thousand pardons, my lord!"

"Stand aside, sir. What, you dare—"

"Run back to your room," I whispered. "Quick. Good-night."

I caught her hand and pressed it. She

turned and disappeared swiftly through the door that gave access to the inside of the house, and thence to her room. And I, glad that the interview had been interrupted, for I could have borne little more of it, walked to the battlements and looked over. Kortes stood like a wall between the astonished Mouraki and the ladder.

"Kortes, Kortes," I cried in a tone of grieved surprise, "is it possible that you don't recognize his Excellency?"

"Why, Wheatley?" cried Mouraki.

"Who else should it be, my dear Pasha? Will you come up, or shall I come down and join you? Out of the way, Kortes."

Kortes, who would not obey Mouraki, obeyed me. Mouraki seemed to hesitate about mounting. I solved the difficulty by descending rapidly. I was smiling, and I took the pasha by the arm, saying, with a laugh:

"Caught that time, I'm afraid, eh? Well, I meant to tell you soon."

I had certainly succeeded in astonishing Mouraki this time. Kortes added to his wonder by springing nimbly up the ladder, and pulling it up after him.

"I thought you were in bed," said I. "And when the cat's away the mice will play, you know. Well, we are caught!"

"We?" asked the pasha.

"Well, do you suppose I was alone? Is it the sort of night a man chooses to spend alone on a roof?"

"Who was with you, then?" he asked, suspicion alive in his crafty eyes.

I took him by the arm and led him into the house, through the kitchen, till we reached the hall, when I said:

"Am I not a man of taste? Who should it be?"

He sat down in the great armchair, and a heavy frown gathered on his brow. I cannot quite explain why, but I was radiant. The spirit of the game had entered into me; I forgot the reality that was so full of pain; I was as merry as though what I had told him had been the happy truth, instead of a tantalizing, impossible vision.

"Oh, don't misunderstand me," I laughed, standing opposite to him, swaying on my feet, and burying my hands in my pockets. "Don't wrong me, my dear Pasha. It is all just as it should be. There is nothing going on that should not go on under your Excellency's roof. It is all on the most honorable footing."

"I don't understand your riddles or your mirth," said Mouraki.

"Ah! Now once I did not quite appreciate yours. The wheel goes round, my dear Pasha. Every dog has his day. Forgive me, I am naturally elated. I meant to tell you at breakfast to-morrow, but since you surprised our tender meeting, why, I will tell you now. Congratulate me. That charming girl has owned that her avowal of love for me was nothing but bare truth, and has consented to make me happy."

"To marry you?"

"My dear Pasha! What else could I mean?" And I took my hands out of my pockets, lit a cigarette, and puffed the smoke luxuriously. Mouraki sat motionless in his chair, his eyes cold and sharp on me, his brow puckered. At last he spoke.

"And Miss Hipgrave?" he asked sneeringly.

"Is there a breach of promise of marriage law in Neopalia?" said I. "In truth, my dear Pasha, I am a little to blame there, but you mustn't be hard on me. I had a moment of conscientious qualms. I confess it. But she's too lovely, she really is. And she's so fond of me—oh, I couldn't resist it!" and I simpered like any affected young lady-killer.

Mouraki was a clever fellow, but the blow had been a sudden one. It strains the control even of clever fellows when a formidable obstacle springs up, at a moment's notice, on a path that they have carefully prepared and levelled for their steps. The pasha's rage mastered him.

"You've changed your mind rapidly, Lord Wheatley," said he.

"I know nothing," I rejoined, "that does change a man's mind so quickly as a pretty girl."

"Yet some men hold to their promises," said he with a savage sneer.

"Oh, a few perhaps, very few in these days."

"And you don't aspire to be one?"

"Oh, I aspired," said I with a laugh. "But my aspirations have not stood out againt Phroso's charms."

Then I took a step nearer to him, and, veiling impertinence under a thin show of sympathy, I said:

"I hope you are not really annoyed? You were not serious in the hint you gave of your own intentions? I thought you were only joking, you know. If you were serious, believe me, I am grieved. But it must be every man for himself in these little matters, mustn't it?"

He had borne as much as he could. He rose suddenly to his feet, and an oath hissed from between his teeth.

"You shan't have her," said he. "You think you can laugh at me; men who think that find out their mistake."

I laughed again. I did not shrink from exasperating him to the uttermost. He would be no more dangerous; he might be less discreet.

"Pardon me," said I, "but I do not perceive how we need your permission, glad as we should, of course, be of your felicitations."

"I have some power in Neopalia," he reminded me with a threatening gleam in his eye.

"No doubt, but the power has to be carefully exercised when British subjects are in question—men, if I may add so much, of some position. I cannot be considered an islander of Neopalia for all purposes, my dear Pasha."

He seemed not to hear or not to heed what I said; but he both heard and heeded, or I mistook my man.

"I do not give up what I have resolved upon," said he.

"You describe my own temper to a nicety," said I. "Now, I have resolved to marry Phroso."

"No," said Mouraki; and I greeted the word with a scornful shrug.

"You understand?" he continued. "It shall not be."

"We shall see," said I.

"You don't know the risk you're running."

"Come, come, isn't this rather near boasting?" I asked contemptuously. "Your Excellency is a great man, no doubt, but you can't afford to carry out these dark designs against a man of my position." Then I changed to a more friendly tone, saying, "My dear Pasha, had you defeated me, I should have taken it quietly. Will you not best consult your dignity by doing the same?"

A long silence followed. I watched his face. Very gradually his brow cleared; his lips relaxed into a smile. He, in his turn, shrugged his shoulders; he took a step toward me; he held out his hand.

"Wheatley," said he, "it is true. I am a fool. A man is a fool in such matters. You must make allowances for me. I was honestly in love with her. I thought myself safe from you. I allowed my temper to get the better of me. Will you shake hands?"

"Ah, now you are like yourself, my dear friend," said I, grasping his hand.

"We'll speak again about it to-morrow. But my anger is over. Fear nothing. I will be reasonable."

I murmured grateful thanks and appreciation of his generosity.

"Good-night, good-night," said he. "I wish I had not found you to-night. I should not have lost my composure like this at any other time. You are sure you forgive my hasty words?"

"From the bottom of my heart," said I, earnestly; and we pressed one another's hands. Mouraki passed on to the stairs and began to mount them slowly. He turned his head over his shoulder and said:

"How will you settle with Miss Hipgrave?"

"I must beg her forgiveness, as I must yours," said I.

"I hope you will be equally successful," said he, and his smile was in working order again by now. It was the last I saw of him as he disappeared up the stairs.

"Now," said I, sitting down, "he's gone to think how he can get my throat cut without a scandal."

In fact, Mouraki and I were beginning to understand one another.

CHAPTER XV.

A STRANGE ESCAPE.

YES, he was dangerous, very dangerous; now that he had regained his self-control, most dangerous. His designs against me would be limited only by the bounds that I had taken the opportunity of recalling to his mind. I was a known man; I could not disappear without excuse. But the fever of the island might be at the disposal of the governor no less than of Constantine Stefanopoulos. I must avoid the infection. I congratulated myself that the best antidote I had yet found—a revolver and cartridges—was again in my possession. Those—and open eyes—were the treatment for the sudden fatal disease that threatened inconvenient lives in Neopalia.

I thought that I had seen Mouraki safely and finally to bed when he left me in the hall after our interview. I had gone to bed almost immediately myself, and, tired out with the various emotions I had passed through, had slept soundly. But now,

looking back, I wonder whether the governor spent much of the night on his back. I doubt it, very much I doubt it. Nay, I incline to think that he had a very active night, of going to and fro, of strange meetings, of schemes and bargainings; and I fancy he had not been long back in his room before I rose for my morning walk. However, of that I knew nothing at the time, and I met him at breakfast, prepared to resume our discussion as he had promised. But, behold, he was surrounded by officers. There was a stir in the hall; orders were being given; romance and the affairs of love seemed forgotten.

"My dear lord," cried Mouraki, turning toward me with every sign of discomposure and vexation in his face, "I am terribly annoyed. These careless fellows of mine—alas, I am too good-natured, and they presume on it—have let your friend Constantine slip through their fingers."

"Constantine escaped?" I exclaimed in genuine surprise and vexation.

"Alas, yes. The sentry fell asleep; it seems that the prisoner had friends, and they got him out by the window. The news came to me at dawn, and I have been having the island scoured for him. But he is not to be found, and we think he must have had a boat in readiness."

"Have you looked in the cottage where his wife is?"

"The very first thought that struck me, my dear friend. Yes, it has been searched. In vain! And it is now so closely guarded that nobody can get in. If he ventures there, we shall have him certainly. But go on with your breakfast. We need not spoil that for you. I have one or two more orders to give."

In obedience to the pasha, I sat down and began my breakfast. But as I ate, while Mouraki conferred with his officers in a corner of the hall, I became very thoughtful concerning this escape of Constantine. Sentries do sleep—sometimes; zealous friends do open windows—sometimes; fugitives do find boats ready—sometimes. It was all possible; there was nothing even exactly improbable. Yet—yet—! Whether Mouraki's account were the whole truth, or something lay below and unrevealed, at least I knew that the escape meant that another enemy, and a bitter one, was loosed against me. I had fought Constantine; I had touched Mouraki's shield in challenge the night before; was I to have them both against me? Would it be two against one, or, as boys say, all against all? If the former, the chances of my catching the fever were considerably increased. And somehow I had a presentiment that the former was nearer the truth than the latter. I had no real evidence; Mouraki's visible chagrin seemed to contradict my theory. But was not Mouraki's chagrin just a little too visible? It was such a very obvious, hearty, genuine, honest, uncontrollable chagrin; it demanded belief in itself the least bit too loudly.

The pasha joined me over my cigarette. If Constantine were in the island, said the pasha, with a blow of his fist on the table, he would be laid by the heels before evening came; not a mole—let alone a man—could escape the soldiers' search; not a bird could enter the cottage (he seemed to repeat this very often) unobserved, nor escape from it without a bullet in its plumage. And when Constantine was caught, he should pay for this escapade. For the pasha had delayed the punishment of his crimes too long; this insolent escape was a proper penalty on the pasha's weak remissness; the pasha blamed himself very much; his honor was directly engaged in the recapture; he would not sleep till it was accomplished. In a word, the pasha's zeal beggared comparison and outran adequate description. It filled his mind; it drove out last night's topic; he waved that trifle away; it must wait, for now there was business afoot; it could be discussed only when Constantine was once more a prisoner in the hands of justice, a suppliant for the mercy of the governor.

I escaped at length from this torrent of sincerity with which Mouraki insisted on deluging me, and went into the open air. There were no signs of Phroso; Kortes was not to be seen either. I saw the yacht in the harbor, and thought of strolling down. But Denny had, no doubt, heard the great news, and I was reluctant to be out of the way, even for an hour. Events came quick in Neopalia; people appeared and disappeared in no time, escaped and—were not recaptured. But I told myself that I would send a messenger to the yacht soon; for I wanted Denny and the others to know what I—what I was strangely inclined to suspect regarding this escape.

The storm that had swept over the island the evening before was gone. It was a bright hot day, and the waves danced blue in the sun, while a light breeze blew from off the side of the land on which the house stood, and was carrying fishing boats merrily out of the harbor. If Constantine had found a boat, the wind

was fair to carry him away to safety. But had he? I glanced up at the cottage in the wood above me. A thought struck me. I could run up there and down again in a few moments.

I made my way quickly back to the house and into the compound behind. Here, to my delight, I found Kortes. A word showed me that he also had heard the news. Phroso also had heard it; it was known to every one.

"I am going to see if I can get a look into the cottage," said I.

"I am told it is guarded, my lord."

"Kortes, speak plainly. What do you say about it?"

"I don't know; I don't know what to think. If they won't let you in—"

"Yes, I meant that. How is she, Kortes?"

"Well, my sister says. I have not seen her. Run no risks, my lord. She has only you and me."

"And my friends. I am going to send them word to be on the lookout for any summons from me."

"Then send it at once," he counselled. "You may delay, Mouraki will not."

I was struck with his advice; but I was also bent on carrying out my reconnaissance of the cottage.

"I'll send it directly I come back," said I, and I ran to the angle of the wall, climbed up, and started at a quick walk through the wood. I met nobody till I was almost at the cottage. Then I came suddenly on a sentry. Another I saw to the right, a third to the left. The cottage seemed ringed round with watchful figures. The man barred my way.

"But I am going to see the lady, Madame Stefanopoulos," I protested.

"I have orders to let nobody pass," he answered. "I will call the officer."

The officer came; he was full of infinite regrets, but his Excellency's orders were absolute. Nay, did I not think they were wise? This man was so desperate a criminal, and he had so many friends. He would of course try to communicate with his wife.

"But he can't expect his wife to help him," I exclaimed. "He wants to murder her."

"But women are forgiving. He might well persuade her to help him in his escape; or he might intimidate her."

"So I am not to pass?"

"I'm afraid not, my lord. If his Excellency gives you a pass it will be another matter."

"The lady is there still?"

"Oh, I believe so. I have not myself been inside the cottage. That is not part of my duty."

"Is any one stationed in the cottage?"

The officer smiled, and answered with an apologetic shrug:

"Would not you ask his Excellency anything you desire to know, my lord?"

"Well, I daresay you're right," I admitted, and fixed a long glance on the windows of the cottage.

"Even to allow anybody to linger about here is contrary to my orders," suggested the officer, still civil, still apologetic.

"Even to look?"

"His Excellency said to linger."

"Is it the same thing?"

"His Excellency would answer that also, my lord."

The fence round the cottage was impregnable. That seemed plain. To loiter near the cottage was forbidden, to look at it a matter of suspicion. Yet looking at the cottage would not help the escape of Constantine.

There seemed nothing to be done. Slowly and reluctantly, with a conviction that I was turning away baffled from the heart of the mystery, that the clew lay there, were I but allowed to take it in my fingers, I retraced my steps down the hill through the wood. I believed that the strict guard was to prevent my intrusion and mine alone; that the pasha's search for Constantine was a pretence; in fine, that Constantine was at that moment in the cottage, with the knowledge of Mouraki and under his protection. But I could not prove my suspicions, and I could not unravel the plan which the pasha was pursuing. I had a strange, uneasy sense of fighting in the dark; my eyes were blindfolded, while my antagonist could make full use of his. In that case the odds were against me.

I passed through the house; all was quiet, nobody was about. It was now in the middle of the afternoon, and, having accomplished my useless inspection of the cottage, I sat down and wrote a note to Denny, bidding him to be on the alert, day and night; he or Hogvardt must be always on watch, the yacht ready to start at a moment's notice. I begged him to ask no questions, only to be ready; for life or death might hang on a moment. Thus I paved the way for carrying out my resolution; and my resolution was no other than to make a bold dash for the yacht with Phroso and Kortes, under

cover of night. If we reached it and got clear of the harbor, I believed that we could show a clean pair of heels to the gunboat; and, moreover, I did not think that the wary Mouraki would dare to sink us in open sea with his guns. The one point I held against him was his fear of publicity; we should be safer in the yacht than among the hidden dangers of Neopalia. I finished my note, sealed it, and strolled out in front of the house, looking for somebody to act as my messenger.

Standing there, I raised my eyes and looked down to the harbor and the sea. At what I saw, forgetting Kortes's reproof, I again uttered an oath of surprise and dismay. Smoke poured from the funnel of the yacht. See, she moved! She made for the mouth of the harbor! She set her course for the sea! Where was she going? I cared not to answer that. She must not go! It was vital that she should stay ready for me in the harbor. My scruples about leaving the house vanished before this more pressing necessity. Without an instant's delay, with hardly an instant's thought, I put my best foot foremost, and ran as a man runs for his life along the road toward the harbor. As I started I thought I heard Mouraki's voice from the window above my head, beginning in polite, wondering tones, "Why in the world, my dear Wheatley——?" Ah, didn't he know why? I would not stop for him. On I went. I reached the main road. I darted down the steep street. Women stared in surprise at me; children scurried out of my way.

I was a very John Gilpin without a horse. I did not think myself able to run so far or so fast; but apprehension gave me legs, excitement breath, and love—yes, love—why deny it now?—love speed. I neither halted nor turned nor failed till I reached the jetty. But there I sank exhausted against the wooden fencing, for the yacht was hard on a mile out to sea, and putting yards and yards between herself and me at every moment. Again I sprang up and waved my handkerchief; two or three of Mouraki's soldiers who were lounging about stared at me stolidly; a fisherman laughed mockingly; the children had flocked after me down the street and made a gaping circle about me. The note to Denny was in my hand. Denny was far out of my reach. What possessed the boy? Hard were the names that I called myself for having neglected Kortes's advice. What were the cottage and the whereabouts of Constantine compared with the presence of my friends and the yacht?

A hope ran through me. Maybe they were but passing an hour, and would turn homeward soon. I strained my eager eyes after them. The yacht held on her course, straight, swift, relentless. She seemed to be carrying with her Phroso's hopes of rescue, mine of safety; her buoyant leap embodied Mouraki's triumph. I turned from watching, sick at heart, half beaten and discouraged; and, as I turned, a boy ran up to me and thrust a letter into my hand, saying:

"The gentleman on the yacht left this for my lord. I was about to carry it up when I saw my lord run through the street, and I followed him back."

The letter bore Denny's handwriting. I tore it open with eager fingers.

"Dear Charley," it ran, "I don't know what your game is, but it's pretty slow for us. So we're off fishing. Old Mouraki has been uncommon civil and sent a fellow with us to show us the best place. If the weather is decent we shall stay out a couple of nights, so you may look for us the day after to-morrow. I knew it was no good asking you to come. Be a good boy and don't get into mischief while I'm away. Of course Mouraki will bottle Constantine again in no time; he told us he had no doubt of it, unless the fellow had found a boat. I'll run up to the house as soon as we get back. Yours ever, D. P. S. As you said you didn't want Watkins up at the house, I've taken him along to cook."

Beali innocentes! Denny was very innocent, and so, I suppose, very blessed, and my friend the pasha had got rid of him in the easiest manner possible. Indeed, it was "uncommon civil" of Mouraki. They would be back the day after to-morrow, and Denny would "run up to the house." The thing was almost ludicrous in the pitiful unconsciousness of it. I tore the note that I had written in small pieces, put Denny's in my pocket, and started to mount the hill again. But I turned once and looked on the face of the sea. To my anxious mind it seemed not to smile at me as was its wont; it was not now my refuge and my safety, but the prison bars that confined me—me and her whom I had to serve and save.

And he had taken Watkins along to cook, for I did not want him at the house. I would have given every farthing I had in the world for any honest brave man, Watkins or another. And I was not to "get into mischief." I knew very well

what Denny meant by that. Well, he might be reassured—it did not appear likely that I should enjoy much leisure for dalliance of the sort he disapproved.

"Really, you know, I shall have something else to do," I said to myself.

Slowly I walked up the street, too deep in reflection even to hasten my steps. I started like a man roused from sleep when I heard, from the side of the street, a soft cry of "My lord!" I looked round. I was directly opposite the door of Vlacho's inn, and on the threshold stood the girl Panayiota, who was Demetri's sweetheart, and had held in her lap the head of Constantine's wife, whom Demetri could not kill. She cast cautious glances up and down the street, and withdrew swiftly into the shadow of the house, beckoning to me to follow her. In a strait like mine no chance however small is to be missed or refused. I followed her. Her cheek glowed with color; she was under the influence of some excitement, whose cause I could not fathom.

"I have a message for you, my lord," she whispered. "I must tell it you quickly; we must not be seen." And she shrank back further into the shelter of the doorway.

"As quickly as you like, Panayiota," said I, "for I have little time to lose."

"You have a friend more than you know of," said she, setting her lips close to my ear.

"I'm glad to hear it," said I. "Is that all?"

"Yes, that's all—a friend more than you know of, my lord. Take courage, my lord."

I bent my eyes in question on her face; she understood that I was asking for a plainer message.

"I can tell you no more," she said. "I was told to say that—a friend more than you know of. I have said it. Don't linger, my lord. I can say no more, and there is danger."

"I'm much obliged to you. I hope he will prove of value."

"He will," she answered quickly, and she waved aside the piece of money which I had offered her, and motioned me to be gone. But again she detained me for a moment.

"The lady—the wife of the Lord Constantine—what of her?" she asked in low, hurried tones.

"I know nothing of her," said I. "I believe she is at the cottage."

"And he is loose again?"

"Yes." And I added, searching her face, "But the governor will hunt him down."

I had my answer—a plain explicit answer; it came not in words, but in a scornful smile, a lift of the brows, a shrug. I nodded in understanding. Panayiota whispered again, "Courage—a friend more than you know of—courage, my lord;" and, turning, fairly ran away from me down the passage toward the yard behind the inn.

Who was this friend? By what means did he seek to help me? I could not tell. One suspicion I had, and I fought a little fight with myself as I walked back to the house. I recollected the armed man I had met in the night, whom I had warned and threatened. Was he the friend, and was it my duty to tell Mouraki of my suspicions? I say, I had a struggle. Did I win or lose? I do not know, for I cannot even now make up my mind.

But I was exasperated at the trick Mouraki had played on me, I was fearful for Phroso, I felt that I was contending against a man who would laugh at the chivalry which warned him. I hardened my heart and shut my eyes. I owed nothing, less than nothing, to Mouraki Pasha. He had, as I verily believed, loosed a desperate and treacherous foe on me. He had, as I knew now, deluded my friends into forsaking me. Let him guard his own head and his own skin. I had enough to do with Phroso and myself. So I reasoned, seeking to justify my silence. And I have often thought since that the question raised a nice enough point of casuistry. Men who have nothing else to do may amuse themselves with the answering of it. I answered it by the time I had reached the threshold of the house. And I held my tongue.

Mouraki was waiting for me in the doorway; he was smiling as he had smiled before my bold declaration of love for Phroso had spoilt his temper.

"My dear lord," he cried, "I could have spared you a tiresome walk. I thought your friends would certainly have told you their intention, or I would have mentioned it myself."

"My dear Pasha," I rejoined, no less cordially, "to tell the truth, I knew their intentions; but it struck me suddenly that I would go with them, and I ran down to try to catch them. Unfortunately I was too late."

The extravagance of my lying served its turn. Mouraki understood, not that

I was trying to deceive him, but that I was informing him politely that he had not succeeded in deceiving me.

"You wished to accompany them?" he asked, with a broadening smile. "You —a lover!"

"A man can't always be making love," said I carelessly, though truly enough.

Mouraki took a step toward me.

"It is safer not to do it at all," said he, in a lower tone.

The man had a great gift of expression; his eyes could put a world of meaning into a few simple words. In this little sentence, that sounded like a trite remark, I discovered a last offer, an invitation to surrender, a threat in case of obstinacy. I answered it after its own kind.

"Safer, perhaps, but deplorably dull," said I.

"Ah, well, you know best," said the pasha. "If you like to take the rough with the smooth—" He broke off with a shrug, resuming a moment later. "You expect to see them back the day after to-morrow, don't you?"

I was not sure whether the particular form of this question was intentional or not. In the literal meaning of his words Mouraki asked me, not whether they would be back, but whether I thought I should witness their return—possibly a different thing.

"Denny says they'll be back then," I answered cautiously. The pasha stroked his beard; this time he was, I think, hiding a smile at my understanding and evasion of his question.

"And I hear," he pursued, with a laugh, "that you have been trying to pass my sentries, and look for our runaway on your own account? You really should not expose yourself to such risks; the man might kill you. I'm glad my officer obeyed his orders."

"Then Constantine is at the cottage?" I cried quickly; for I thought he had betrayed himself into an admission. His composed air and amused smile smothered my hopes.

"At the cottage? Oh, dear, no. Of course I have searched that. I had that searched first of all."

"And the guard—?"

"Is only to prevent him from going there."

I had not that perfect facial control that distinguished the governor. I suppose I appeared unconvinced. For Mouraki caught me by the arm, and, giving me an affectionate squeeze, cried:

"What an unbeliever! Come, you shall go with me and see for yourself."

If he took me, of course I should find nothing. The bird, if it had ever alighted on that stone, would be flown by now. His specious offer was worthless.

"My dear Pasha, of course I take your word for it."

"No, I won't be trusted! I positively won't be believed. You shall come. We two will go together." And he still clung to my arm with friendly compulsion.

I did not see how to avoid doing what he suggested without coming to an open quarrel with him, and that I did not desire. He had every motive for wishing to force me into declared enmity; a hasty word or gesture might serve him as a plausible excuse for putting me under arrest. He would have a case, if he could prove me to have been disrespectful to the governor. My only chance lay in seeming submission up to the last possible moment. And Kortes was guarding Phroso, so that I could go without uneasiness.

"Well, let us walk up the hill, then," said I carelessly. "Though I assure you, you are giving yourself needless trouble."

He would not listen, and we turned, still arm in arm, to pass through the house. Mouraki had caused a ladder to be placed against the bank of rock, for he did not enjoy clambering up by the steps cut in the side of it. He set his foot now on the lowest rung of this ladder, but he paused there an instant and turned round, facing me, and asked, as though the thought had suddenly occurred to his mind:

"Have you had any conversation with our fair friend this afternoon?"

"The Lady Phroso? No. She has not made an appearance. Perhaps I wrong you, Pasha, but I fancied you were not over-anxious that I should have a conversation with her."

"You wrong me," he said earnestly. "Indeed you wrong me. And to prove it, you shall have a *tête-à-tête* with her the moment we return. Oh, I do not fight with weapons like that! I would not use my authority like that. I am going to search again for this Constantine myself this evening with a strong party; then you shall be at perfect liberty to talk with her."

"I am infinitely obliged; you are too generous."

"I trust we are gentlemen still, though we have unhappily become rivals;" and he let go of the ladder for an instant, in order to press my hand.

Then he began to climb up, and I followed him, asking of my puzzled brain, "Now what does he mean by that?"

For it seemed to me that a man needed cat's eyes to follow the schemes of Mouraki Pasha, eyes that darkness could not blind. This last generous offer of his was beyond the piercing of my vision. I did not know whether it were merely a bit of courtesy, safe to offer, or if it hid some new design. Well, it was little use wondering. At least I should see Phroso. Perhaps—a sudden thought seized me, and I—

"What makes you look so excited?" asked the pasha; his eyes were on my face, his lips curved in a smile.

"I'm not excited," said I. But the blood was leaping in my veins. I had an idea

(To be continued.)

OLD MAN SAVARIN.

By Edward William Thomson.

OLD Ma'ame Paradis had caught seventeen small doré, four suckers, and eleven channel-catfish before she used up all the worms in her tomato-can. Therefore she was in a cheerful and loquacious humor when I came along and offered her some of my bait.

"Merci; non, M'sieu. Dat's 'nuff fishin' for me. I got too old now for fish too much. You like me make you present of six or seven doré? Yes? All right. Then you make me present of one quarter dollar."

When this transaction was completed, the old lady got out her short black clay pipe, and filled it with *tabac blanc*.

"Ver' good smell for scare mosquitoes," said she. "Sit down, M'sieu. For sure I like to be here, me, for see the river when she's like this."

Indeed, the scene was more than picturesque. Her fishing platform extended twenty feet from the rocky shore of the great Rataplan Rapid of the Ottawa, which, beginning to tumble a mile to the westward, poured a roaring torrent half a mile wide into the broader, calm brown reach below. Noble elms towered on the shores. Between their trunks we could see many whitewashed cabins, whose doors of green or blue or red scarcely disclosed their colors in that light.

The sinking sun, which already touched the river, seemed somehow the source of the vast stream that flowed radiantly from its blaze. Through the glamour of the evening mist and the maze of June flies we could see a dozen men scooping for fish from platforms like that of Ma'ame Paradis.

Each scooper lifted a great hoop-net set on a handle some fifteen feet long, threw it easily up-stream, and swept it on edge with the current to the full length of his reach. Then it was drawn out and at once thrown upward again, if no capture had been made. In case he had taken fish, he came to the inshore edge of his platform and upset the net's contents into a pool separated from the main rapid by an improvised wall of stones.

"I'm too old for scoop some now," said Ma'ame Paradis, with a sigh.

"You were never strong enough to scoop, surely," said I.

"No, eh? All right, M'sieu. Then you hain't nev' hear 'bout the time Old Man Savarin was catched up with. No, eh? Well, I'll tol' you 'bout that." And this was her story as she told it to me.

. . . . . .

"Der was fun dose time. Nobody ain't nev' catch up with dat old rascal ony other time since I'll know him first. Me, I'll be only fifteen den. Dat's long time 'go, eh? Well, for sure, I ain't so old like what I'll look. But Old Man Savarin was old already. He's old, old, old, when he's only thirty; an' *mean—baptême!* If de old Nick ain' got de hottest place for dat old stingy—yes, for sure!

"You'll see up dere where Frawce Seguin is scoop? Dat's the Laroque platform by right. Me, I was a Laroque. My fader was use for scoop dere, an' my gran'fader—the Laroques scoop dere all de time since ever dere was some Rapid Rataplan. Den Old Man Savarin he's buyed the land up dere from Felix Ladoucier, an' he's told my fader, 'You can't scoop no more wisout you pay me rent.'

"'Rent!' my fader say. '*Saprie!* Dat's my fader's platform for scoop fish! You ask anybody.'

"'Oh, I know all 'bout dat,' Old Man Savarin is say. 'Ladoucier let you scoop front of his land, for Ladoucier one big fool. De lan's mine now, an' de fishin' right is mine. You can't scoop dere wisout you pay me rent.'

"'*Baptême!* I'll show you 'bout dat,' my fader say.

"Next mawny he is go for scoop same like always. Den Old Man Savarin is fetch my fader up before de magistrate. De magistrate make my fader pay nine shillin'!

"'Mebbe dat's learn you one lesson,' Old Man Savarin is say.

"My fader swear pretty good, but my moder say: 'Well, Narcisse, dere hain' no use for take it out in *malediction*. De nine shillin' is paid. You scoop more fish—dat's de way.'

"So my fader he is go out early, early nex' mawny. He's scoop, he's scoop. He's catch plenty fish before Old Man Savarin come.

"'You ain't got 'nuff yet for fishin' on my land, eh? Come out of dat,' Old Man Savarin is say.

"'*Saprie!* Ain' I pay nine shillin' for fish here?' my fader say.

"'*Oui*—you pay nine shillin' for fish here *wisout* my leave. But you ain't pay nothin' for fish here *wis* my leave. You is goin' up before de magistrate some more.'

"So he is fetch my fader up anoder time. An' de magistrate make my fader pay twelve shillin' more!

"'Well, I s'pose I can go fish on my fader's platform now,' my fader is say.

"Old Man Savarin was laugh. 'Your honor, dis man tink he don't have for pay me no rent because you'll make him pay two fines for trespass on my land.'

"So de magistrate told my fader he ain't got no more right for go on his own platform than he was at the start. My fader is ver' angry. He's cry, he's tear his shirt; but Old Man Savarin only say, 'I guess I learn you one good lesson, Narcisse.'

"De whole village ain't told de old rascal how much dey was angry 'bout dat, for Old Man Savarin is got dem all in debt at his big store. He is grin, grin, and told everybody how he learn my fader two good lesson. An' he is told my fader: 'You see what I'll be goin' for do wis you if ever you go on my land again wisout you pay me rent.'

"'How much you want?' my fader say.

"'Half de fish you catch.'

"'*Monjee!* Never!'

"'Five dollar a year, den.'

"'*Saprie*, no. Dat's too much.'

"'All right. Keep off my lan', if you ain't want anoder lesson.'

"'You's a tief,' my fader say.

"'Hermidas, make up Narcisse Laroque bill,' de old rascal say to his clerk. 'If he ain't pay dat bill to-morrow, I sue him.'

"So my fader is scare mos' to death. Only my moder she's say, '*I'll* pay dat bill, me.'

"So she's take the money she's saved up long time for make my weddin' when it come. An' she's paid de bill. So den my fader hain't scare no more, an' he is shake his fist good under Old Man Savarin's ugly nose. But dat old rascal laugh an' say, 'Narcisse, you like to be fined some more, eh?'

"'*Tort Dieu*. You rob me of my place for fish, but I'll take my platform anyhow,' my fader say.

"'Yes, eh? All right—if you can get him wisout go on my land. But you go on my land, and see if I don't learn you anoder lesson,' Old Savarin is say.

"So my fader is rob of his platform, too. Nex' ting we hear, Frawce Seguin has rent dat platform for five dollar a year.

"Den de big fun begin. My fader an' Frawce is cousin. All de time before den dey was good friend. But my fader he is go to Frawce Seguin's place an' he is told him, 'Frawce, I'll goin' lick you so hard you can't nev' scoop on my platform.'

"Frawce only laugh. Den Old Man Savarin come up de hill.

"'Fetch him up to de magistrate an' learn him anoder lesson,' he is say to Frawce.

"'What for?' Frawce say.

"'For try to scare you.'

"'He hain't hurt me none.'

"'But he's say he will lick you.'

"'Dat's only because he's vex,' Frawce say.

"'*Baptême! Non!*' my fader say. 'I'll be goin' for lick you good, Frawce.'

"'For sure?' Frawce say.

"'*Saprie!* Yes; for sure.'

"'Well, dat's all right, den, Narcisse. When you goin' for lick me?'

"'First time I'll get drunk. I'll be goin' for get drunk dis same day.'

"'All right, Narcisse. If you goin' get drunk for lick me, I'll be goin' get drunk for lick you.' *Canadien* hain't nev' fool 'nuff for fight, M'sieu, only if dey is got drunk.

"WELL, DEY'S FIGHT LIKE DAT FOR MORE AS FOUR HOURS."

"Well, my fader he's go on old Marceau's hotel, an' he's drink all day. Frawce Seguin he's go 'cross de road on Joe Maufraud's hotel, an' *he's* drink all day. When de night come, dey's bose stand out in front of de two hotel for fight.

"Dey's bose yell an' yell for make de oder feller scare bad before dey begin. Hermidas Laronde an' Jawnny Leroi dey's hold my fader for fear he's goin' 'cross de road for keel Frawce Seguin dead. Pierre Seguin an' Magloire Sauve is hold Frawce for fear he's come 'cross de road for keel my fader dead. And dose men fight dat way 'cross de road, till dey hain't hardly able for stand up no more.

"My fader he's tear his shirt and he's yell, 'Let me at him!' Frawce he's tear his shirt and he's yell, 'Let me at him!' But de men hain't goin' for let dem loose, for fear one is strike de oder ver' hard. De whole village is shiver 'bout dat offle fight—yes, seh, shiver bad!

"Well, dey's fight like dat for more as four hours, till dey hain't able for yell no more, an' dey hain't got no money left for buy wheeskey for de crowd. Den Marceau and Joe Maufraud tol' dem bose it was a shame for two cousins to fight so bad. An' my fader he's say he's ver' sorry dat he lick Frawce so hard, and dey's bose sorry. So dey's kiss one anoder good—only all their clo'es is tore to pieces.

"An' what you tink 'bout Old Man Savarin? Old Man Savarin is just stand in front of his store all de time, an' he's say: 'I'll tink I'll fetch him *bose* hup to de magistrate, an' I'll learn him *bose* a lesson.'

"Me, I'll be only fifteen, but I hain't scare 'bout dat fight same like my moder is scare. No more is Alphonsine Seguin scare. She's seventeen, an' she wait for de fight to be all over. Den she take her fader home, same like I'll take my fader home for bed. Dat's after twelve o'clock of night.

"Nex' mawny early, my fader he's groaned and he's groaned: 'Ah—ugh—I'm sick, sick, me. I'll he goin' for die dis time, for sure.'

"'You get up an' scoop some fish,' my moder she's say, angry. 'Den you hain't be sick no more.'

"'Ach—ugh—I'll hain't be able. Oh, I'll be so sick. An' I hain' got no place for scoop fish now no more. Frawce Seguin has rob my platform.'

"'Take de nex' one lower down,' my moder she's say.

"'Dat's Jawnny Leroi's.'

"'All right for dat. Jawnny he's hire for run timber to-day.'

"'Ugh—I'll not be able for get up. Send for M'sieu le Curé—I'll be goin' for die for sure.'

"'*Misère*, but dat's no *man!* Dat's a drunk pig,' my moder she's say, angry. 'Sick, eh? Lazy, lazy—dat's so. An' dere hain't no fish for de little chilluns, an' it's Friday mawny.' So my moder she's begin for cry.

"Well, M'sieu, I'll make de rest short; for de sun is all gone now. What you tink I do dat mawny? I take de big scoop-net an' I'll come up here for see if I'll be able for scoop some fish on Jawnny Leroi's platform. Only dere hain't nev' much fish dere.

"Pretty quick I'll look up and I'll see Alphonsine Seguin scoop, scoop on my fader's old platform. Alphonsine's fader is sick, sick, same like my fader, an' all de Seguin boys is too little for scoop, same like my brudders is too little. So dere Alphonsine she's scoop, scoop for breakfas'.

"What you tink I'll see some more? I'll see Old Man Savarin. He's watchin' from de corner of de cedar bush, an' I'll know ver' good what he's watch for. He's watch for catch my fader go on his own platform. He's want for learn my fader anoder lesson. *Saprie!* dat's make me ver' angry, M'sieu!

"Alphonsine she's scoop, scoop plenty fish. I'll not be scoop none. Dat's make me more angry. I'll look up where Alphonsine is, an' I'll talk to myself:

"'Dat's my fader's platform,' I'll be say. 'Dat's my fader's fish what you catch, Alphonsine. You hain't nev' be my cousin no more. It is mean, mean for Frawce Seguin to rent my fader's platform for please dat old rascal Savarin.' Mebby I'll not be so angry at Alphonsine, M'sieu, if I was able for catch some fish; but I hain't able—I don't catch none.

"Well, M'sieu, dat's the way for long time—half-hour mebby. Den I'll hear Alphonsine yell good. I'll look up de river some more. She's try for lift her net. She's try hard, hard, but she hain't able. De net is down in de rapid, an' she's only able for hang on to de hannle. Den I'll know she's got one big sturgeon, an' he's so big she can't pull him up.

"*Monjee!* what I care 'bout dat! I'll laugh me. Den I'll laugh good some more, for I'll want Alphonsine for see how I'll laugh big. And I'll talk to myself:

"'Dat's good for dose Seguins,' I'll say. 'De big sturgeon will pull away de net. Den Alphonsine she will lose her fader's scoop wis de sturgeon. Dat's good 'nuff for dose Seguins! Take my fader's platform, eh?'

"For sure, I'll want for to go an' help Alphonsine all de same—she's my cousin, an' I'll want for see de sturgeon, me. But I'll only just laŭgh, laugh. Non, M'sieu; dere was not one man out on any of de oder platform dat mawny for to help Alphonsine. Dey was all sleep ver' late, for dey was all out ver' late for see de offle fight I told you 'bout.

"Well, pretty quick, what you tink? I'll see Old Man Savarin goin' to my fader's platform. He's take hold for help Alphonsine an' dey's bose pull, and pretty quick de big sturgeon is up on de platform. I'll be more angry as before.

"Oh, *tort Dieu!* What you tink come den? Why, dat Old Man Savarin is want for take de sturgeon!

"First dey hain't speak so I can hear, for de Rapid is too loud. But pretty quick dey's bose angry, and I hear dem talk.

"'Dat's my fish,' Old Man Savarin is say. 'Didn't I save him? Wasn't you goin' for lose him, for sure?'

"Me—I'll laugh good. Dass *such* an old rascal.

"'You get off dis platform, quick!' Alphonsine she's say.

"'Give me my sturgeon,' he's say.

"'Dat's a lie—it hain't your sturgeon. It's *my* sturgeon,' she's yell.

"'I'll learn you one lesson 'bout dat,' he's say.

"Well, M'sieu, Alphonsine she's pull back de fish just when Old Man Savarin is make one grab. An' when she's pull back, she's step to one side, an' de old rascal he is grab at de fish, an' de heft of de sturgeon is make him fall on his face, so he's tumble in de Rapid when Alphonsine let go de sturgeon. So dere's Old Man Savarin floating in de river—and *me!* I'll don' care eef he's drown one bit!

"One time he is on his back, one time he is on his face, one time he is all under de water. For sure he's goin' for be draw into de *culbute* an' get drown' dead, if I'll not be able for scoop him when he's go by my platform. I'll want for laugh, but I'll be too much scare.

"Well, M'sieu, I'll pick up my fader's scoop and I'll stand out on de edge of de platform. De water is run so fast, I'm mos' 'fraid de old man is boun' for pull me in when I'll scoop him. But I'll not mind for dat, I'll throw de scoop an' catch him; an' for sure, he's hold on good.

"So dere's de old rascal in de scoop,

but when I'll get him safe, I hain't able for pull him in one bit. I'll only be able for hold on an' laugh, laugh—he's look *ver'* queer! All I can do is to hold him dere so he can't go down de *culbute*. I'll can't pull him up if I'll want to.

"De old man is scare ver' bad. But pretty quick he's got hold of de cross-bar of de hoop, an' he got his ugly head up good.

"'Pull me in,' he say, ver' angry.

"'I'll hain't be able,' I'll say..

"Jus' den Alphonsine she came 'long, an' she's laugh so she can't hardly hold on wis me to de hannle. I was laugh good some more. When de old villain see us have fun, he's yell: 'I'll learn you bose one lesson for this. Pull me ashore!'

"'Oh! you's learn us bose one lesson, M'sieu Savarin, eh?' Alphonsine she's say. 'Well, den, us bose will learn M'sieu Savarin one lesson first. Pull him up a little,' she's say to me.

"So we pull him up, an' den Alphonsine she's say to me: 'Let out de hannle, quick'—and he's under de water some more. When we stop de net, he's got hees head up pretty quick.

"'LET HIM DOWN SOME MORE!' ALPHONSINE SHE'S SAY."

"'*Monjee!* I'll be drown' if you don't pull me out,' he's mos' *cry*.

"'Ver' well—if you's drown, your family be ver' glad,' Alphonsine she's say. 'Den they's got all your money for spend quick, quick.'

"M'sieu, dat scare him offle. He's begin for cry like one baby.

"'Save me out,' he's say. 'I'll give you anything I've got.'

"'How much?' Alphonsine she's say.

"He's tink, and he's say, 'Quarter dollar.'

"Alphonsine an' me is laugh, laugh.

"'Save me,' he's cry some more. 'I hain't fit for die dis mawny.'

"'You hain't fit for live no mawny,' Alphonsine she's say. 'One quarter dollar, eh? Where's my sturgeon?'

"'He's got away when I fall in,' he's say.

"'How much you goin' give me for lose my big sturgeon?' she's ask.

"'How much you'll want, Alphonsine?'

"'Two dollars.'

"'Dat's too much for one sturgeon,' he's say. For all he was not feel fit for die, he was more 'fraid for pay out his money.

"'Let him down some more,' Alphonsine she's say.

"'Oh, *misère, misère!* I'll pay de two dollare,' he's say when his head come up some more.

"'Ver' well, den,' Alphonsine she's say; 'I'll be willin' for save you, *me*. But you hain't scooped by *me*. You's in Marie's net. I'll only come for help Marie. You's her sturgeon.' An' Alphonsine she's laugh an' laugh.

"'I didn't lose no sturgeon for Marie,' he's say.

"'No, eh?' I'll say myself. 'But you's steal my fader's platform. You's take his fishin' place. You's got him fined two times. You's make my moder pay his bill wis *my* weddin' money. What you goin' pay for all dat? You tink I'll be goin' for mos' kill myself pullin' you out for noting? When you ever do someting for anybody for noting, eh, M'sieu Savarin?'

"'How much do you want?' he's say.

"'Ten dollare for de platform, dat's all.'

"'Never—dat's robbery,' he's say, an' he's begin to cry like *ver'* li'll baby.

"'Pull him hup, Marie, an' give him some more,' Alphonsine she's say.

"But de old rascal is so scare 'bout dat, dat he's say he's pay right off. So we's

pull him up near to de platform, only we hain't big 'nuff fool for let him out of de net till he's take out his purse an' pay de twelve dollare.

"*Monjee*, M'sieu! If ever you see one angry old rascal! He not even stop for say: 'T'ank you for save me from be drown' dead in the *culbute!*' He's run for his house an' he's put on dry clo'es, an' he's go up to de magistrate first ting for learn me an' Alphonsine one big lesson.

"But de magistrate hain't ver' bad magistrate. He's only laugh an' he's say:

"'M'sieu Savarin, de whole river will be laugh at you for let two young girl take eet out of smart man like you like dat. Hain't you tink your life worth twelve dollare? Didn't dey save you from de *culbute? Monjee!* I'll tink de whole river not laugh so ver' bad if you pay dose young girl one hunder dollare for save you so kind.'

"'One hunder dollare!' he's mos' cry. 'Hain't you goin' to learn dose girl one lesson for take advantage of me dat way?'

"'Didn't you pay dose girl yourself? Didn't you took out your purse yourself? Yes, eh? Well, den, I'll goin' for learn you one lesson yourself, M'sieu Savarin,' de magistrate is say. 'Dose two young girl is ver' wicked, eh? Yes, dat's so. But for why? Hain't dey just do to you what you been doin' ever since you was in beesness? Don't I know? You hain' never yet got advantage of nobody wisout you rob him all you can, an' dose wicked young girl only act just like you give dem a lesson all your life.'"

NOTE.—This story is reprinted by special permission from "Old Man Savarin and Other Stories," by Edward William Thomson; Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York and Boston, publishers.

LINCOLN'S IMPORTANT LAW CASES.

BY IDA M. TARBELL.

LINCOLN'S DEFENCE OF A SLAVE GIRL.—A FIVE THOUSAND DOLLAR FEE.—THE McCORMICK PATENT CASE, AND LINCOLN'S FIRST MEETING WITH STANTON.—THE ARMSTRONG MURDER CASE AND THE ALMANAC.—THE ROCK ISLAND BRIDGE CASE.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S place in the legal circle of Illinois has never been clearly defined. The ordinary impression is that, though he was a faithful and trusted lawyer, he never rose to the first rank of his profession. This idea has come from imperfect information concerning his legal career. An examination of the reports of the Illinois Supreme Court from 1840, when he tried his first case before that body, to 1861, when he gave up his profession to become President of the United States, shows that in this period of twenty years, broken as it was, from 1847 to 1849, by a term in Congress, and interrupted constantly, from 1854 to 1860, by his labors in opposition to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, Lincoln was engaged in nearly one hundred cases before that court, some of them of great importance. This fact alone shows him to have been one of the leading lawyers of his day. Between ninety and one hundred cases before the Supreme Court of the State in twenty years is a record surpassed by but few lawyers. It was exceeded by none of Lincoln's Illinois contemporaries.

Among the cases in which he was prominent and of which we have reports, there are several of dramatic import, viewing them, as we can now, in connection with his later life. One of the first in which he appeared before the Illinois Supreme Court involved the freedom of a negro girl called Nance. In spite of the fact that Illinois had been free since its admission as a State, many traces of slavery were still observable, particularly in the southern and central parts of the State. Among the scattered slaveholders was one Nathan Cromwell of Tazewell County, who for some years had in his service a negro girl, Nance. He claimed that Nance was bound to him by indenture, and that he had the right to sell her as any other property, a right he succeeded finally in exercising. One of his neighbors, Baily by name, bought the girl; but the purchase was conditional: Baily was to pay

for his property only when he received from Cromwell title papers showing that Nance was bound to serve under the laws of the State. These papers Cromwell failed to produce before his death. Later his heirs sued Baily for the purchase price. Baily employed Lincoln to defend him. The case was tried in September, 1839, and decided against Baily. Then in July, 1841, it was tried again, before the Supreme Court of the State. Lincoln proved that Nance had lived for several years in the State, that she was over tweny-one years of age, that she had declared herself to be free, and that she had even purchased goods on her own account. The list of authorities he used in the trial to prove that Nance could not be held in bondage shows that he was already familiar with both Federal and State legislation on the slavery question up to that date. He went back to the Ordinance of 1787, to show that slavery was forbidden in the Northwest Territory; he recalled the constitution that had made the State free in 1818; he showed that by the law of nations no person can be sold in a free State. His argument convinced the court; the judgment of the lower court was overruled, and Nance was free.

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL CASE.

After Lincoln's return from Congress in 1849, he was engaged in some of the most important cases of the day. One of these was a contest between the Illinois Central Railroad, at that time building, and McLean County, Illinois. This road had been exempted by the legislature from all State taxation on condition that it pay perpetually into the State treasury seven per cent. of its annual gross earnings. When the line was laid in McLean County the county authorities declared that the State legislature could not excuse the railroad company from paying county taxes; accordingly the company's property was assessed and a tax levied. If this claim of the county could be sustained, it was certain to kill the railroad; and great preparations were made for the defence. The solicitor of the Illinois Central at that time was General Mason Brayman, who retained Lincoln. The case was tried at Bloomington, before the Supreme Court, and, largely through the efforts of Lincoln, was won for the road. According to Herndon, Lincoln charged for his services a fee of two thousand dollars. Going to Chicago he presented his bill. "Why," said the officer to whom he applied, "this is as much as a first-class lawyer would have charged." *

Stung by the ungrateful speech, Lincoln withdrew the bill, left the office, and at the first opportunity submitted the matter to his friends. Five thousand dollars, they all agreed, was a moderate fee, considering what he had done for the road, and six leading lawyers of the State signed a paper in which they declared that such a charge would not be "unreasonable." Lincoln then sued the road for that amount, and won his case. "He gave me my half," says Herndon; "and as much as we deprecated the avarice of great corporations, we both thanked the Lord for letting the Illinois Central Railroad fall into our hands."

The current version of this story names General George B. McClellan as the testy official who snubbed Lincoln when he presented the bill. This could not have been. The incident occurred in 1855; that year Captain McClellan spent in the Crimea, as one of a commission of three sent abroad to study the European military service as displayed in the Crimean War. It was not until January, 1857, that McClellan resigned his commission in the United States Army to become the chief engineer, and afterwards vice-president, of the Illinois Central Railroad. It was when an officer of the Illinois Central, however, that McClellan first met Lincoln. "Long before the war," he says, in "McClellan's Own Story," "when vice-president of the Illinois Central Railroad, I knew Mr. Lincoln, for he was one of the counsel of the company. More than once I have been with him in out-of-the-way county-seats, where some important case was being tried, and, in the lack of sleeping accommodations, have spent the night in front of a stove, listening to the unceasing flow of anecdotes from his lips. He was never at a loss, and I could never quite make up my mind how many of them he had really heard before, and how many he invented on the spur of the moment. His stories were seldom refined, but were always to the point."

LINCOLN'S FIRST MEETING WITH STANTON. —THE McCORMICK PATENT CASE.

It was through his legal practice that Lincoln first met still another man who

* "Why, sir, this is as much as Daniel Webster himself would have charged. We cannot allow such a claim," is Mr. Herndon's version of the remark.

was to sustain a relation of the greatest importance to him in the war. This man was Edwin M. Stanton. The meeting occurred in Cincinnati in 1855, in connection with a patent case which is famous in the legal history of the country, and in which both Lincoln and Stanton had been retained as counsel. So much that is false has been written of this meeting, that a full and exact statement of the circumstances has been obtained for this series of articles from Mr. George Harding of Philadelphia, the only one of either judges or counsel in the case now living. Mr. Harding says:

"Cyrus H. McCormick owned reaping-machine patents granted in 1845 and 1847, upon which he sued John M. Manny and Co. of Rockford, Illinois. Mr. Manny had obtained patents also. Manny and Co. were large manufacturers of reaping machines under Manny's patents. McCormick contended that his patents were valid and secured to him a virtual monopoly of all practical reaping machines as constructed at that date. If McCormick had been successful in his contention, Manny would have been enjoined, his factory stopped, and a claim of four hundred thousand dollars damages demanded from his firm. McCormick's income from that monopoly would have been vastly increased. Hence the suit was very important to all parties and to the farming public. The plaintiff McCormick had retained Mr. E. N. Dickerson and Reverdy Johnson. The former was entrusted with the preparation of the plaintiff's case and the argument before the court on the mechanics of the case. Mr. P. H. Watson, who had procured Manny's patents, was given by Manny the entire control of the defendant's case. He employed Mr. George Harding to prepare the defence for Manny, and to argue the mechanics of the case before the court. In those times it was deemed important in patent cases to employ associate counsel not specially familiar with mechanical questions, but of high standing in the general practice of the law, and of recognized forensic ability. If such counsel represented the defendant he urged upon the court the importance of treating the patentee as a quasi-monopolist, whose claims should be limited to the precise mechanical contributions which he had made to the art; while, on the other hand, the plaintiff's forensic counsel was expected to dwell upon the privations and labor of the patentee, and insist on a very liberal view of his claims, and to hold that defendants who had appropriated any of his ideas should be treated as pirates. The necessity of the forensic contribution in the argument of patent cases is not now recognized.

"McCormick had selected Mr. Reverdy Johnson for the forensic part of his case. Mr. Watson was in doubt as to whom to select to perform this duty for the defendants. At the suggestion of Mr. Manny, Mr. Watson wrote to Mr. Lincoln, sending to him a retainer of five hundred dollars, and requesting him to read the testimony, which was sent to him from time to time as taken, so that if Mr. Watson afterward concluded to have him argue the case he would be prepared. Mr. Harding had urged the employment of Mr. Stanton, who was personally known to him, and who then resided at Pittsburg.

"With a view to determining finally who should argue the forensic part of Manny's case, Mr. Watson personally visited Springfield and conferred with Mr. Lincoln. On his way back from Springfield he called upon Mr. Stanton at Pittsburg, and, after a conference, retained Mr. Stanton, and informed him distinctly that he was to make the closing argument in the case. Nevertheless Mr. Lincoln was sent copies of the testimony; he studied the testimony, and was paid for so doing, the same as Mr. Stanton. Mr. Watson considered that it would be prudent for Mr. Lincoln to be prepared, in case of Mr. Stanton's inability, for any cause, to argue the case; so that, at the outset, Mr. Stanton was selected by Mr. Manny's direct representative to perform this duty.

"When all the parties and counsel met at Cincinnati, Mr. Lincoln was first definitely informed by Mr. Watson of his determination that Mr. Stanton was to close the case for defendants. Mr. Lincoln was evidently disappointed at Mr. Watson's decision. Mr. Lincoln had written out his argument in full. He was anxious to meet Mr. Reverdy Johnson in forensic contest. The case was important as to the amount in dispute, and of widespread interest to farmers. Mr. Lincoln's feelings were embittered, moreover, because the plaintiff's counsel subsequently, in open court, of their own motion, stated that they perceived that there were three counsel present for defendant, and that plaintiff had only two counsel present; but they were willing to allow all three of defendant's counsel to speak, provided Mr. Dickerson, who had charge of the mechanical part of McCormick's case, were

permitted to make two arguments, besides Mr. Johnson's argument. Mr. Watson, who had charge of defendant's case, declined this offer, because the case ultimately depended upon mechanical questions; and he thought that if Mr. Dickerson were allowed to open the mechanical part of the case, and then make a subsequent argument on the mechanics, the temptation would be great to make an insufficient or misleading mechanical opening of the case at first, and, after Mr. Harding had replied thereto, to make a fuller or different mechanical presentation, which could not be replied to by Mr. Harding. It was conceded that neither Mr. Lincoln nor Mr. Stanton was prepared to handle the mechanics of the case either in opening or reply. In view of these facts, Mr. Watson decided that only two arguments would be made for Manny, and that Mr. Harding would open the case for defendant on the mechanical part, and Mr. Stanton would close on the general propositions of law applicable to the case. Mr. Stanton said in court that personally he had no desire to speak, but he agreed with Mr. Watson that only two arguments should be made for defendants whether he spoke or not. Mr. Lincoln, knowing Mr. Watson's wishes, insisted that Mr. Stanton should make the closing argument, and that he would not himself speak. Mr. Stanton accepted the position, and did speak, because he knew that such was the expressed wish and direction of Mr. Watson, who controlled the conduct of defendant's case.

"Mr. Lincoln kindly and gracefully, but regretfully, accepted the situation. He attended, and exhibited much interest in the case as it proceeded. He sent to Mr. Harding the written argument which he had prepared, that he might have the benefit of it before he made his opening argument; but requested Mr. Harding not to show it to Mr. Stanton. The chagrin of Mr. Lincoln at not speaking continued, however, and he felt that Mr. Stanton should have insisted on his, Mr. Lincoln's, speaking also; while Mr. Stanton merely carried out the positive direction of his client that there should be only two arguments for defendant, and that he, Mr. Stanton, should close the case, and Mr. Harding should open the case. Mr. Lincoln expressed to Mr. Harding satisfaction at the manner in which the mechanical part of the case had been presented by him, and after Mr. Lincoln had been elected President, he showed his recollection of it by tendering Mr. Harding, of his own motion, a high position.

"In regard to the personal treatment of Mr. Lincoln while in attendance at Cincinnati, it is to be borne in mind that Mr. Lincoln was known to hardly any one in Cincinnati at that date, and that Mr. Stanton was probably not impressed with the appearance of Mr. Lincoln. It is true there was no personal intimacy formed between them while at Cincinnati. Mr. Lincoln was disappointed and unhappy while in Cincinnati, and undoubtedly did not receive the attention which he should have received. Mr. Lincoln felt all this, and particularly, but unjustly, reflected upon Mr. Stanton as the main cause. When Mr. Lincoln was nominated for President, Mr. Stanton, like many others in the country, sincerely doubted whether Mr. Lincoln was equal to the tremendous responsibility which he was to be called upon to assume as President. This is to be borne in mind, in view of events subsequent to the case at Cincinnati. Mr. Stanton never called upon Mr. Lincoln after he came to Washington as President. Mr. Lincoln in alluding to Mr. Stanton (both before and after his election as President) did not attempt to conceal his unkind feeling towards him, which had its origin at Cincinnati. This feeling did not undergo a change until after he met Mr. Stanton as Secretary of War.

"The occurrences narrated show how one great man may underrate his fellow man. Mr. Stanton saw at Cincinnati in Mr. Lincoln only his gaunt, rugged features, his awkward dress and carriage, and heard only his rural jokes; but Stanton lived to perceive in those rugged lineaments only expressions of nobility and loveliness of character, and to hear from his lips only wisdom, prudence, and courage, couched in language unsurpassed in literature. But above all they show the nobility of Mr. Lincoln's character in forgetting all unkind personal feeling engendered at Cincinnati towards Mr. Stanton, and subsequently appointing him his Secretary of War.

"The above was narrated by Mr. Harding for the main purpose of correcting the popular impression that Mr. Stanton, of his own motion, rode over and displaced Mr. Lincoln in the case at Cincinnati; for the truth is that Mr. Stanton, in the course he pursued, was directed by his clients' representative, Mr. Watson, who believed that he was serving the best interests of his clients."

Lincoln was first suggested to Mr. Manny as counsel in this case by a younger mem-

ber of the firm, Mr. Ralph Emerson, who is still living at Rockford, Illinois. Mr. Emerson, as a student of law, had been thrown much into company with Mr. Lincoln, and had learned to respect his judgment and ability. Indeed, it was Lincoln who was instrumental in deciding him to abandon the law. The young man had seen much in the practice of his chosen profession which seemed to him unjust, and he had begun to feel that the law was incompatible with his ideals. One evening, after a particularly trying day in court, he walked out with Lincoln. Suddenly turning to his companion, he said, "Mr. Lincoln, I want to ask you a question. Is it possible for a man to practise law and always do by others as he would be done by?" Lincoln's head dropped on his breast, and he walked in silence for a long way; then he heaved a heavy sigh. When he finally spoke, it was of a foreign matter. "I had my answer," said Mr. Emerson, "and that walk turned the course of my life."

During the trial at Cincinnati, Lincoln and Mr. Emerson were thrown much together, and Mr. Emerson's recollections are particularly interesting. "As I was the sole intimate friend of Mr. Lincoln in the case," he says, "when it was decided that he should not take part in the argument, he invited me to his room to express his bitter disappointment; and it was with difficulty that I persuaded him to remain as counsel during the hearing. We generally spent the afternoons together. The hearing had hardly progressed two days before Mr. Lincoln expressed to me his satisfaction that he was not to take part in the argument. So many and so deep were the questions involved that he realized he had not given the subject sufficient study to have done himself justice.

"The court-room, which during the first day or two was well filled, greatly thinned out as the argument proceeded day after day. But as the crowd diminished, Mr. Lincoln's interest in the case increased. He appeared entirely to forget himself, and at times, rising from his chair, walked back and forth in the open space of the court-room, as though he were in his own office, pausing to listen intently as one point after another was clearly made out in our favor. He manifested such delight in countenance and unconscious action that its effect on the judges, one of whom at least already highly respected him, was evidently stronger than any set speech of his could possibly have been. The impression produced on the judges was evidently that Mr. Lincoln was thoroughly convinced of the justice of our side, and anxious that we should prevail, not merely on account of his interest in his clients, but because he thought our case was just and should triumph.

"The final summing up on our side was by Mr. Stanton; and though he took but about three hours in its delivery, he had devoted as many, if not more, weeks to its preparation. It was very able, and Mr. Lincoln was throughout the whole of it a rapt listener. Mr. Stanton closed his speech in a flight of impassioned eloquence. Then the court adjourned for the day, and Mr. Lincoln invited me to take a long walk with him. For block after block he walked rapidly forward, not saying a word, evidently deeply dejected.

"At last he turned suddenly to me, exclaiming, 'Emerson, I am going home.' A pause. 'I am going home to study law.'

"'Why,' I exclaimed, 'Mr. Lincoln, you stand at the head of the bar in Illinois now! What are you talking about?'

"'Ah, yes,' he said, 'I do occupy a good position there, and I think that I can get along with the way things are done there now. But these college-trained men, who have devoted their whole lives to study, are coming West, don't you see? And they study their cases as we never do. They have got as far as Cincinnati now. They will soon be in Illinois.' Another long pause; then stopping and turning toward me, his countenance suddenly assuming that look of strong determination which those who knew him best sometimes saw upon his face, he exclaimed, 'I am going home to study law! I am as good as any of them, and when they get out to Illinois I will be ready for them.'"*

LINCOLN'S PROFESSIONAL FEES.

The fee which Lincoln received in the McCormick case, including the retainer, which was five hundred dollars—the largest retainer ever received by Lincoln—amounted to nearly two thousand dollars. Except the sum paid him by the Illinois Central Railroad, it was probably the largest fee he ever received. The two sums came to him about the same time, and undoubtedly helped to tide over the rather unfruitful period, from a financial standpoint, which followed—the period of his contest with Douglas for the Senate. Lincoln never made money. From 1850 to

* Unpublished manuscript from private papers of Mr. Ralph Emerson.

1860 his income averaged from two thousand to three thousand dollars a year. In the forties it was considerably less. The fee-book of Lincoln and Herndon for 1847 shows total earnings of only fifteen hundred dollars. The largest fee entered was one of one hundred dollars. There are several of fifty dollars, a number of twenty, more of ten, still more of five, and a few of three dollars.*

If a fee was not paid, Lincoln did not believe in suing for it. Mr. Herndon says that he would consent to be swindled before he would contest a fee. The case of the Illinois Central Railroad, however, was an exception to this rule. He was careless in accounts, never entering anything on the book. When a fee was paid to him, he simply divided the money into two parts, one of which he put into his pocket, and the other into an envelope which he labelled "Herndon's half." Lincoln's whole theory of the conduct of a lawyer in regard to money is summed up in the "notes" for a law lecture which he left among his papers:

"The matter of fees is important, far beyond the question of mere bread and butter involved. Properly attended to, fuller justice is done to both lawyer and client. An exorbitant fee should never be claimed. As a general rule never take your whole fee in advance, nor any more than a small retainer. When fully paid beforehand, you are more than a common mortal if you can feel the same interest in the case as if something was still in prospect for you as well as for your client. And when you lack interest in the case, the job will very likely lack skill and diligence in the performance. Settle the amount of fee and take a note in advance. Then you will feel that you are working for something, and you are sure to do your work faithfully and well. Never sell a fee note—at least not before the consideration service is performed. It leads to negligence and dishonesty—negligence, by losing interest in the case; and dishonesty, in refusing to refund when you have allowed the consideration to fail."

If a client was poor, and Lincoln's sympathies were aroused, he not infrequently refused pay. There are a few well authenticated cases of his offering his services to those whom he believed he could help, stipulating when he did it that he would make no charge. The best known example of this is the Armstrong murder case.

THE ARMSTRONG MURDER CASE.

William, or "Duff" Armstrong, as he was generally called, was the son of Lincoln's New Salem friends, Jack and Hannah Armstrong. In August, 1857, Duff and a number of his mates had joined a crowd of ruffians who had gathered on the outskirts of a camp-meeting held near Havana, in Macon County. He had drunk heavily for some days, and, finally, in a broil on the night of August 29, had beaten a comrade, one Metzker, who had provoked him to a fight. That same night Metzker was hit with an ox-yoke by another drunken reveller, Norris by name. Three days later he died. Both Armstrong and Norris were arrested. Marks of two blows were on the victim, either of which might have killed him. That Norris had dealt one was proved. Did Armstrong deal the other? He claimed he had used nothing but his fists in the broil; but both the marks on Metzker were such as must have been made by some instrument. The theory was developed that one blow was from a slung-shot used by Armstrong, and that he and Norris had acted in concert, deliberately planning to murder Metzker. Outraged by the cruelty of the deed, the whole countryside demanded the punishment of the prisoners. Just at the time that Armstrong was thrown into prison his father died, his last charge to his wife Hannah being, "Sell everything you have and clear Duff." True to her trust, Hannah engaged two lawyers of Havana, both of whom are still living, to defend her boy. Anxious lest the violence of public feeling should injure Duff's chances, the lawyers secured a change of venue to Cass County, their client remaining in prison until spring. Norris, in the meantime, was convicted, and sentenced to eight years in the penitentiary.

When the lawyers and witnesses assembled in Beardstown in May, 1858, for Armstrong's trial, it happened that Lincoln was attending court in the town. At that moment he was, after Stephen A. Douglas, the most conspicuous man in Illinois. His future course in politics was a source of interest in the East as well as the West. The coming contest with Douglas for the senatorship—for it was already probable that he would be the candidate in the convention which was only a month away—

* The volume quoted here is owned by the Hon. Samuel W. Pennypacker, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, Philadelphia. On the cover of the book, in Herndon's writing, is "Day Book of Lincoln and Herndon, 1847;" on the inside of the cover, also in Herndon's writing, is "Lincoln and Herndon's Fee Book of 1847."

was causing him intense anxiety. Yet occupied as he was with his profession, and harassed by the critical political situation, he did not hesitate an instant when Hannah Armstrong came to him for advice. Going to her lawyers, he said he should like to assist them. They, of course, were glad of his aid, and he at once took the case in hand. His first care was the selection of a jury. Not knowing the neighborhood well, he could not discriminate closely as to individuals; but he took pains, as far as he could control the choice, to have only young men chosen, believing that they would be more favorable to the prisoner. A surviving witness in the case estimates that the average age of the jury was not over twenty-three years.

The jury empanelled, the examination of witnesses seems to have been conducted on behalf of the defence chiefly by Lincoln. Many of the witnesses bore familiar names. Some were sons of "Clary's Grove Boys," and Lincoln had known their fathers. "The witnesses were kept out of the court-room until called to testify," says William A. Douglas. "I happened to be the first witness called, and so heard the whole trial. When William Killian was called to the stand, Lincoln asked him his name.

"'William Killian,' was the reply.

"'Bill Killian,' Lincoln repeated in a familiar way; 'tell me, are you a son of old Jake Killian?'

"'Yes, sir,' answered the witness.

"'Well,' said Lincoln, somewhat aside, 'you are a smart boy if you take after your dad.'"

As the trial developed it became evident that there could have been no collusion between Armstrong and Norris, but there was strong evidence that Armstrong had used a slung-shot. The most damaging evidence was that of one Allen, who swore that he had seen Armstrong strike Metzker about ten or eleven o'clock in the evening. When asked how he could see, he answered that the moon shone brightly. Under Lincoln's questioning he repeated the statement until it was impossible that the jury should forget it. With Allen's testimony unimpeached, conviction seemed certain.

Lincoln's address to the jury was full of genuine pathos. It was not as a hired attorney that he was there, he said, but to discharge a debt of friendship. "Uncle Abe," says Duff Armstrong himself, "did his best talking when he told the jury what true friends my father and mother had been to him in the early days. . . . He told how he used to go out to 'Jack' Armstrong's and stay for days; how kind mother was to him; and how, many a time, he had rocked me to sleep in the old cradle."

But Lincoln was not relying on sympathy alone to win his case. In closing he reviewed the evidence, showing that all depended on Allen's testimony, and this he said he could prove to be false. Allen never saw Armstrong strike Metzker by the light of the moon, for at the hour when he said he saw the fight, between ten and eleven o'clock, the moon was not in the heavens. Then producing an almanac, he passed it to the judge and jury. The moon, which was on that night only in its first quarter, had set before midnight. This unexpected overthrow of the testimony by which Lincoln had taken care that the jury should be most deeply impressed, threw them into confusion. There was a complete change of feeling. Lincoln saw it; and as he finished his address, and the jury left the room, turning to the boy's mother, he said, "Aunt Hannah, your son will be free before sundown."

Lincoln had not misread his jury. Duff Armstrong was discharged as not guilty.

There has long been a story current that the dramatic introduction of the almanac, by which certainly the audience and jury were won, was a pure piece of trickery on Lincoln's part; that the almanac was not one of 1857, but of 1853, in which the figure three had been changed throughout to seven. The best reply to this charge of forgery is the very evident one that it was utterly unnecessary. The almanac for August, 1857, shows that the moon was exactly in the position where it served Lincoln's client's interests best. He did not need to forge an almanac, the one of the period being all that he could want.

THE HARRISON CASE.

Another murder case in which Lincoln defended the accused occurred in August, 1860, three months after his nomination to the Presidency, and when he was one of the most conspicuous men in the country. The victim was a student in his own law office, Greek Crafton. The murderer, Peachy Harrison, was the grandson of Lincoln's old political antagonist, Peter Cartwright. Both young men were connected with the best families of the county; the brother of one was married to the sister of the other; they had been life-long friends. In an altercation upon some po-

litical question hot words were exchanged, and Harrison, beside himself, stabbed Crafton, who three days later died from the wound. The best known lawyers of the State were engaged for the case. Senator John M. Palmer and General A. McClernand were on the side of the prosecution. Among those who represented the defendant were Lincoln, Herndon, Logan, and Senator Shelby M. Cullom. The tragic pathos of a case which involved, as this did, the deepest affections of almost an entire community, reached its climax in the appearance in court of the venerable Peter Cartwright. No face in Illinois was better known than his, no life had been spent in a more relentless attack on evil. Eccentric and aggressive as he was, he was honored far and wide; and when he arose in the witness stand, his white hair crowned with this cruel sorrow, the most indifferent spectator felt that his examination would be unbearable. It fell to Lincoln to question Cartwright. With the rarest gentleness he began to put his questions.

"How long have you known the prisoner?"

Cartwright's head dropped on his breast for a moment; then straightening himself, he passed his hand across his eyes and answered in a deep, quavering voice:

"I have known him since, a babe, he laughed and cried on my knee."

The examination ended by Lincoln drawing from the witness the story of how Crafton had said to him, just before his death: "I am dying; I will soon part with all I love on earth, and I want you to say to my slayer that I forgive him. I want to leave this earth with a forgiveness of all who have in any way injured me."

This examination made a profound impression on the jury. Lincoln closed his argument by picturing the scene anew, appealing to the jury to practise the same forgiving spirit that the murdered man had shown on his death-bed. It was undoubtedly to his handling of the grandfather's evidence that Harrison's acquittal was due.*

THE ROCK ISLAND BRIDGE CASE.

A class of legal work which Lincoln enjoyed particularly was that in which mathematical or mechanical problems were involved. He never lost interest in his youthful pot-boiling profession of surveying, and would go out himself to make sure of boundaries if a client's case required particular investigation. Indeed, he was generally recognized by his fellow lawyers as an authority in surveying, and as late as 1859 his opinion on a disputed question was sought by a convention of surveyors who had met in Springfield.* One of the most interesting cases involving mechanical problems which Lincoln ever argued was that of the Rock Island Bridge. It was not, however, the calculations he used which made it striking. The case was a dramatic episode in the war long waged by the Mississippi against the plains beyond. For decades the river had been the willing burden-bearer of the West. Now, however, the railroad had come. The Rock Island Road had even dared to bridge the stream to carry away the traffic which the river claimed.

In May, 1856, a steamboat struck one of the piers of the bridge, and was wrecked and burned. One pier of the bridge was also destroyed. The boat owners sued the railroad company. The suit was the beginning of the long and violent struggle for commercial supremacy between St. Louis and Chicago. In Chicago it was commonly believed that the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce had bribed the captain of the boat to run upon the pier; and it was said that later, when the bridge itself was burned, the steamers gathered near and whistled for joy. The case was felt to involve the future course of Western commerce; and when it was called in September, 1857, at Chicago, people crowded there from all over the West. Norman B. Judd, afterwards so prominent in the politics of the State, was the attorney of the road, and he engaged Lincoln, among others, as counsel. Lincoln made an address to the jury which those who remember it declare to have been one of his strongest legal arguments. "The two points relied upon by the opponents of the bridge," says Judge Blodgett of Chicago,† "were:

"First. That the river was the great waterway for the commerce of the valley, and could not legally be obstructed by a bridge.

"Second. That this particular bridge was so located with reference to the channel of the river at that point as to make it a peril to all water craft navigating the

* Information on the Harrison case was obtained from Mr. W. T. S. Kidd of Springfield, Illinois, crier of the court at the time of the trial.

* A facsimile of the opinion given by Lincoln at this time is published in McClure's "Early Life of Abraham Lincoln," p. 216.

† Private letter from Judge Blodgett, quoted by permission.

river and an unnecessary obstruction to navigation.

"The first proposition had not at that time been directly passed upon by the Supreme Court of the United States, although the Wheeling Bridge case involved the question; but the court had evaded a decision upon it, by holding that the Wheeling Bridge was so low as to be an unnecessary obstruction to the use of the river by steamboats. The discussion of the first proposition on the part of the bridge company devolved mainly upon Mr. Abraham Lincoln.

"I listened with much interest to his argument on this point, and while I was not impressed by it as a specially eloquent effort (as the word eloquent is generally understood), I have always considered it as one of the ablest efforts I ever heard from Mr. Lincoln at the bar. His illustrations were apt and forcible, his statements clear and logical, and his reasons in favor of the policy (and necessarily the right) to bridge the river, and thereby encourage the settlement and building up of the vast area of fertile country to the west of it, were broad and statesmanlike.

"The pith of his argument was in his statement that *one man had as good a right to cross a river as another had to sail up or down it;* that these were equal and mutual rights which must be exercised so as not to interfere with each other, like the right to cross a street or highway and the right to pass along it. From this undeniable right to cross the river he then proceeded to discuss the means for crossing. Must it always be by canoe or ferryboat? Must the products of all the boundless fertile country lying west of the river for all time be compelled to stop on its western bank, be unloaded from the cars and loaded upon a boat, and after the transit across the river, be reloaded into cars on the other side, to continue their journey east? In this connection he drew a vivid picture of the future of the great West lying beyond the river, and argued that the necessities of commerce demanded that bridges across the river be a conceded right, which the steamboat interests ought not to be allowed to successfully resist, and thereby stay the progress of development and civilization in the region to the west.

"While I cannot recall a word or sentence of the argument, I well remember its effect on all who listened to it, and the decision of the court fully sustained the right to bridge so long as it did not unnecessarily obstruct navigation."

As all the papers in regard to the trial, so far as we have been able to learn, were burned in the Chicago fire of 1871, a search for a newspaper report of this address, of which Judge Blodgett speaks so appreciatively, was made for this magazine through the files of the Chicago papers of the period. It was found that the speech was reported by Congressman Hitt of Illinois, at that time court stenographer, and published on September 24, 1857, in the Chicago "Daily Press," afterwards united with the "Tribune."

The report is exceedingly interesting, with many characteristic passages, but is too long to quote here. The first part of the speech is devoted to the points Judge Blodgett outlines above; the second part is given to a careful explanation of the currents of the Mississippi at the point where the bridge crossed. Lincoln succeeded in showing that had the pilot of the boat been as familiar as he ought to have been with the river, he could easily have prevented the accident. His argument was full of nice mathematical calculations clearly put, and was marked by perfect candor. Indeed, the honesty with which he admitted the points made by the opposite counsel caused considerable alarm to some of his associates. Mrs. Norman B. Judd (Mr. Judd was the attorney of the road) says that Mr. Joseph B. Knox, who was also engaged with Mr. Lincoln in the defence, dined at her house the day that Lincoln made his speech. "He sat down at the dinner table in great excitement," writes Mrs. Judd, "saying, 'Lincoln has lost the case for us. The admissions he made in regard to the currents in the Mississippi at Rock Island and Moline will convince the court that a bridge at that point will always be a serious and constant detriment to navigation on the river.' 'Wait until you hear the conclusion of his speech,' replied Mr. Judd; 'you will find his admission is a strong point instead of a weak one, and on it he will found a strong argument that will satisfy you.'" * And as it proved, Mr. Judd was right.

The few cases briefly outlined here show something of the range of Lincoln's legal work. They show that not only his friends like Hannah Armstrong believed in his power with a jury, but that great corporations like the Illinois Central Railroad were willing to trust their affairs in his hands; that he was not only a "jury law-

* Private letter from Mrs. Norman B. Judd, quoted by permission.

yer," as has been often stated, but trusted when it came to questions of law pure and simple. If this study of his cases were continued, it would only be to accumulate evidence on the claim made at the opening of the article, that Lincoln was considered by his contemporaries as one of the best lawyers of Illinois.

It is worth notice, too, that he made his reputation as a lawyer and tried his greatest cases *before* his debate with Douglas gave him a national reputation. It was in 1855 that the Illinois Central engaged him first as counsel; in 1855 that he went to Cincinnati on the McCormick case; in 1857 that he tried the Rock Island Bridge case. Thus his place was won purely on his legal ability unaided by official prestige. His success came, too, in middle life. Lincoln was forty years old in 1849, when he abandoned politics definitely, as he thought, for the law. He tried his greatest cases when he was from forty-five to forty-eight.

HEARTS UNFORTIFIED.

By Annie Eliot,

Author of "White Birches" and other stories.

THE observation train wound its way in clumsy writhings along the bank of the river, upon which the afternoon light fell in modified brilliancy as the west kindled towards the sunset. But if the sheen and sparkle of the earlier day had passed into something more subdued and less exhilarating, the difference was made up in the shifting action and color that moved and glowed and flashed on, above, and beside the soft clearness of the stream. The sunlight caught the turn of the wet oars and outlined the brown, muscular backs of the young athletes who were pulling the narrow shells.

The Yale blue spread itself in blocks and patches along the train, and the Harvard crimson burned in vivid stretches by its side, and all the blue and crimson seemed instinct with animation as they floated, quivered, and waved in the thrilled interest of hundreds of men and women who followed with eager eyes the knife-blades of boats cleaving the water in a quick, silent ripple of foam. The crowd of launches, tugs, yachts, and steamers pushed up the river, keeping their distance with difficulty, and from them as well as from the banks sounded the fluctuating yet unbroken cheers of encouragement and exhortation,

rising and falling in rhythmic measure, guided by public-spirited enthusiasts, or breaking out in purely individual tribute to the grand chorus of partisanship. It had been a close start, and the furor of excitement had spent itself, somewhat, during the first seconds, and now made itself felt more like the quick heart-beats of restrained emotion as the issue seemed to grow less doubtful, though reaching now and then climaxes of renewed expression.

"Alas for advancing age!" sighed a woman into the ear of her neighbor, as their eyes followed the crews, but without that fevered intensity which marked some other glances.

"By all means," he answered. "But why, particularly, just now? I was beginning to fancy myself young under the stress of present circumstance."

"Because even if one continues to keep one's emotions creditably—effervescent—one loses early the single-minded glow of contest."

"A single-minded glow is a thing that should be retained even at considerable cost."

"And what is worse yet, one grows critical about language," she continued calmly, "and gives free rein to a naturally unpleasant disposition under cover of a refined and sensitive taste."

Ellis Arnold smiled tolerantly.

"They are pretty sure to keep their lead now," he said. "The other boat is more than a length behind, and losing. They are not pulling badly, either," he added. "You were saying?" and he turned towards her for the first time since the start.

She was a handsome blonde-haired woman, perfectly dressed, with the seal of distinction set upon features, figure, and expression.

"That was what I was saying," she replied, "that the ones that are behind are not pulling badly."

"More sphinx-like than ever," he murmured. "I perceive that you speak in parables."

Miss Normaine laughed a little. The conversation was decidedly intermittent. They dropped it entirely at times, and then took it up as if there had been no pause. It was after a brief silence that she went on: "But you and I can see both boats—the success, and the disappointment too. And we can't, for the life of us, help feeling that it's hard on those who have put forth all their strength for defeat."

"But it isn't as bad as if it was our boat that was behind," he said sensibly.

"Oh, no, of course not. But I maintain that it injures the *fine fleur* of enjoyment to remember that there are two participants in a contest."

"I suppose it is useless to expect you to be logical—"

"Quite. I know enough to be entirely sure I'd rather be picturesque."

"But let me assure you, that in desiring that there should be but one participant in a contest, you are striking at the very root of all successful athletic exhibitions."

She shrugged her shoulders a little.

"Oh, well, if you like to air your powers of irony at the expense of such painful literalness!"

"The exuberance of my style has been pruned down to literalness by the relentless shears of a cold world. With you—of course,"—but he was interrupted by the shouts of the crowd, as the winning boat neared the goal. The former enthusiasm had been the soft breathings of approval compared to this outbreak of the victorious. Flags, hats, handkerchiefs rose in the air, and the university cheer echoed, re-echoed, and began again.

Arnold cheered, also, with an energy not to be deduced from his hitherto calm exterior, standing up on the seat and shouting with undivided attention; and Miss Normaine waved her silk handkerchief and laughed in response to the bursts of youthful joy from the seat in front of her.

"Oh, well," said Arnold, sitting down again. "Sport is sport for both sides, whoever wins—or else it isn't sport at all."

"Ah, how many crimes have been committed in thy name!" murmured Miss Normaine.

"Katharine, I think you have turned sentimentalist."

"No—it's age, I tell you. I'm thinking more now of the accessories than I am of the race. That's a sure sign of age, to have time to notice the accessories."

Arnold nodded.

"There's compensation in it, though. If we lose a little of the drama of conflict on these occasions, we gain something in recognizing the style of presentation."

"Yes," and she glanced down at her niece, whose pretty eyes were making short work of the sunburned, broad-shouldered, smooth-faced, handsome boy who was entirely willing to close the festivities of Commencement week subjected to the ravages of a grand, even if a hopeless, passion.

From her she looked out upon the now darkening river. There had been some delay before the train could begin to move back, and the summer twilight had fallen, for the race had been at the last available moment. Though it was far from quiet, the relief from the tension of the previous moments added to the placidity of the scene. The opposite banks were dim and shadowy, and the water growing vague; there were lights on some of the craft; a star came out, and then another; there were no hard suggestions, no sordid reminders. It was a beautiful world, filled with happy people, united in a common healthy interest; the outlines of separation were softened into ambiguity and the differences veiled by good breeding.

"It is only a mimic struggle after all," she said at last. "The stage is well set, and now that the curtain is down, there is no special bitterness at the way the play ended."

"There you exaggerate as usual," he replied, "and of course in another direction from that in which you exaggerated last time."

"The pursuit of literature has made you not only precise but didactic," she observed.

"There is a good deal—if not of bitterness—of very real disappointment, and some depression."

"Which will be all gone long before the curtain goes up for the next performance."

"Ah, yes, to be sure; but nevertheless you underrate the disappointments of youth—because they are not tragic you think they are not bitter—you have always underrated them."

She met his eyes calmly, though he had spoken with a certain emphasis.

"We are talking in a circle," she replied. "That was what I said in the first place—that as we grew older we had more sympathy with defeat."

"You are incorrigible," he said, smiling; "you will accept neither consolation nor reproof."

"Life brings enough of both," she answered; "it does not need to be supplemented by one's friends."

The train was moving very slowly; people were laughing and talking gayly all about them; more lights had come out on the water, and a gentle breeze had suddenly sprung up.

"Just what do you mean by that, I wonder?" he said, slowly.

"Not much," she answered lightly. "But I do mean," she added, as he looked away from her, "that whether it be the consequence of the altruism of the day, or of advancing age, as I said at first, it has grown to be provokingly difficult to ignore those who lose more serious things than a college championship. Vereschagin and such people have spoiled history for us. Who cares who won a great battle now?—it is such a small thing to our consciousness compared to the number of people who were killed—and on one side as well as the other."

"Except, of course, where there is a great principle, not great possessions, at stake?"

"Yes," she assented, but somewhat doubtfully, "yes, of course."

"But it shows a terrible dearth of interest when we get down to principles."

"Yes," she said again, laughing. Meanwhile Miss Normaine's niece was pursuing her own ends with that directness which, though lacking the evasive subtlety of maturer years, is at once effective and commendable.

"It was nothing but a box of chocolate peppermints," she insisted. "I'd never be so reckless as to wager anything more without thinking it over. I have an allowance, and I'm obliged to be careful what I spend."

He looked her over with approval.

"You spend it well," he asserted.

"I have to," she returned, "or else boys like you would never look at me twice."

"I don't know about that." He spoke as one who, though convinced, is not a bigot.

"It's fortunate that I do," she replied decidedly. "I'm mortifyingly dependent on my clothes. There's my Aunt Katharine now, she has an air in anything."

"I like you better than your aunt," he confessed.

"Of course you do. I've taken pains to have you. But it was just as much as ever that you looked at me twice last night."

"I was afraid of making you too conspicuous."

"A lot you were," she retorted rudely. "Who was that girl you danced with?"

He smiled wearily.

"Tommy Renick's cousin from the West."

"She is pretty."

"Very good goods."

"Is she as nice as Tommy?"

"No. There are not many girls as nearly right as Tommy."

"Except me."

"Well, perhaps, except you."

"But, then, I'm not many."

"No, separate wrapper, only one in a box," he admitted handsomely.

Miss Normaine's niece had dark eyes, brown hair that curled in small inadvertent rings, and a rich warm complexion through which the crimson glowed in her round cheeks. She was so pretty that she ought to have been suppressed, and had a way of speaking that made her charming all over again.

"It was not chocolate peppermints, and you know quite well it wasn't," he said, with the finished boldness compatible with hair parted exactly in the middle and a wide experience. Miss Normaine's niece opened her eyes wide.

"What was it?"

"Nothing but your heart."

She considered the matter seriously.

"Was it really?"

"It was really."

"And I've lost," she pondered aloud.

"And you've lost."

She raised her eyes with a glance in which he could read perfect faith, glad acknowledgment, and entire surrender.

"Do you want me to keep telling you?" she demanded with adorable petulance.

"There is Henry Donald!" exclaimed Miss Normaine. "I didn't see him before. He has grown stout, hasn't he?"

"Yes, and bald."

"Isn't he young to be bald and stout too? Do tell me that he is," urged Miss Normaine with pathos. "He seems just out of college to me, and I don't like to think that I've lost all sense of proportion."

"Oh, no, you haven't," said Arnold, consolingly. "It's only he that has lost his. He doesn't take exercise enough. He's coming this way to speak to you. You had better think of something more flattering to say."

"I never thought Harry Donald would get stout and bald," went on Miss Normaine, to herself. "There was a period when I let my fancy play about him most of the time too, but I never thought of that."

"Who's that man squeezing through the crowd to speak to Aunt Katharine?" asked Alice.

"That? Oh, that's one of the old boys."

"I can see that for myself."

"He's a Judge Donald of Wisconsin. He's pretty well on, but he's a Jim-dandy after-dinner speaker. Made a smooth speech at his class reunion."

"They still like to come to the race and things, don't they?"

"Oh, yes, and they're right into it all while they're here too."

Unhappily unconscious of the kindly feeling being extended to him from the bench in front, Judge Donald seated himself by Katharine, just as they drew slowly into the station.

"You haven't been on for some years, have you?" she asked him.

"No," he answered, "I've been busy."

"Oh, we know you've been busy," she interpolated, smiling.

"You're the same Katharine Normaine," he rejoined. "I thought you were, by the looks, and now I'm sure. You don't really know that I've ever had a case, but you make me feel that my name echoes through two worlds at the very least."

"And you are still Harry Donald, suspicious of the gifts that are tossed into your lap;" and they both laughed.

"This is the man of the class," went on Judge Donald, turning to Ellis, who had taken a seat above them. "Your books have gotten out to Wisconsin, and that's fame enough for any man."

"Have they really?" said Arnold. "I supposed they only wrote notices of them in the papers."

"Oh, yes," murmured Miss Normaine, "Ellis has turned out clever,—one never knows."

"I guess they're good, too," went on Donald; "I tell 'em I used to think you wrote well in college."

"I thought I did, too," answered Arnold. "I don't believe we're either of us quite so sure I write well now."

They had delayed their steps to keep out of the crowd, for the people were leaving the train, some hurrying to catch other trains, some stopping to greet friends and acquaintances; there was a general rushing to and fro, the clamor of well-bred voices, the calling out of names in surprised accost, the frou-frou of gowns and the fragrance of flowers, in the bare and untidy station.

At last the party of which Miss Normaine was one left the car, and with the two men, she made her way down the platform, through the midst of the hubbub, which waxed more insistent every moment.

"It is with a somewhat fevered anxiety that I am keeping my eye on Alice," she said.

"She is with a young man," said Judge Donald.

"That statement has not the merit of affording information. She has been with a young man ever since we left home."

"It isn't the same one, either," supplemented Arnold.

"It never is the same one," said Miss Normaine, somewhat impatiently. "I am under no obligation to look after or even differentiate the young men. I simply have to see that the child doesn't get lost with any one of them."

"She won't get lost with one," said Arnold reassuringly, as they were separated by a cross-current of determined humanity. "She has three now, and they are all shaking hands at a terrible rate."

Judge Donald departed on a tour of investigation, and returned to say that there was no chance just at present of their getting away. It was a scene of confusion which only patience and time could elucidate. The omniscience of officials had given place to a less satisfactory if more human ignorance; last come was first served, and a seat in a train seemed by no means to insure transportation. It was as well to wait for a while outside as in; so with many others they strolled up and down, until their car should be more easily accessible.

"Alice is an excellent example of the profound truths we have been enunciating, Ellis," said Miss Normaine. "She has an ardent admirer on the defeated crew. At one time I did not know but his devotion might shake her lifelong allegiance to the other university; but now that victory has fairly perched, you observe she has small thought for the bearers of captured banners. We were saying, Mr. Arnold and I," she explained to Donald, "that it is at our time of life that people begin to remember that when somebody beats, there is somebody else that is beaten."

Donald grew grave, as grave as a man can be with the feathers of an unconscious girl tickling his ear on one side, and a fleeting chorus of the latest "catchy" song penetrating the other.

"Arnold and I can appreciate it better than you, I guess," he said, "because there have been times when we thought it highly probable we might get beaten ourselves."

"Highly," assented Arnold.

"But you, Miss Normaine, you've never had any difficulty in getting in on the first floor," went on the other. "You've quaffed the foam of the beaker and eaten the peach from the sunniest side of the wall right along—I'm quite sure of it just to look at you."

"The Scripture moveth us in sundry places," said Katharine, with a lightness that did not entirely veil something serious, "not to put too much faith in appearances. Even I am not above learning a lesson now and then."

He looked at her curiously.

"I'd like to know by what right you haven't changed more," he said.

"Did you expect to find me in ruins, after—let me see, how many years?" she laughed. "The hand of Time is heavy, but not necessarily obliterating. *What* has become of Alice?"

"She can't have gone far," said Arnold. "She was with us a moment ago."

"There she is with some of the rest of your party—I caught a glimpse of her just now," added Donald. "She's quite safe."

Alice stood talking with a girl of her own age and two or three undergraduates, on the outskirts of the crowd. One of the youths wore in his button-hole the losing color, but he bore himself with a proud dignity that forbade casual condolences. Alice's eyes were very bright, and her pretty laugh rippled forth with readily communicated mirth, while the very roses of her hat nodded with the spirit of unthinking gayety.

"There's the car that belongs to our fellows," said, half to himself, the person of sympathies alien to those of his present companions. "They must be about—yes, they're getting on," he added, as a car which had been propelled from a neighboring switch stopped at the farther end of the station. Alice's head turned with a swiftness of motion that set the roses vibrating as if a sudden breeze had ruffled their petals.

"The crew?" she asked.

"Yes," assented the young man.

She turned further towards him, away from the rest of the group, whose attention was called in another direction.

"Will you do something for me, Mr. Francis?"

"Why, of course."

Alice had not anticipated refusal, and her directions were prompt and lucid.

"Please go into that car and ask Mr. Herbert to come out to the platform at the other end to speak to me. There isn't much time to lose, so please be quick."

As he lifted his hat and moved away, she joined in the conversation of the

others, which seemed to be largely metaphorical.

"So he got it that time," one of the young men was explaining, "where Katy wore the beads."

"Well, it served him quite right," said Alice, with the generosity of ignorance. Her whole attention was apparently given to the matter in hand, but she was standing so that she could see the somewhat vague vestibule of the brilliant but curtained car.

"Oh, yes, but it wasn't on the tintype that the other fellow should have been there at all."

"No, to be sure, but that made it all the better," said Alice's friend, with sympathetic vision.

"Why, there's Eugene Herbert!" exclaimed Alice. "I really must go and tell him that he pulled beautifully, if he didn't win, and comforting things like that! Don't go off without me."

Before comment could be framed upon their lips, she had left her companions and was slipping quickly down the platform.

"She knows him very well," said the other girl; "she'll be back in a minute."

"She must have sharp eyes," said another of the group, as he looked after her. But too many people were about for fixed attention to be bestowed upon a single figure. There was but one light under the roof of that part of the station where a young man was standing, looking rather sulkily up and down. Alice was a little breathless with her rapid walk when she reached him.

"I thought Francis was giving me a song and dance," he said, as he grasped the hand she held out.

"No, I sent him," she explained hurriedly. "And I wanted to say—" She paused an instant as she looked up at him.

He was serious, and wore a look of fatigue, in spite of the superb physical health of his whole appearance. The light fell across her face under the dark brim of her hat, and touched its beauty into something vividly apart from the shadows and sordidness of the place, yet paler than its sunlit brilliancy.

"I wanted to say," she went on bravely, "that I've changed my mind. At least, I didn't really have any mind at all. And if you still want me to—" she paused again, but something in his eyes reassured her,—"I will—I'd really *like* to, you know, and *please* be quiet, there isn't but a minute to say it in—and I'd never have told you—at least not for years and *years* —if you had won the race. Now let go of my hand—there are *hundreds* of people all about—and you can come and see me to-morrow."

It was all over in a moment. She had snatched her hand away, and was speeding back with a clear-eyed look of conscious rectitude, and he had responded to the exhortations of divers occupants of the car, backed by a disinterested brakeman, and stepped aboard.

"Oh, well, there's another race next year," he said to somebody who spoke to him as he sat down in the end seat. It was early for such optimism, and they thought Herbert had a disgustingly cheerful temperament.

Alice returned just as Miss Normaine and Arnold came up, and they all went back together, collecting the rest of the party as they went to their train. It was a vivacious progress along the homeward route. Pæans of victory and the flash of Roman candles filled the air. At one time, when some particular demonstration was absorbing the attention of the men, Miss Normaine found her niece at her side.

"Aunt Katharine, you know I've always adored you," she said, with a repose of manner that disguised a trifle of apprehension.

"Yes, I know, Alice, but I really can't promise to take you anywhere to-morrow. I—"

"I don't want you to—I only want to confide in you."

"Oh, dear, what have you been doing now?"

"I think," replied Alice, while the chorus of sound about them swelled almost into sublimity, "that I've been getting engaged—to Eugene Herbert, you know."

"Only to Eugene Herbert," breathed Miss Normaine. "I'm glad it occurred to you to mention it. But why didn't you say so before?"

"It didn't—it wasn't—before," said Alice, faltering an instant under the calmly judicial eye of her aunt. "You see," she went on quickly, "it was because they lost the race. It wouldn't have been at all—not anyway for a long time," and again her mental glance swept the vista of the years she had mentioned to Herbert himself, "if it hadn't been for that; but I couldn't let him go back without either the race or—or me," she concluded ingenuously.

Arnold had been talking with a man of his own age, and hearing things that were

very pleasant to hear about his latest work, and yet, as he leaned back in his chair, and looked across at Katharine Normaine, whose own expression was a little pensive, he sighed. It was a great deal—he told himself it was nearly everything—to have what he had now in the line of effort which he loved and had chosen. It was not as good as the work itself, of course, but the recognition was grateful. And as his eyes dwelt again upon the distinction of Miss Normaine's profile, with the knot of blonde hair at the back of her well-held head, he sighed again, as he rose and went over to her. She looked up at him, and her eyes were not quite as calm as usual.

"I am sitting," she said, "among the ruins."

"Indeed?" he said. "Is there room upon a fallen column or a broken plinth for me?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, "but it is not for a successful man like you, whose name is upon the public lips, to gaze with me upon demolished theories."

"I have taken my time in gazing upon them before now," he observed.

"Everybody is talking about your book," she said.

"Oh, no, only a very few people. But about your theories—which of them has proved itself unable to bear the weight of experience?"

"You may remember I dwelt somewhat at length about the indifference of happy youth to the stings of outrageous fortune when supported by some one else?"

"I remember. I regard it as the lesson for the day."

"It's early to mention it, but I am obliged to give you the evidence of my error—honor demands it—and Alice will not mind, even if she sees fit to contradict it to-morrow;" and she told him what had just been told her.

He smiled as she concluded her statement, and she, meeting his glance in all seriousness, broke down into a moment's laughter.

"'She does not know anything but that her side is beating,'" he quoted meditatively.

"I thought my generosity in confession might at least forestall sarcasm," she said severely.

"It ought to do so," he admitted.

There was a moment's pause.

"Has youth itself changed with the times, I wonder?" he speculated. "Certainly you did not sympathize overmuch with defeat at Alice's age."

She did not answer, and she was looking away from him through the glass, beyond which the darkness was pierced now and then by a shaft of illumination. The pensiveness that had rested on her face, when he had looked across the car at her, had deepened almost into sadness.

"And now," he went on, "you have called me successful—which shuts me out from your more mature sympathy."

Still she did not answer. He bent over a little nearer to her.

"Believe me, Katharine," he said, "my success is not so very intoxicating after all. I need sympathy of a certain kind as much as I did twenty years ago."

She glanced at him. "Is that all you want?" she asked with a swift smile.

"No," he returned boldly; and she looked away again out into the darkness through which they were rushing.

"I had hoped," he went on, "that my so-called success might be something to offer you after all this time—something you would care for—and now I find that your ideals are all reversed. I have not won much, but I have won a little, and you tell me to-day that it is only extreme youth that cares for the winners."

"And that I have found out that I was mistaken." Her voice was low but quite clear. "Have I not told you that, too?"

"And about experience of life making us care the more for those who fail in everything?"—he waited a moment. "You have not mentioned that that was a mistake also. I wish you'd stop looking out of that confounded window," he added irritably, "and look at me. Heaven knows I've failed in some things!"

She laughed a little at his tone, but she did not follow his suggestion.

"Oh, no," she said, "you have succeeded."

"And that means—what?"

"I told you I was sitting among the ruins of my theories," she said, while a faint color, which he saw with sudden pleasure, rose in her cheek.

"That adverse theory—has that gone too?"

"I have had enough of theories," she declared softly. "What I really care for is success."

THE CITY SPARROW.

By John Ernest McCann.

Despised by man, pursued by cat,
  Stoned by gamin, day by day;
Flying this way, hopping that,
  Darting under horse and dray:
Brazen, bold, ill-bred, thou art;
  Rusty brown thy ragged dress—
But, oh, thy Cœur-de-Lion heart
  I every waking hour bless!

Thou dost not dread to live or die;
  From dawn to dark thou art alive
In each thin fibre of thy high-
  Strung, throbbing, restless, wiry hive!
Despair no message to thee sends—
  And fear hast never crossed thy path.
The gods alone are thy true friends;
  Thank only them for what thou hath!

For man's indifferent to thee—
  Or thinks of thee with light contempt.
Of thy superior spirit he
  Hath never, for one instant, dreamt.
Yet, when his spirit lags and flags,
  Whimpers, shrivels, moans, and dies,
Thine, though its essence be in rags,
  To some high, friendly cornice flies.

However bleak and cold the time,
  However wicked blizzards blow,
And though thy house be thick with rime,
  Thy spirit never lieth low!
For when the blackest night is gone,
  And day thy dauntless head hath kissed,
To live thou still art fighting on,
  Thou game, unconquered pugilist!

Many a lesson thou hast taught
  To me and mine, thou feathered elf.
The battles thou hast bravely fought
  Would shame a Ghibelline or Guelph.
Thou Hannibal of city streets!
  Thou Robin Hood of curb and park!
Thy life hath never known life's sweets—
  And yet thou chirpest in the dark!

For I do hear thee, 'neath the eaves,
  Between the midnight and the morn,
When thy small mate in dreamland grieves
  Of toils and troubles yet unborn.
And those brave chirps send to my soul
  The iron drops that should not rust
Till life's beyond my small control,
  And all my dreams and heart are dust.